

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A PACIFIC ENCOUNTER.



I.

WIGHT RUPERT was standing with his friend Don Mariano Hernandez in the cathedral plaza of Panama, ruefully regarding an uninviting mat of green coffee spread out on the ground there to dry, remains of the cargo of a lighter that had caught fire down the bay the night before.

Over in the western sky a fair cloud-fleet was sailing on a shimmering sea of gold, proud galleons of smoked pearl with rose-red sails, languidly drifting away, as if they bore to a land of dreams all the burdens of the long, hot day. It still was very warm, the air heavily oppressive, as if the life of it had been burned out; and the thick, white dust of the street was hot to the tread, like ashes whose heart-fires were not yet quenched. Up in the cathedral tower a drowsy boy was beating the sad-voiced bells with stones, the hoarse clangor inexpressibly irritating to heretic nerves, with its uncertain and spasmodic measure, as the energy of the unhappy performer fluctuated; and a few dark-faced women, with slumberous, passion-freighted eyes, were straying in at the wide-open door of the church.

There was a stir of life about the Grand Hotel, on the other side of the plaza, a passing in and out by the broad doors, a flutter of white gowns on the gallery overhead. Lounging in the shade below was a laughing group of *Americanos* from the man-of-war lying down the bay, handsome young fellows, at whom a butterfly bevy of native girls, with jetty eyes and teeth like jewels set in their nut-brown faces, were smiling bold invitation as they passed by with free swinging stride and the queenly poise of head learned in the carrying of many a burden to market, all as unconscious of their lithe seductive grace as they were

innocent that there might be aught to criticise in those brief flounced *polleras* that so lavishly disclosed the charms they assumed to clothe.

Overhead in the clear luminous light, their rusty feathers just touched with the dust of gold that the spendthrift god of day was casting behind him, hovered in lazy flight a few turkey-buzzards, the city's scavengers, pausing as if to watch, like birds of evil omen, the little train that had just issued from a side-door of the church, an acolyte ringing a bell as they went, others bearing lighted candles, another carrying the great white gold-fringed umbrella over the padre's head, who went, as everybody knew, to carry comfort to one whose soul might presently slip away into the shadows beyond that sunset sea of gold. The laughing girls, and the trio of native soldiers, marvels of dignity and dirt, who were chattering together at the corner, hushed their gay noise to draw back humbly, reverently making the sign of



RUPERT AND DON MARIANO.

the cross as the *cortège* passed them by. But scarce for a moment was their sunshine clouded: they had met death too often to be frightened at his shadow, they who had lived their lives in that fever-cursed city by the sea, where no sight is more common than those sad little processions bearing the last alms of the Church to those poorest of all earth's poor,—the dying.

"Confound it!" Rupert explosively ejaculated, seeing nothing but the greenish-gray mat of damaged coffee. It was an unpromising lot,

dirty and malodorous from its soaking of salt water; and Rupert, to whose branch house in New York it had been consigned, was in a correspondingly gloomy frame of mind, no little aggravated by sundry lesser evils,—the heat, the din of the bells, and most of all, perhaps, by a harassing apprehension that Don Mariano would probably invite him to dinner. With this vexatious waste of good material before his eyes, it appeared as simply beyond the limit of human endurance to face with any fair show of courtesy the burning abominations of *chile* that distinguished the Hernandez *menu*, to say nothing of the added ordeal of conversation with Don Mariano's fat wife, who understood no English, and, in Rupert's opinion, had nothing to say in her own tongue worthy the effort of understanding on his part.

It happened, however, that he was staying on board the Pacific Mail steam-ship, the Southern Cross, lying at anchor down the bay, and not much before nine o'clock that night could he hope that the tide would be up to the old Taller sea-stairs sufficiently high to serve for his escape. They called to their aid a mighty ally, the terror-stricken people fleeing from the horrors of ruined *Panama Viejo*, when they intrenched themselves behind those grim, far-reaching reefs of Panama Bay; but it is a barrier to hold man prisoner, when the tide is out, as inexorably as, in their day, it kept the dreaded buccaneers at bay. Rupert fumed to feel himself between the devil and the deep sea, as it were, while still prudently reflecting that Don Mariano, who had for some time acted as his agent at the Isthmus, had proved an associate whose invitations it would be neither politic nor grateful to treat cavalierly.

"*Caramba!*" murmured Don Mariano, in his gentle cooing voice, his face turned toward the coffee with an expression of sympathetic discouragement, but with gaze absently straying away to the considerably demoralized assemblage of the saints, survivors of many an earthquake, surveying the world from their weed-grown niches in the cathedral façade, as though he would have invoked their aid.

The truth was that Don Mariano, on his side, was no little troubled in the depths of his courteous soul in respect to that invitation to dine which he felt it might be incumbent upon him to offer. The most amiable courtesies are pregnant of one grave embarrassment: once begun, it is hard to say where they may gracefully stop. Don Mariano, having on previous occasions entertained his San Francisco patron with all cordial good will, was now at a loss to know how he might break loose from the amiable habit he felt he had fastened upon himself. Had the amenities of polite life permitted such refreshing candor, he might have brought peace to both their troubled souls by explaining that on those other occasions when Rupert had stiffly graced the Hernandez board he had so far failed in winning favor with the Doña Carlota (of whose whims good Don Mariano, loving peace, was ever prudently mindful, the Doña Carlota being as sharp of tongue as an *Americana del Norte*,—Don Mariano could imagine no stronger comparison) that she had at last declared in good set terms that she would have no more of him. He had thought—being blessed with a broad lack of prejudice against a lie where the truth might seem better in

fair disguise—to repeat the excuse that had served him the day before, that the Doña Carlota was ill; but, as if with malice aforethought, she had just robbed him of that fair resource by appearing, brave and blooming, almost under their very noses, as she passed in at the cathedral door. Don Mariano, who would as willingly have been convicted of crime as of discourtesy, felt himself in sore straits; but for the moment he could only relieve his feelings in another and more despairing “*Caramba!*” which it might appear was inspired by contemplation of the damaged coffee or the noise of the bells.

It was at this opportune moment that Bruce Malcolm, emerging from the billiard-room of the Grand Hotel, caught sight of the pair, and came rushing across the plaza to meet them, shouting out, in his irrepressible boyish fashion, an invitation to dine before he had fairly given them civil greeting. Here was a deliverance that seemed fairly providential. Rupert felt himself absurdly disposed to embrace the young fellow upon the spot, while still wondering somewhat what all this unusual warmth of hospitality might mean; and even grave Don Mariano was stirred to such lively enthusiasm that it seemed he might almost mean literally to follow up his smiling “*Beso á usted la mano!*”

“I have been looking for you, Rupert,” Malcolm eagerly explained as they turned back toward the hotel, slipping his hand through the other’s arm with that air of cordial good-fellowship that made him beloved of all men. “Only got in an hour ago,—from Colon, you know. Heard you were here; and I wanted to make sure of capturing you for dinner.”

“And I can assure you that I am quite ready to be led captive in such a cause. We will help you to breed a famine on the Isthmus with all the good will in the world,—*no es verdad*, Don Mariano?”

“*Si, si, señor; con mucho gusto,*” with his usual suave politeness. Although he understood English fairly well, and had even been heard to speak it with considerable fluency upon occasion,—people said it had generally happened when he was in such a temper that the profanity of his own language had fallen altogether short of properly relieving his feelings,—yet, as a rule, there was nothing that Don Mariano hated more than to torment his tongue with other than the mellifluous accents to which he was born. “*Doy á usted las gracias, amigo mío.*”

“*No hay de que*, Don Mariano; but, all the same, I wish you would talk United States,—just for style, you know,” the young fellow laughingly retorted. “But I say, Rupert, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“All right; fire away. Will you start in with a cigar?—these are not bad,” holding out a well-filled case. Don Mariano had left them to send a note to his wife. “And now, old fellow, what is it?”

“Oh, nothing much,” complacently drawing at the cigar he was lighting. “Thanks; and, by Jove! Rupert, this is something like a cigar. Where did you get it?”

“Havana,—last time I was over. You are not likely to strike anything like it here, I fancy. Strange how this climate seems to play the deuce with tobacco.”

“Oh, it does with everything else, for that matter. But look here,

Rupert; you are going up on the Southern Cross, are you not?—Yes: so I thought," smoking leisurely. "Well, I want to put my sister under your wing for the trip."

And he had said it was "nothing much" he had to ask! Had one of its too common earthquakes shaken the old city of Panama at that moment, Rupert could scarcely have looked more startled. "Your sister!" he faltered. "I did not know that you *had* a sister, Malcolm."

"Well, I have,—and two of them, as it happens. Did you take me for a foundling?" with his ever-ready laugh. "The older is married, and has lately gone to San Francisco to live. I have had it in mind to ask you to call on her, by the way."

"Thanks," perfunctorily, seeing that something was expected of him. "But I am not a society man, you know. I don't do much in the calling line."

"But you would not need to stand on ceremony with them,—my sisters, you know; you could come and go as you pleased. And you would like my sister's husband, I am sure; he is one of the best fellows in the world,—just your sort," protested the young fellow, with such cordial friendliness that Rupert felt constrained to repeat his thanks with a considerable access of warmth.

"Betty, who is here," Malcolm continued, "has been making me a little visit on her way to Frisco. She came down from New York three weeks ago, with the Cornings of Colon, old friends of ours; and I had arranged with Mrs. Boyd to chaperon her on this trip up; but at the last moment Mrs. B. changed her plans, leaving me in the lurch. My sister is expecting to meet a friend in San Francisco, who is coming from the East to see her, and was bent on going just the same. You know how girls are," he comprehensively added.

"No, I don't, thank heaven!" Rupert dryly retorted; "but I can imagine."

"Well, don't imagine that you know it all," with his infectious laughter. "But perhaps they don't like to have their own way any better than we do, after all," he magnanimously added. "A young girl travelling alone, though—of course nothing could happen to her—but it is not altogether pleasant. It seemed a regular godsend when I heard you were here."

"Why, thanks," returned Rupert, on this topic hopelessly reduced to monosyllables. He was anxiously questioning himself if it were not worth his while to invent excuse for stopping over till the next steamer.

"I hope you won't think it too much of a bore," observed Malcolm, with a somewhat crestfallen air, struck by the other's palpable lack of enthusiasm. "Of course my sister is quite capable of taking care of herself; but if you would have an eye on her in a general way,—throw her a life-preserver if the ship should happen to run ashore,—or anything in that line, you know,—I should feel under an everlasting obligation."

"Oh, certainly," goaded on to something like resignation in compunction for Malcolm's frankly mortified face; "that is, if I go," bound to leave himself a loophole of escape. "I am rather looking

for a telegram which may compel me to stop over. But still the chances are that I shall go; and in that case I shall be most happy to be of any use. And, of course, you know," with a smile somewhat strained, "I feel highly flattered at the honor,—the amiable mark of esteem. A delicate tribute to my gray hairs, I take it."

"I did not know that you had any; but you are welcome to take it in the most complimentary light possible," laughed Malcolm, reassured at the tone, his momentary chagrin forgotten. Of course Rupert was a crotchety old bachelor, a bit shy and offish perhaps where women were concerned, but none the less a sterling good fellow, in age and character and social standing all that any man might desire as escort for his sister. And moreover Malcolm was comfortably persuaded that when once he knew sweet little Betty, Rupert would become sufficiently resigned, not to say grateful, for the office that had, perhaps, been rather forced upon him. "But, of course, you know," he ingenuously added, "I would sooner ask you than a younger man."

"Oh, thanks awfully," with a sardonic note of laughter. Although he had seen less than forty years, Dwight Rupert was well used to being reckoned old. The gray hairs of which he spoke were not apparent in the short brown beard upon which the heavy moustache drooped a shade lighter, nor in the hair of yet a lighter hue that showed, damp and clinging, across his forehead as he idly fanned himself with his soft Panama hat. Tall and broad-shouldered, his erect soldierly form showed no lack of the brave strength of youth; nor had time traced its mischievous epitaph of dead years about the bluish-gray eyes that looked at the world with an unflinching steadiness that promised they would miss nothing which fairly came within their range. But yet there was an intangible something about the man inspiring young fellows to approach him with a certain deference, and moving old men to treat him with a sort of good-fellowship, which told him beyond mistaking that his youth was reckoned lost.

"If I had been going in for mere youth and beauty," laughed Malcolm, with an air of getting off a joke which must be apparent to everybody, "Dick Hazelton hinted that I might call upon him. He is going up with you."

"No; you don't mean it?" with a comprehensive grin. Dick Hazelton was one of the black sheep whose dyed-in-the-wool wickedness had, during his residence there, stirred the properly-minded people of the Isthmus to ever-fresh astonishment. It rather commonly happens, however, that the community that talks the most in virtuous condemnation may yet specifically yawn in the face of the saint, while betraying a charity fairly excessive in coddling an interesting sinner. And thus it was in that quite consciously proper little circle made up of the foreign residents, that while they gossiped and exclaimed and wagged their virtuous heads over his disreputable doings, society still amiably opened its doors to handsome Dick Hazelton, and even made much of him in a way, although his attentions to women were none the less generally regarded as rather compromising.

"I appreciate the comparison," Rupert dryly added. "But is he really going up with us? I had not heard of it."

"No; I suppose not. The fact is that he only divulges the secret to a favored few, and then but in whispers, his scheme being to fold up his tent like the Arab, and silently steal away," with a grin that told much, while Don Mariano, who had rejoined them, laughed softly.

"Oh!" with swift intelligence: "so Panama has at last grown too hot to hold him?"

"Well, rather," with dry significance.

"And which particular one of his little eccentricities has he been overdoing?" with true masculine relish for a bit of gossip which might be piquantly spiced with evil.

"Oh, it is simply his amiable habit of loving not wisely but too well. He has passed his affections around here at Panama as liberally and impartially as the lump of sugar at one of the old Knickerbocker tea-parties, you know. You have heard, of course, of his affair with Mrs. Grant. Well, it happened that the lady had a pretty nurse-maid, —a native girl, only a shade or two off color,—upon whom King Richard cast an amorous eye. Mrs. Grant, however, being by no means inspired with the love-me-love-my-dog sentiment, kicked, and to such purpose that—ah, by Jove!—speak of the devil, you know,—there he is!" glancing across the plaza, where a young man was sauntering toward them, a young fellow of fair, almost effeminate, beauty, clad in dainty white linen, natty and trim from head to foot.

"*Un diablo hermoso!*" murmured Don Mariano, appreciatively regarding the advancing shape.

"Handsome enough, you bet," agreed Malcolm, with good-humored emphasis; "but, I say, Rupert, if he once gets hold of us only death can save us from having him with us at dinner. The boys have been drinking his health, by way of a send-off, until he has just about reached that stage of exuberant sociability when he will stick like wax."

"I *could* knock him down, in a case of liberty or death," remarked Rupert, tentatively.

"Oh, that would be too much trouble," protested Malcolm, languidly. "Discretion is the better part of valor when the thermometer is in the nineties."

And with one impulse the trio moved hastily toward the opposite door; and not until many a day after did it occur to Dwight Rupert that he had not, after all, learned the details pertaining to Dick Hazelton's departure from Panama.

II.

It seemed like a child who rose to meet them as they entered the great bare parlor above, a little girl in a simple white frock, who was marvellously like her brother when she smiled, a kind of boyish frankness in her soft brown eyes, an irrepressible kindness glowing in her delicate face, promising that she was ready to be friends with all the world. Rupert experienced a slight sensation of relief. He would

almost have preferred to undertake the care of an infant in arms rather than the fine lady his apprehension had vaguely pictured.

The introductions were in Spanish, Malcolm speaking with elaborate distinctness while he explained that Don Mariano did not speak English. It was plain from the shadow of dismay that flitted across her face that Miss Malcolm could not boast the gift of tongues, but her smile was no less winning as she extended a slim white hand to each in turn, although her lips did not venture to frame a syllable.

Professing a devouring appetite, Malcolm led the way at once down to that quaint little room adjoining the large dining-hall of the Grand Hotel, which no one who has ever been there could well forget, with its cool tiled floor and the impossible flowers blooming on the gaudily-frescoed walls, its heat and flies, and the heavy vitiated atmosphere laden with mixed odors of by-gone soup and cigars. Malcolm took the head of the table, placing his sister at his right. Don Mariano was seated at his other side; while to Rupert was given the chair at the right of the little lady.

She was scarcely as young as her small stature had at first led him to believe, Rupert perceived, furtively glancing at her while he unfolded the generous expanse of napkin allotted him,—a long and narrow stretch of linen like a toilet towel strayed from its proper sphere. A whimsical apprehension had occurred to him in respect to her youth. In his visits to the Isthmus he had observed that very young girls, as well as a certain other class rather verging on the sere and yellow leaf, seemed alike possessed of a mania for bearing away from Panama an outlandish collection of parrots and monkeys. Of all things tropical a monkey was his pet abomination; and the only virtue he had ever been able to discover in a parrot was that it would sometimes swear when confronted with the hideous grin of its proverbial enemy. It was quite in order, with a sort of grim humor he reflected now, that fate, having saddled him with the charge of a young woman, should add the usual little menagerie to fill his measure of ill luck to overflowing.

The dinner proceeded with that fictitious air of despatch peculiar to the tropical service. With the spasmodic energy of a liberated jack-in-the-box, the waiter flew in with soup rich in grease and garlic, presently, with the same misleading suggestion of haste, to snatch up the scarce-touched plates and vanish again. A seemingly interminable interval of fasting, and then, with an air calculated to convey the idea that he had been running from the moment of his exit, the fellow was back bearing a fish lavishly decorated with onions and *chiles*, which proved not bad in its way, but there was all too little of it. And then ensued another period of hungry waiting.

A woman has usually this advantage over the average man, that her temper is not altogether at the mercy of her appetite. Rupert, hungry and out of patience, ill-humoredly staring at the grease-stained roses on the opposite wall, while his thoughts drifted back to gloomy calculations as to his damaged coffee, was roused by a little inarticulate sound to turn toward his neighbor. As she caught his eye a smile flashed across her face, as sunny and good-humored as if her moiety of fish had been a feast.

"*Hace mucho calor, señor,*" she said, slowly, with a nervous painstaking which told that the little platitude had been given anxious thought before she had ventured to launch it forth.

Rupert stared slightly, until, observing that Malcolm and Don Mariano were talking in Spanish, it dawned upon him that her notions of courtesy confined them all to the same tongue. It seemed to him rather strained and far-fetched, but, after an instant's hesitation, he courteously agreed in that language that it *was* warm. She remained smilingly looking up at him as if she had expected him to say something more, but Rupert doggedly devoted himself to the chicken before him, which seemed to have been prepared for the table by the slow process of drying. If the girl would have their conversation in Spanish, he was grimly resolved that he had nothing to say. But clearly Miss Malcolm was in no mood to accept the gold of silence as fair coin of sociability. With an air of determined friendliness, after a little, she made another and more ambitious attempt.

"*Cuanto tiempo ha vivido usted en Panamá?*" she asked.

Her lisping pronunciation, the Castilian accent of the boarding-school, seemed to Rupert, who had learned what he knew of the language orally, with the demoralized

rendering of Central America, as ridiculous affectation. He wanted to laugh as the words dropped mincingly from her lips



"OH, BRUCE, CAN'T HE REALLY UNDERSTAND ONE WORD OF ENGLISH?"

and he considered the predicament in which he found himself. To have escaped the Doña Carlota with her bewildering Panama *patois*, only to be doused with this school-girl Castilian, struck him as

a large joke, no less to be enjoyed in its way that he was himself the victim.

His lips twitched mutinously while he responded, with a stiff attempt at gravity, that he was simply visiting Panama on business, and would—*plegue a Dios!*—sail the next day; while at the end, comprehending from the utter bewilderment of her face that she had scarce grasped the meaning of a word, he was driven to turn his head to hide the derisive smiles that quivered upon his lips. Well, if she would try to converse in a language she did not understand, in his opinion it was quite right she should “get left.”

But Miss Malcolm was in no frame of mind for laughter. With an air of utter despair she leaned toward her brother, her murmured plaint perfectly audible to the other concerned: “Oh, Bruce, can’t he really understand one word of English?”

“Who?—you don’t mean Rupert?” looking amazed; then, with a roar of his ready boyish laughter, grasping the situation, “Good gracious! Have you been trying to talk to him in Spanish?—and did he let you?—Well, that does take the cake, as the saying is.”

“But certainly you told me that your friends could not speak English,” glancing from one to the other questioningly, her cheeks crimsoning.

“Oh, you mixed those children up, so to speak. My explanation applied only to our friend on the other side, who is one of the kind of birds that can sing, but won’t,—*no es verdad*, Don Mariano? As to Rupert, though—well, that is a good one!” laughing again. Nobody could accuse Bruce Malcolm of ever missing the smallest excuse for laughter.

“It is the most astonishing thing,” exclaimed his sister, rather huffily, addressing her neighbor, “what a difference of taste there is in the matter of jokes.”

“It is, indeed,” very gravely. “Now, this—it is fairly tragic, is it not?—that I should have gotten myself mistaken for a native—to no manners born?”

At the languid mockery of his tone there was a flash of indignation in her glance. “It was simply cruel of you, I think, to let me go on in that idiotic fashion,—not to explain,” with severe reproach. “I could not have thought it of you.”

“But—it was dull in me, no doubt—I supposed that you preferred Spanish,” he urged, apologetically.

“Preferred?” leaning back in her chair and staring up at him as if quite overwhelmed with the abounding absurdity of this idea. “Did you think me utterly cracked?”

“Why should I?” his protest the warmer in tone for the little sense of guilt as he reflected how nearly his thought had been something like that. “I thought you very kind and friendly.”

“Oh, come; I want to shoulder all the responsibility of that break myself,” interrupted Malcolm. “I might have known that poor Betty could not catch on to my Isthmus lingo, when, owing to the peculiar beauties of my pronunciation, even the natives themselves don’t appear to understand half I say to them. You two would better shake hands and be friends, and then turn about and forgive me.”

"Shall we?" murmured Rupert, in a tone that essayed to be politely persuasive, but with a shade of weariness. The little episode, calling attention to the fact that, sitting beside a pretty girl, he had only opened his mouth in favor of his soup, had made him feel rather ridiculous for the moment; and he had a half-resentful feeling that it would have been in better taste if they had changed the subject.

"You'd better make peace with Rupert, even if you hold over a grudge against me," her brother carelessly interpolated; "for I have promised him a fortnight of angelic behavior on your part."

"I cannot imagine what possessed you to do anything so rash."

"Oh, I felt driven to it for the credit of the family, you know. And Rupert has promised, if you will be a very good girl, that he will have an eye on you on this trip to Frisco."

"Oh, if it was upon such terms——"

"But it was quite unconditional," protested Rupert, the sense of weariness growing upon him. "I am to throw you a life-preserver if the ship springs aleak,—that was the only duty you mentioned, Malcolm, was it not?—and the only condition is that you will be good enough to catch it when I throw."

"Oh, if that is all," regarding him with smiling doubt, "I suppose we might manage, perhaps, to agree upon so much as that."

"I thought it quite safe to promise, for my part."

"Trusting in Providence to preserve the ship from springing aleak?"

"Trusting in Providence with entire confidence that it is to be a pleasant voyage," with an attempt at gallantry for which he took to himself great credit. As little as he could really wish to have his journeying hampered by the presence of a woman, he felt that he was taking it very well.

"The chances are that you will go?" put in Malcolm, rather anxiously.

"Why, yes," hesitating, with a sensation as of burning his bridges behind him. "I think now that there is very little question about it."

III.

Without calling himself a woman-hater, Dwight Rupert regarded the sex at large with a contemptuous indifference more unflattering than active dislike. His mother was to him but the shameful, unhappy memory of a helpless, silly beauty, whose frivolous dissipations, with her selfishness and peevish temper, had spoiled his father's life and made his own childhood a time of forlorn wretchedness that his heart dully ached now to remember. It had been one of those every-day tragedies so common as scarce to excite remark, if the names happen to be unknown, as one reads the outlines in the daily papers. There had been a foolish—perhaps a wicked—woman, a wrecked home, and finally the scandal of a divorce-case; and Rupert, who had been a mere child when the shameful little drama had been played out before his wondering eyes, had never looked upon his mother's face again.

The father's bitterness had kept them rigidly apart from the world of womankind while he lived; and the son scarce might guess how much of tenderness and beauty he had missed in that subtle education of character that comes of surroundings. The child robbed of a mother by death has lost the richest influence for good his life could ever know; but the other, orphaned while his mother lives, robbed at her hands of his birthright of love, has been given a heritage of evil that must inevitably warp his life in some shape awry. Rupert was emphatically a man for men: he had no use for women, he used bluntly to declare, the father's virulent prejudice dulled in him to cold and distrustful indifference. He tolerated women as a necessary evil, one of nature's amiable blunders, and, for his own part, could quite have found it in his heart to echo Boucicault's unholy wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

And, now, to find himself booked as escort for a young woman was a state of things as amazing as vexatious. He could not but feel gloomily persuaded that all the craft and subtlety of the devil must have been at work in his affairs to bring him to such a strait,—a view of the case quite sympathetically endorsed by his friend the captain of the Southern Cross, a bachelor with a wide seafaring experience.

In the opinion of that doughty officer, woman at sea was at her worst. Aside from her lapses of sense in littering a good ship with parrots and monkeys, she was always a bundle of nervous fears, forever requiring to be coddled and reassured. If she were not sea-sick, she was given to abnormal spasms of energy, impelling her to plank the deck at all hours, pressing into service unhappy men, who must perforce go unsolaced by cigars the while, lest the smoke make her ill. She must go curiously prowling through the steerage, she must climb to the bridge, and go down to examine the engine, with a continuous flow of questions upon every subject betwixt sea and sky, while to the answers she so pertinaciously extorted she never by any chance listened. If she were sea-sick, all well and good. The captain regarded with a large toleration, almost tinged with sardonic approval, that class of weak ones who unobtrusively stayed below and nursed their nausea; but for their obstreperous sisters, as stout of stomach as of limb, who cheerfully haunted the decks of the Southern Cross in every sort of weather, he unhesitatingly averred that personally he had no sort of use.

"Oh, she'll feel herself privileged to holy-stone the deck with you if the whim strikes her," he grimly prophesied, after the lugubrious spirit of Job's comforters. "I know their ways! I've had to take a thousand or more in tow in my day; but now I'm through. Nowadays, when any fellow asks me to look after his sister, or his cousin, or his aunt, I don't refuse; but I heave her onto the purser. It comes hard on him,—poor fellow!—now and then, but self-preservation is the first law of nature. You would better try to work up a deal with the purser yourself."

"Heaven knows I would like to," groaned Rupert, with a sincerity not to be questioned.

But that anticipation may be worse than reality Rupert was

agreeably reminded before the first day of the voyage was spent. It was well after noon when they sailed away from the pretty green



"I WAS JUST COMING TO FIND YOU."

islands of Panama Bay, — Flamenco, with its sorry rows of sailor graves given over to the fiddler crabs, the green mound of Culabra, crowned with its one lonely bird-box building, the prey of wind and wave, the busy coaling-station of Isla de Naos, with its thrifty huddle of shops and offices, and the shadowy Taboga and Taboguilla lying behind, wrapped in the soft haze of the tropical noonday; away from the brave company of men-of-war and merchantmen lying at anchor there, with the swarm of small craft around them; away from the fair picture of the city nestled at the foot of old Mount Ancon up the bay, its menacing reefs, now hidden under a gay spread of waters, hinting nothing of danger, its yellow-gray walls and red-tiled roofs glowing invitingly in their tangle of greenery crowned with the plummy pompons of tall palms, the fair city beckoning them back like a temptress until the green height of Flamenco was rounded, and they on the decks of the Southern Cross saw themselves swiftly borne away from the haunting charms of fair Panama Bay.

Miss Malcolm carried no pets, either furred or feathered. Comfortably established in a shaded corner of the deck, as the city faded from sight and they were fairly on their way, she appeared at once absorbed in a book she had, quietly suggesting a preference for being left alone that was wondrously reassuring to her apprehensive cavalier. He felt it incumbent upon him to approach her to exchange a word in amiable show of friendliness, now and then; but the placid indifference of her brief replies told courteously but no less plainly that it was not expected that he should at all devote himself to her entertainment. So entirely reassured did he finally become in respect to his charge that, occupied with the fascinations of "four-hand crib" in the smoking-room when the dinner-hour arrived, he actually forgot the duties laid upon him altogether, and was proceeding complacently down to the saloon alone, when the laughter and chatter of the other women brought him up short, with a start of dismay, at the foot of the companion-way. It was honest shame that possessed him as he remorsefully hurried back; and his sunburned face assumed a deeper red as he met her coming down by herself.

"I was just coming to find you," he said, a genuine friendliness, born of contrition, in his voice.

"Ah, why did you bother to come back?" letting him see that she knew his courtesy was an after-thought, but with a friendly little smile that half robbed the words of their hidden sting. "I don't want you to think of me in the light of duty, Mr. Rupert," she laughingly declared: "one always hates one's duties, you know."

"Does one?" rather absently staring up at her. How pretty she looked there on the higher step smiling down at him, with the brown fringe of hair blown all in disorder over her forehead, with the wild-rose tint the tropical sun had burned upon her cheeks, the merry red-lipped mouth, and the limpid brown eyes with the soft glints of amber in their depths, the tints of a mountain-brook coquetting with the sunshine. Her loveliness came upon Rupert as a sort of revelation in the brief glance he cast up at her. It occurred to him that some pretty protest might be expected of him in answer to her last remark, but he could think of nothing that did not sound like fulsome flattery as he vaguely framed the words in his mind; and so, the more stiff and constrained from his embarrassment, he only turned abruptly back down the stair, saying, half over his shoulder, "Shall we go down to dinner?"

He might have been as amazed as disquieted, had he chanced suddenly to glance back, to discover the girl, as she followed in seeming meekness, with a little *moue* half amused half petulant, furtively shaking her small fist at his broad back. But of this, happily, Rupert could know nothing; while he strove to make himself agreeable at dinner with a complacency only occasionally disturbed by the captain's sardonic glances. And afterward, punctiliously resolved to atone for his brief lapse of duty, he offered his arm for a promenade on deck quite as a matter of course.

"But isn't it rather a bore?" protested Betty, with an air of smiling indifference, pausing by her steamer-chair.

"Oh, if you think so——" considerably taken aback.

"Do you like it?"

"I suppose so, though I have never particularly analyzed the feeling. At any rate, I have rather a habit of planking the deck after dinner when I am at sea."

"While you smoke?"

"Exactly."

"Then, if I come with you, will you smoke just the same?" with the air of driving a bargain.

"Of course I shall only be too glad," somewhat doubtfully abstracting a cigar from its case, "if you really mean it."

"Certainly; of course," solicitously watching the flickering life of the match bravely holding its own against the buffeting of the fresh salt-scented breeze. "It must be rather nice to smoke," she remarked as they walked along, smiling up at him with that air of good-fellowship that, in a soft idealized way, made her so like her brother.

"Yes," he comfortably assented, feeling for the moment at peace with all the world. The brief tropical twilight was ended, and the cool damp wind, that in some weird quest seemed softly feeling its way to earth through the darkness, was inexpressibly refreshing after the burning glare of the day.

"I can hardly understand it," she went on, confidentially. "I have tried it, you know,—that is, cigarettes."

"No?—have you?" staring down at the innocent upturned face with rather blank astonishment.

"Oh, yes," with a gay little laugh at his surprise. "But I never discovered the fascination there seems to be in it. Except for the little *arrière-pensée* of wickedness, I am sure none of us would have bothered to try it a second time. It was like poker in that respect. We used to play poker—for beans—at boarding-school, you know, when we were supposed to be in bed and asleep. It seemed so delightfully dissipated,—to smoke and play poker,—but I don't think that any of us really enjoyed it."

"No?" considerably amused. She seemed like some irresponsible child, whose naughtinesses were only to be laughed at. "It must have seemed rather flat and unprofitable indeed to have had nothing but a lot of dried beans to show for all your trouble."

"Oh, but I never had even those," she ruefully declared. "I always lost them by the quart."

"That was hard," laughed Rupert. "It must have been conducive to no end of repentance and good resolutions next day. I have observed that people are generally most conscience-stricken when their wickedness has been unprofitable."

With a pleasant sense of surprise it struck him that the child was quite original and amusing; and when she had, as it appeared to him, the remarkably good taste to retire early and leave him free for his evening of whist, Rupert became almost enthusiastic about her.

"But wait a bit," quoth the astute captain, with dark significance. "You can never swear to a smooth voyage till you are safe in port."

But so amiably disposed had Dwight Rupert become regarding his

office that when next morning the ship was tossing in rather a "choppy" sea, and Betty Malcolm was undeniably sea-sick, he discovered a certain pleasure in his friendly zeal for her comfort, helping her up on deck and establishing her chair in a sheltered corner, where he brought iced champagne, and sat beside her, diverting her mind with idle chat while he watched his prescription bringing back the soft rose-bloom to her cheeks and calling out the shadowed brightness of her eyes. And when, with reviving spirits, stimulated by the wine, she began talking, Rupert found himself listening with the same surprised sense of amusement he had so curiously enjoyed the night before. She talked in a careless impersonal fashion, as one good fellow to another: of her brother, of whom she was very fond; of the quaint old city they had left behind, with its queer customs and polyglot society; of Colon, where she had been more, because of her brother's work lying at that side of the Isthmus, and because of their friend Mrs. Corning, who lived there, and who had acted as Betty's chaperon. It was all so interesting, so delightful, the girl brightly declared; but, drawing a long face, one's hair would not crimp there: it was a great drawback.

"Bangs turn straight and curls forget their cunning at just about nineteen degrees north latitude,—I made a note of the fatal spot as we came down on the other side,—the real line of beauty, I call it," she confidentially informed him. "Below that point one's forehead always looks as if one had just emerged from a Turkish bath. You can make some impression with a hot iron, to be sure, but it is only a fleeting show; while as to curl-papers, they are simply a snare and delusion. You can have no idea what a trial is involved for one's temper in such a state of things."

"I suppose so," he returned, laughing with a sort of Peeping Tom sense of enjoyment, as of being initiated into mysteries it scarce were fitting that his sex should penetrate. "Perhaps the cause of the trouble may be that below the point you mention nature has very generally crimped the hair herself, and is jealous of rivalry."

"Very likely. Nature rules the year in the tropics; and it seems pretty nearly useless to try to contend against her in any way." And from this she was reminded to launch into a discussion as to the chances of success for the Canal, on the line of which her brother was engaged in making surveys. The great scheme, then in its dazzling infancy, was, at the time, the main topic of interest in that quarter of the globe; and Rupert discovered that Miss Betty was quite surprisingly well informed as to the natural conditions, the possibilities and impossibilities, of the undertaking; while incidentally she referred to the Monroe doctrine with a familiarity that filled her listener's soul with new surprise. He had scarce imagined her interested in any doctrine not directly bearing on the curling of her hair or the cut of her gowns.

He did not realize how completely his rôle of guardian had taken possession of his fancy, how genuine was the interest the girl had roused in him, until, coming up on the quarter-deck in the late afternoon, he found Miss Betty engaged in gay conversation with Dick Hazelton. Had the girl been bound to him by ties of kinship, could

he have felt himself legitimately responsible for her, Rupert's blood could scarce have boiled more fiercely at the sight. He had been accustomed to regard Dick Hazelton with good-humored indifference, to laugh at his ridiculous escapades with the careless indulgence we are apt to accord our neighbors' sins when they appear in amusing situations and do not happen unduly to interfere with our own pleasures. But Rupert had been trained in certain old-fashioned principles that had left his own life singularly clean,—that made moral cleanliness seem to him now but decent and fitting in association with the innocent child he conceived Betty Malcolm to be.

"Guess you won't have to work up a deal with the purser, after all," dryly observed the captain, by whose side he stopped.

"I would like to work up a deal with somebody to pitch that fellow overboard," he wrathfully retorted. "He is not fit to talk to a child like that."

"Oh, that is a matter of opinion," placidly. "Our young friend seems to have no fault to find with him."

"I thought he had not come,—or, rather, I had not thought about him at all," pursued Rupert, sullenly. "But I have not noticed him on board before."

"No; he has hardly been in shape to show up under full sail until this," with an expressive grin. "He was on beam-ends when they got him on board and packed him someway up in his bunk. The boys had been giving him a good deal of a send-off, and they all had a good deal more on board than they could carry with a steady keel when they brought him out from shore. And he hasn't done much but splice the main braces since. The doctor said this morning that he would have to cut him off from his grog; and I suppose that is the explanation of his appearance now."

"He is about as bad as they make 'em," in a tone of angry conviction.

"Oh, as to that—God knows!" with a shrug of his broad shoulders. Whatever might be his strictures in respect to women, like most men Captain Cornell was never lacking in a large toleration for the frailties of his own sex. "When you come to size him all up, he may have broken no more of the ten commandments than the rest of us, after all. He has perhaps picked out different ones to monkey with; but that is merely a question of taste. I don't suppose it really makes much difference up aloft whether a fellow forgets to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, or happens to covet his neighbor's wife: the whole ten of the shalls and shan'ts seem held up pretty much alongside, and not a word in the whole business about taking a drop too much. Poor Hazelton isn't quite so black as he is painted, in my opinion. He isn't half a bad fellow when he is sober."

"When he is sober"!—mighty Scott! I have no use for intermittent decency," with sharp impatience.

"Well, when you run across any other kind you'd better drop a postal to Barnum; he offers a pretty liberal price for freaks, I'm told."

"But, confound it, Cornell, give the devil his due as much as you please, but you know as well as I that Hazelton is not the sort of fel-

low you would want to see talking to your sister. And that child is travelling in my charge; I feel responsible for her," viciously chewing the end of his cigar, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "For the time being I stand *loco parentis*, don't I?" with a vexed laugh. "I believe it is my duty to walk over to Hazelton and say to him, 'Hands off!'"

"Oh, I don't think I'd trouble if I were you," advised the other, with grinning nonchalance. "You remember Don Quixote's tilt with the windmill: it did not really pay, you know. Girls nowadays are rigged to sail pretty close to the wind,—they all do,—but they get there just the same. You can't pack the girl in cotton; and you are not responsible if Hazelton happens to make love to her."

"If he does happen to, I'll break his head just the same," with dogged determination, laughing grimly.

"Well, there's a marline-spike, when you get ready to use it; but you would better think twice about it. I should awfully hate to have to put you in irons this trip," with a smiling shrug.

While minded in the main to take the captain's advice and refrain from meddling, Rupert could not help asking, when they were at dinner, vexed that the words sounded in his ears like the blunt insolence of a school-boy, "And how does it happen that you are acquainted with Hazelton, Miss Malcolm?"

"Oh, one knows everybody at the Isthmus," with a slight stare of surprise at the tone. "He tells me that he promised my brother to look after me too," she nonchalantly added. "It ought to be a large relief to you to feel that you may somewhat share your responsibilities."

"Do you think so?" he returned, stiffly, nervously breaking a bit of bread to crumbs. "Your brother remarked to me that Hazelton had rather made a tender of his services," he went on, awkwardly, after a moment,—“but I understood him to say that he had declined the——” hesitating, with a sarcastic smile, “shall I say the honor?”

"Yes; it was so kind of him to offer, was it not?" a dangerous gleam in the limpid depths of her soft eyes as she guilelessly smiled up at him, with feminine *finesse* ignoring the point he had tried to make. "One so appreciates gratuitous kindness, don't you know? It is cruelly rasping upon my self-love, but all the same, you know, I have a melancholy conviction that there are men so lacking in taste that they would about as lief be shot as to have a fortnight of my society thrust upon them. And of course," with a broader smile, "this reflection suggests a comparison in the light of which Mr. Hazelton appears anything but odious. Indeed, to tell the truth," with an air of innocent audacity, "I think him very nice."

"That is what women generally say of him, I believe," feeling his face reddening angrily.

"Yes," placidly smiling still. "One would naturally remark it of him: so many men are not nice, you know. And the few that are—well, they generally have their intermittencies, don't you think?"

"Always excepting the rare and perfect Hazelton, of course," in a hard, sneering voice.

"Oh, as to that, *quien sabe?*" smiling indifferently. "I have yet to discover."

IV.

It was nearly high noon when the ship came to anchor in the open roadstead off Punta Arenas. The blue garment of the sea was all afflicker with phantom jewels as it crept on with soft murmurs as of tender supplianee to where, stretching out white appealing arms, it languorously threw itself upon the brawny brown breast of earth. The little place looked uninvitingly torrid, reaching out in a long low line of color beyond the wide yellow beach, its cream-white walls and red and yellow roofs bare and baking under a scanty fringe of tall palms that faintly stirred in the breeze, the distant line of mountains behind but a shimmering shadow of palest violet in the hot hazy light. But it was land, offering relief from the gathering *ennui* of life on shipboard; and quickly the boats were filled that had come out from shore, manned by grinning scantily-clothed natives, vigorously wielding their clumsy paddles spliced out with long poles, not caring a whit, in the rich harvest they might reap from tourist curiosity, that the thermometer registered ninety-three in the shade.

Rupert, looking for Miss Betty to go down to lunch, found her looking dainty as a dew-washed flower, in a fresh white gown, hat and gloves on and parasol in hand.

The long voyage between Panama and San Francisco offers one agreeable change from the usual routine of travel. The continuous differences of climate encountered, making almost imperative a corresponding gamut of clothing, tend to a display of toilet on the part of the ladies on shipboard altogether more attractive than the dull monotony of travelling costume generally affected by womankind. But Rupert's gaze as he took in the details of the pretty toilet before him, and comprehended its meaning, was more dismayed than admiring.

"Are we going to lunch first?" asked the girl, with the pout of a spoiled child, her glance daring him to call her anything but charming.

There can come no more trying condition into the development of character than beauty coupled with that subtle magnetism which we vaguely define as charm of manner. Only the saints translated can bear the strain of continual incense and praise without being spoiled. Betty Malcolm from her babyhood had been queen of her little world. Her fairy-like physique, the exquisite sweetness of her smile, her flower-like prettiness, and the dainty grace that characterized her, made all that she did seem simply charming, and, by her doing it, right. It followed as a matter of course that, with a naturally kind heart, the girl was wilful, thoughtless, and capricious; a spoiled child hesitating on the verge of what might be, lacking the saving grace of a great love to lift her out of herself, a selfish and shallow womanhood. She had learned to expect of the world only petting and indulgence; and in return it was easy to offer a smiling face and that universal sweetness

of manner that was really but the amiable cloak of utter indifference. She scarce could help the little air of flirting that marked her manner with men, which was merely the legitimate outgrowth of unthinking and joyous good humor, filling her with sweet willingness to please and be pleased, with no care for cost or consequences. She had grown accustomed to the incense of admiration from all eyes, to accept as her right the tribute of idle nothings which told that men found her fair. She could not see—she did not want to see—what thorns might lie beneath the roses, how much of real passion and pain might crop out from the careless game of coquetries and compliments that she found so amusing. She only wanted to have a good time, to enjoy the passing hour unfettered. Rupert's indifference, his seeming unconsciousness of all her charms and graces, was a new experience, that piqued and curiously interested the girl. With him she felt ever spurred on to show herself more lovely, more winsome; to interest him in spite of himself; to force into those cool gray eyes a spark of that fire for which she had rarely looked in vain in the eyes of men. Now, coming straight from her mirror, in her pretty gown audaciously aflutter with ribbons of palest blue, full of girlish joy in the consciousness of looking her best, there fell upon her a sensation of disappointment and keen exasperation as Rupert came toward her with his usual blank unconscious gaze.

"Why, did you think of going ashore?" he faltered, with tactless dismay. The girl grew red as a rose in the mortification of the moment.

"It was very stupid of me," she said, shamefacedly, but with a hint of gathering wrath, "but I took it for granted we were going. Everybody else is," glancing dispiritedly over the side, where the passengers in harum-scarum fashion were scrambling from the accommodation-ladder into a lurching flat-bottomed launch. "But of course it is of no consequence," she perfunctorily added.

"But it is of consequence; and I am awfully sorry," earnestly, if somewhat awkwardly. "I never go ashore at these ports myself if I can help it; and it did not once occur to me that you could care to see the place. And the man I want to see is on his way by now to see me here, so that I don't see how I can go. It is very unfortunate; and I am very sorry, as I am sure you must understand."

"Oh, don't speak of it," apathetically watching the receding boats gayly bobbing from one dazzling foam-crested wave to another toward the shore.

"But there is nothing on earth to see there," in eager effort to be at once consolatory and apologetic. "And if there were, there is always a wind blowing to fill your eyes so full of sand that you could not possibly see anything. They do have a little oyster, to be sure, that is rather nice," in a tone of impartial justice; "but, whether in the way it is cooked, or owing to some innate depravity in the creature itself, it generally makes you sick if you eat it."

Betty was not listening. She had turned to Dick Hazelton, who had come up on the other side.

"What, Mr. Hazelton! did you not go ashore?"

"Obviously not," he laughed, surveying her with eyes boldly admiring. "I waited to see if you were going."

"Well, we are not, as it happens," with a rueful face.

"But why not?" his glance including Rupert in the query. "What's the matter with trying a taste of *terra firma*?"

"You will get a pretty large taste of it over there if the usual dust-storm is raging," returned Rupert, gruffly. "I should go all the same," he rather unwillingly added, addressing more particularly Betty's small pink ear as she stood with averted face staring seaward,—"I should go, if only to let Miss Malcolm try the flavor of Costa Rica sand; but, unfortunately, I have an engagement with my agent here, who is coming out to the ship to see me."

"But *you* are not engaged to meet this man," turning to Betty eagerly. "Why won't you go ashore with me? There is a boat down there that has not yet gone."



"IF MR. RUPERT WILL EXCUSE ME."

"Why, thank you; I shall be delighted," her face brightening,— "if Mr. Rupert will excuse me," as a careless after-thought as she started to go.

"Oh, certainly," he ejaculated shortly, burning with impotent wrath. The spectacle of a pure young girl going away alone with a fellow of the Hazelton stripe seemed to Rupert simply monstrous. He had a sense of participated crime in having permitted it, the more irritating for his conscious helplessness, the more pricking upon his conscience that he began to feel himself primarily to blame. He regarded

it as pure childish perversity, a whim wholly unreasonable, that the girl should have persisted in going where nothing more interesting was to be discovered than heat and dust. But, if she would go, he was testily persuaded now that he might easily have managed to take her himself. As for the man who was coming on board to see him—he fairly blushed now for the weak ingenuity that had devised that flimsy excuse: as if he could not have turned the man back to meet him ashore!

She gave him a flower from the great bunch at her belt, when she came back in the afternoon, a happy brightness in her eyes, her face flushed to rose-bloom loveliness. She had had a perfectly lovely time; she would not have missed it for anything. There was little to see in the place,—he had been right about that,—but the little there was there was charmingly quaint and tropical. And they had had a delicious *comida*,—*chile con carne*, *tortillas*, and *frijoles*, of course, and no end of *dulces*; and, oh,—with the frank greediness of a child,—she was so fond of *dulces*!

"Sweets to the sweet," murmured Dick Hazelton, who lingered as loath to leave her.

"Oh, don't!" with a pettish pout. "So many men say that—when they cannot think of anything else to say. It is a regular old stand-by with the great majority. Do try to be original, Mr. Hazelton."

"Ah, give me time," he laughingly pleaded, "and I will be anything you like."

Dwight Rupert sat still for a long time after Betty had left him, reviewing, with ever-gathering impatience, the chain of circumstances that had brought him to this present quandary. Again, in fancy, he was standing in the cathedral plaza of Panama, bitterly smiling now to remember how dully unconscious he had been that other day that fate could have anything worse in store for him than that lot of damaged coffee on the grass. It struck him now as grimly amusing that he had been so eager to escape the Scylla of Don Mariano's hospitality but to run afoul of the Charybdis that lurked behind Bruce Malcolm's invitation. From that moment, he felt, ill luck had fallen upon him thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa. He had made an ill beginning with Miss Betty herself, sitting beside her churlishly tongue-tied until she had been driven to conclude that he *could* not speak English. He had followed up this *gaucherie* by forgetting her very existence that first day on shipboard, when time came to go to dinner; and to-day he had ruthlessly disappointed her when, with the simple confidence of a child, she had thought he would take her ashore. He was overwhelmed with impatience at himself. He felt that it would have been far easier to get on with the girl in the perplexities that now confronted him but for the series of blunders on his part which must have put him hopelessly out of her favor. She would resent his interference, so far as Hazelton was concerned, as officious impertinence. And then she was so young, so innocent, so ill equipped to understand the danger she was courting. He felt his cheeks burn at thought of poisoning her pure mind with hint of evil; and yet well-nigh impossible it appeared to him that he, in whose

hands her brother had trustingly placed her, should stand inertly looking on while, in girlish ignorance, she jeopardized her fair name by association with such a one as Dick Hazelton. He knew so well the sort of gossip-peddling, fraught with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, that went on out of the empty life on shipboard. It was equally disquieting whether he looked backward or forward; and he could only "swear a prayer or two" at the fates in whose hands he felt so helpless. Another moment he sought to reassure himself by the cold reflection that no doubt he magnified his office. Why should he trouble himself with uncalled-for protests or regrets about the child's choice of friends? It seemed hardly possible that she could have remained at the Isthmus for a month and have come away in ignorance of Dick Hazelton's unsavory reputation. Her woman's instinct should warn her what risk she took; and surely she was old enough to know what mischief evil tongues might make out of such association.

"We have taken on board some two thousand sacks," the captain observed, coming up to where Rupert sat lost in brooding thought. "One hundred and thirty-two tons, to be exact."

"I wonder if there would be any use in trying to hire him to stop off here till the next steamer," returned Rupert, musingly, looking up with knitted brows.

"Who?" blurted the astonished officer, startled at such irrelevancy. "I'm talking about coffee."

"And I'm talking about that ass Hazelton," was the testy retort. "I would give a thousand dollars to be clear of him."

"Great heavens, man!" with a stare and a grin that together conveyed an impression far from complimentary. "If that is the way you feel about it, I should say that it would save you considerable money and trouble to stop off yourself."

"No doubt about that; only"—with a sardonic smile—"I promised Malcolm to look after his sister, you know."

"Yes, I know," dryly, "and it is beginning to dawn upon me, old man, that before you get through with it you may need a little looking after yourself. Tell you what, Rupert, take my advice and go slow! Don't get rattled in looking after the girl. You are like me,—too old to dance, and too young to marry, and don't you forget it! You have not reached years of discretion in such matters; in fact, few men ever do. Take it easy, my boy; or, if you can't be easy, be as easy as you can. Meanwhile, come over to my room and try a cock-tail."

V.

Another yesterday was added to the tale of dead days, leaving some the poorer for loss of joy, and many the richer for the sorrows mercifully borne away on the shadowy wings; and now to-day, in gentlest mood, was lavishly doing all it might to ease the burdens of men; in caresses of sunshine and soft lulling breezes bidding weary hearts look up and rejoice, to make the most of the fair time which was theirs,

nor take thought what woes might wait in the phantom grasp of the morrow.

Smiling back under the sky's gentle guise, the measureless expanse of waters lay still, a warm hazy glitter of blue and gold. Now and again the tranquil surface was stirred with a languorous swell, soft as the sigh of content that moves the bosom of a drowsy babe sinking to warm slumber beneath the bending heaven of a mother's eyes. Rudely intrusive on the Sabbath stillness sounded the ship's sturdy progress, as it groaned and strained and panted on its toiling way.

Dwight Rupert had begun the day with unflinching determination to do his whole duty by Betty Malcolm, as he understood it. He would stay by her as her shadow, with unwearied pertinacity interposing his broad shoulders against whatever advances Dick Hazelton might venture. And, as they became more friendly, he would find opportunity to drop some small hints into the girl's innocent ear which might cause her to beware of that too fascinating reprobate. But Fate stands ever mocking at the best-planned schemes of men. It was a little widow, with a sociability not to be rebuffed, who, unexpectedly thrusting herself into the play, ruthlessly turned to naught all Rupert's carefully-prepared programme. Mrs. Alton, finding Betty comfortably ensconced on deck, Rupert watchfully assuming to read beside her, had imagined no reason why she should not amiably draw up for herself a chair alongside, thereby giving encouragement to Dick Hazelton, who had been uncertainly loitering near, presently to attach himself to the party also. A person may hesitate, uninvited, to break up a duet by making the proverbial crowd; but a trio only invites accessions.

"The more the merrier," cried Mrs. Alton, with a jolly little air of hospitality which made her accursed in Rupert's mind, as Dick Hazelton paused uncertainly beside her chair. And presently, before Rupert, glowering at the book closed over his forefinger, had fairly had time to realize his defeat, Betty had smilingly accepted a proposition to walk, and was up and away with her hand on Dick Hazelton's arm.

Mrs. Alton, blissfully unconscious how ill she had succeeded in making herself welcome, was by no means ill pleased to be left *à-à-à* with the San Francisco coffee-dealer whom the gossip of the ship accounted a millionaire. The lady was at the heavily-jetted and much-beribboned period of her mourning, when, as she confidentially confessed to a favored few, her widowed condition had become a grievous trial in its woful loneliness. Under the inspiration of sympathy, indeed, she might delicately imply that it appeared quite possible that she might even marry another some day, if she met the right one. There were those, with smiles not altogether charitable, to say that the little widow seemed to be engaged in most anxious and determined search to discover that right one; and it even came to be whispered on board the Southern Cross that in the person of Dwight Rupert apparently she imagined she had found him.

"Mr. Hazelton is so odd," remarked the lady now as they were left alone, comfortably settling back in her chair.

"How so?" he brusquely returned, tormented with irrational

longing to bid the woman go wash her face. Mrs. Alton was a victim of that commonest delusion of weak-minded womanhood, that all the world was as amiably willing to be hoodwinked in respect to her charms as she herself, and in blind effort to show a complexion lily fair but pathetically called attention to her deficiencies by an abuse of cosmetics that, to the average man, could not but nullify all other efforts to please.

"Why, he told me that he had been at Panama nearly a year; and—I am always looking about for information, you know. I make acquaintances right and left; and I ask questions of everybody," with her shrill little laugh that grated on Rupert's nerves like a creaking door.

"I don't doubt it," he dryly returned, his glance following Betty as she walked.

"Yes," complacently. "I think that is what people travel for,—to gain information in a general way: don't you think so, Mr. Rupert?"

"I cannot imagine what on earth the majority have in view when they travel," he impatiently retorted. "A few go because they have to, I suppose; a few more just to say they have travelled; but there is a tremendous number who put me in mind of that party described in the book of Job, who put in his time 'going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it,' simply to make trouble for other folks."

"No doubt about it," the lady amiably agreed, but with an uncertain smile and a vaguely unsettled air. "But what was I saying?—oh, yes,—about Mr. Hazelton. Well, do you know, I asked him what had made the strongest impression upon him at Panama,—what had interested him most; and what do you think he said?"

"I cannot imagine; but I will bet what you like that he did not tell the truth about it," with a grim smile.

"Well, I don't know: he said—*himself*."

"Oh, I take it all back, then. That was unquestionably true." There was no mistaking his tone.

"I am afraid that you do not fancy Mr. Hazelton," her smile



MRS. ALTON.

gently insinuating, while, with swift feminine intuition, she inly questioned if it could be jealousy that ailed him.

"I certainly do not, Mrs. Alton," with a heartiness which told that he was glad of the opportunity thus to free his mind. Strange, he reflected, how much easier he found it to express himself frankly to this woman, for whom he did not care a flip of his finger, than to that child yonder, for whom he was so uncomfortably concerned!

"Why, to be candid, Mr. Rupert, I do not much fancy him myself. I hardly know why," pausing pensively, with an appealing glance at Rupert as if she thought perhaps he might make the reason clear to her. "It is simply a woman's instinct. I feel, somehow, that there is something wrong about him."

At last it had been granted the little woman to play a trump card in the game she had at heart. Rupert, who could never have dreamt that he might find her as sympathetically compliant in whatever opinion it might please him to offer, regarded her with sudden warm approval. He felt a certain compunction that he had not sooner perceived how much good sense was disguised under the foolish painted face, her inane laugh and chattering way.

"It is an instinct that does you good service," he said, with a certain grave cordiality. "I wish that all women were equally keen to perceive that a man of the Hazelton stripe is not deserving of their favor or friendship."

"Is he so bad as that?" in a pleased and exhilarated manner. "I suppose you know no end of tales of dreadful things that he has done," in a tone which implied she would not mind listening to a recital of the offences herself, even though it might involve details to a certain extent embarrassing.

"I know a few things that he has done; but I would rather be excused from telling them," with an acrimony that surprised himself. It was far from his custom to talk to the discredit of any man. "He is rather a good fellow in his way," he hastily added, in something like compunction,— "that is, as a good fellow goes among men; but—" breaking off helplessly.

"He looks as if he had had bread-and-milk for his supper and gone to bed at sundown every night of his life," remarked Mrs. Alton, tentatively.

"I am afraid you would be a victim of misplaced confidence if you thought it," with a grin for the incongruity of the idea.

"There is such an air of cherubic innocence about him. He looks so—harmless," with a deprecatory sigh.

Rupert laughed outright, but with a sardonic note in his mirth. "I begin to think that your instinctive prejudice is not altogether uncompromising," he observed, grimly, craning his neck to see where Betty and Hazelton were loitering.

"And am I more indulgent than you, seeing that you allow Miss Malcolm to go about with him?" with some asperity.

"I allow! do you think that Miss Malcolm has done me the honor to ask my advice in the matter?" with a short, mirthless laugh. "If she did—Why, see here, Mrs. Alton," brightening with a sudden

inspiration, "I am half inclined to ask a favor of you in that connection."

"Yes?" in a tone of pleased acquiescence.

"You are a woman of the world; you have had experience; instinctively you divined something of the kind of fellow that Hazelton is," hesitating, with knitted brows.

"Yes," encouragingly.

"And if you would drop that child a hint," almost pleadingly, "it would be so kind."

"I, Mr. Rupert?" with surprised demurring, rather dubiously regarding Betty as she passed along the other side of the deck. With all



"AND IF YOU WOULD DROP THAT CHILD A HINT."

her sweet amiability, there was an intangible something about the girl that did not encourage interference in her affairs. "What could I say? I really know nothing about the man; and I am afraid that my personal prejudice would count for little against a young girl's fancy."

"But it is not so serious as that," a sort of smothered vehemence in his protest. "She cannot be seriously interested in the fellow so soon as this."

"No? don't you think so?" with a smile for which he somehow felt he hated her. "You don't believe in love at first sight, then? But he is rather a taking fellow in his way, we must admit that. No wolf in sheep's clothing ever went about in wool better calculated to please a girl's fancy."

"There does seem a wonderful sort of fascination about the fellow

where women are concerned," almost with a groan. "And that is why I thought it might be well to speak to Miss Malcolm about him."

"But why do you not speak to her yourself?" softly insinuated the lady.

"I had meant to," dejectedly; "but it is so hard to know what to say. It would come so much better from a woman, I am sure; and with your tact——" he diplomatically urged.

"Why, thanks, Mr. Rupert," with a pleased explosion of that cackling little laugh which Rupert felt sure was precisely the sound that King Solomon had in mind when he likened it to the crackling of thorns under a pot. "And of course I shall be delighted to say anything I can, since you wish it," with almost an accent of tenderness. "I will go and abuse Mr. Hazelton with all my heart; and you may offer up prayers for the success of my mission, if you like. I think it will need them to make the thing a success; for I am rather persuaded that it will be something like carrying coals to Newcastle."

"How so?"

"Don't you suppose that forty people have been to Miss Malcolm already retailing all Mr. Hazelton's sins of omission and commission? There are generally plenty of volunteers for that sort of work. I have no doubt that Miss Malcolm could tell *me* all about him," somewhat viciously, being, in fact, considerably disappointed that she was denied the tidbits of scandal she was assured might be so interesting.

"I doubt it," very decidedly.

"She has been staying at Panama, where he is well known," significantly.

"Yes; but all the same she cannot know,—or comprehend," almost despairingly.

And, in fact, Betty Malcolm knew considerably less of Dick Hazelton than might have been inferred from the circumstances. She had met him in the most casual way but once or twice at Panama; and Bruce Malcolm was not one to poison his sister's ears with scandalous tales of any man without very good cause. In a general way she knew that Hazelton had been reckoned fast; but this appeared the less shocking as heard in a community where the same charge was alleged against the majority, as it seemed. And she had heard that he was in love with Mrs. Grant of Panama; but of this, which at worst could convey no more to Betty's simple mind than a page of unhappy romance, she was fairly incredulous, for the purely feminine reason that Mrs. Grant was, in her eyes, both ugly and old. It seemed impossible that Dick Hazelton, with his blond viking beauty, "as stout and proud as he were lord of all," should be breaking his heart for such a one as this. And it happened that he fell to explaining that very matter, as they walked the deck that afternoon, in a way that gave Betty a pleased sense of her keenness of penetration, as well as flattered pride in his confidence.

It was one of the secrets of Dick Hazelton's success with women that he had a way of confiding to each in turn, always bemoaning his wasted life, confessing a choice list of shortcomings in most touching repentance, glossing over the others with a fine tact that represented

him as always more sinned against than sinning, and always ending with begging advice, his soft blue eyes entreatingly uplifted with a tender confidence that thrilled each listener's heart in turn with the interesting conviction that into her hands alone was given the work of saving that fascinating soul.

He talked pathetically now to Betty of his life at Panama. It had been a year thrown away, he sadly owned. He had been no worse than the rest, perhaps: it seemed a part of the climatic effect, the subtle demoralizing influence that ruled the place, to pull down a man's moral nature and destroy all his high ideals. There was something in the lack of home influences, perhaps,—the sensation of being in exile,—that made a man reckless. She could scarce comprehend, he fancied, how demoralizing it was to feel one's self in the predicament of that fellow in the nursery rhyme of whom the children are told that "how he lives, and how he fares, nobody knows and nobody cares."

"But nobody is really so unfortunate as that," cried Betty, warmly, her eyes growing misty as she thought of the brother left to wrestle alone with all the intangible temptations of that dreadful place, the more appalling to her fancy because so dimly understood. "Everybody has somebody who cares for him,—whose happiness is concerned in his actions and well-being."

"Everybody else, perhaps," with gentle pathos, looking out over the waste of waters with a wide unseeing gaze that seemed contemplating a life as bare and desolate. "I am the exception to prove the rule in that respect, I think."

"Ah, but you are unjust to yourself and your friends," warmly. "I am sure there are many who care for you."

"It is very sweet of you to say so; but you could not name them," shaking his head sadly. "There may be two or three in the world who might shed a tear for me if I dropped out of it,—my mother, and perhaps my sisters,—and there are a few who are friendly when we happen to meet; but not one of them but thinks me a pretty hard case. I have not the faculty of putting the best foot foremost; and you know the old Spanish proverb: 'He that hath a bad name is half hanged already.' It is my own fault, perhaps, if people misunderstand me,—if they put the worst construction upon everything I do; but it comes hard sometimes."

"But I am certain it is you who misunderstand other people," urged Betty, warmly. "You are morbid, Mr. Hazelton; and, as I said before, it makes you unfair to your friends as well as yourself."

"Do you think so?—how kind it is of you!" with a faint pressure upon the little hand within his arm. "But go and ask the people of Panama about me and see how few will find anything kind to say; and yet there are many there to whom I have been friendly, and some to whom I have had occasion to play the part of a friend in need. But I am rather like that fellow, whom some writer tells about, who was so universally civil that nobody thanked him for it. I am full of the best intentions; but nobody thanks me, and everybody takes occasion to misunderstand me at every opportunity."

"Oh, no!" murmured Betty, her eyes aglow with tender sympathy.

"Ah, yes!" with a smile sad as tears. There could be no question but that Dick Hazelton exquisitely enjoyed the sentimental poses with which he was wont to play upon susceptible heart-strings. It may well have been that the utter incongruity of his attitude tickled his sense of humor as much as the responsive sympathy flattered his vanity. "Take the case of the Grants of Panama, for instance,—did you meet them, by the way?" a flicker of inward laughter just stirring the ends of his golden moustache as Betty's eyes dropped consciously and he guessed the reason. It but added a fresh fillip of interest to the conversation for him. With all the keen interest of a skilled lawyer in a difficult case, he was ever ready to cope with the charges of evil that were forever rising against him; and certainly not the least satisfying element of his lawless pleasures was the measure of success that attended his efforts to clear himself of the consequences. It is to be questioned if, in their hearts, the majority of men have not a livelier joy in esteeming themselves sharp and clever than they could ever discover in all the gift of righteousness.

"I met them only once,—at the Leverichs' party," looking away with studied indifference. "Mrs. Grant has—" hesitating in amiable effort to think of something complimentary to say of the lady whose name had been so intimately linked with his—"that is,—she dresses very well."

"You damn her with faint praise," with an indulgent, almost caressing, note in his laugh; "but you do not know her. She does a great many things very well, with all-round talents of a very charming kind. I thought a great deal of her,—as I do still, for that matter, having that fatal gift of constancy most unfortunately well developed. She disappointed me at the last, as most people do," with his pathetic sigh, his gentle eyes, with their misleading air of frankness, studying her face, questioning how much she had heard,—how far his explanations need go. "But one cannot outgrow the habit of liking people all at once; at least I cannot. And I thought so much of the Grants! Yet even there my attitude was cruelly misconstrued. When I saw him going to the dogs hand over fist, and stuck to him like a brother, trying as best I could to hold him back a little, my *friends*"—with a bitter sneer—"all began remarking to one another that I was leading the poor fellow on to drink harder than ever! And when I tried to be a little kind to Mrs. Grant, they said—well, I don't want to tell you what they said, but it was very cruel." Betty's eyes fell guiltily beneath the righteous indignation of his glance.

"But if you knew you were right," she faintly urged.

"That is all well enough as far as it goes; but one would sometimes like a little justice from other people. I snap my fingers and say I don't care what the world says of me, but of a sudden something fetches me up short with the consciousness that I *do* care horribly. Now, for instance, I cannot help knowing that *you* are prejudiced against me from the talk you have heard; and I don't like it."

"Oh, no," she hurriedly protested.

"Oh, yes," he retorted, with a sort of sad playfulness. "And it comes hard, Miss Malcolm, for I don't mind admitting that I am

awfully anxious to have you think well of me," with that daring glance of tender appeal that had stirred many a gentle heart to quicker beating. "But one thing I ask," bending toward her persuasively: "give me time. Wait until you really know me, and then judge me for yourself. You can know me, if you will, better than any of them:—won't you? and, until you do, will you not take me a little bit on trust? Will you not be as kind to me as you can until you understand me well enough to do me justice?"

"I had not thought of being unkind," murmured Betty, evasively, plaiting her handkerchief in a pretty confusion.

"Not to be unkind: that is a mere negative concession; and I want so much!" he swiftly retorted, with a sort of repressed vehemence. "But everything seems against me! Even if you are disposed to be sweet and kind yourself,—as I almost think you are,—I cannot help knowing that Rupert stands ready to say what he can to turn you against me. And I had supposed that he was rather a friend of mine, too," with a fine show of scorn; "but now, somehow, I know that he has gone over to the majority! Of course I can guess now what has caused the sudden change," he added, after a moment's pause, flashing a glance of bold meaning into the brown eyes inquiringly uplifted: "in a way, I don't blame him," his voice dropping to a softer key as he daringly added, "to tell the truth, I am a bit jealous of *him*!"

"But this is all nonsense!" the girl hastily protested, blushing rosily. "Mr. Rupert has never said a word in disparagement of you."

"Has he not?" showing his even white teeth in his fine frank smile now touched with appealing sadness. There was a sort of seaphic sweetness about that smile of Dick Hazelton's, a look of evangelical purity in his meek blue eyes, when he chose to assume the expression, that might deceive the very elect. "But, if he should, will you promise to believe that I am not quite so black as I am painted?"

"Oh, yes," with a light laugh. "I will believe it is a regular case of painting the lily, if you like."

"Well, I don't exactly pose as a lily," laughing himself, "but I want you to think well of me."

"And it appears to be quite out of the question that I should not think about you at all," with a saucy smile.

"Quite," very decidedly. "I intend to thrust myself upon your attention to such an extent that you will be forced to think of me whether you like or not. I would rather be hated than ignored. But," with a smile of tender confidence, "I shall not let you hate me."

"Are you so sure?" lifting her eyebrows mockingly.

"Sure? no," with a sudden gloom that sat upon his pale blond beauty as becomingly as his moods of sunshine. "I am only sure of one thing; and that is—shall I tell you?" bending his handsome head until his moustache almost grazed her cheek, a blue fire of passion in his eyes.

"And I am only sure of one thing; and that is that I am as hungry as a shark," with a laugh of gay *insouciance* ignoring the question. "Is it not almost time for lunch?"

"Ten minutes of it," reluctantly, looking at his watch. "Must

you go back to Rupert?" dissuasively, as she started up murmuring something to that effect. They had been sitting on the little divan that ran along the stern side of Social Hall, which, for a wonder in that crowded ship, they had had quite to themselves. "Why won't you wait until he comes to look you up?"

"Because," with a laugh, "I have a premonition that he would never come."

"Then, in heaven's name, let him stay away!" with languid contempt. "Why need we bother about him?"

"Why, you need not, most certainly," a gleam of wickedness in the laughing depths of her eyes; "but if I happen to like it——"

"Oh, if you like it—of course. *Rien ne va plus!*" rather sulkily, rising and offering his arm. "I said that I was jealous," he added softly in her averted ear, as they passed out of the door; but Betty affected not to hear.

VI.

Warned by his experience at Punta Arenas, Rupert had made it a point to speak of their going ashore at the next port as a matter of course; and when Betty smilingly reminded him of his hasty admission that he never set foot in these places where he could possibly help it, protesting that he must not sacrifice himself on her account, he had even the grace to lie valiantly, declaring that at La Libertad he had business to call him ashore.

A strong breeze was driving the clouds, like a flock of clean-washed sheep, across the pale-blue field of the sky, and the ship was rolling on a long, heavy swell, as she came to anchor in the open roadstead off the little port. The accommodation-ladder was not lowered from the ship's side at all. The trio of disconsolate passengers who came out from the shore, a couple of tawny, scantily-clothed women, and a man of the ideal brigand type sweltering under the folds of a striped *serape*, were ignominiously hustled on board along with the freight that came with them in the great lurching lighter; and the few who listlessly loitered about the decks, as they looked across the surging waters at the little huddle of buildings dwarfed to puny insignificance against the grand background of shadowy blues and pinks and grays clothing the rugged heights of old San Vicente and San Miguel, evinced no smallest desire to tread the soil of Salvador. Small craft, fair-weather idlers, cared not to venture forth in such a sea, and the ship was left alone save for that one lighter, whose crew was performing miracles in the transfer of its quota of freight, while another sturdy consort could be seen approaching, laden to the gunwale with plump little sacks of coffee. As if in mad joy to find themselves free of the swarm of small craft that on some days speckled the bright surface like a swarm of gad-flies, the great waves plunged heavily shoreward, climbing one another's shoulders, lashing each other on to crazier effort, as if they would raze the poor little place from off the earth; roaring in sullen rage as they beat their strength upon the shifting sand, but to be drawn helplessly back again by the mighty power that swayed them.

Betty, who had resigned herself to staying on board as a matter of course, was all the more surprised and delighted when Rupert came to tell her that they still might go. She was full of girlish delight in novelty, with an eager curiosity to see all that the hour might be holding out to her; and moreover the unaccustomed rolling had contributed to a growing discomfort that made the prospect of feeling solid earth beneath her feet seem of all things the most to be desired.

"I am afraid that you will find it a little rough," Rupert observed deprecatingly, as he led the way below. "If it had been smooth we might have had the captain's gig."

"Oh, I don't mind that in the least," Betty stoutly declared. But she was to discover that she did mind it when she had finally come to the open freight port through which they must go, and surveyed the rude waves thrusting their might between the ship and that lighter bobbing alongside. As the two had for an instant bumped greeting, Rupert had quickly jumped, landing ignominiously on all-fours on the uneven footing of bales and boxes in the lighter; and now he stood holding up his arms to catch her when her opportunity should come. But Betty hung back, limp and helpless, in nervous terror whimpering a protest which wind and waves united to snatch from the ears for which it was meant. But the hands of the sturdy first officer fell upon her with business-like imperturbability. What to him was a pretty girl with her nervous whims save one more passenger sent by an inscrutable Providence to make more trouble for the officers of the Pacific Mail Steam-Ship Company? He caught Betty up and tossed her down to the waiting arms alongside as lightly as if she had been a sack of coffee; and he would have been glad if he could as easily have disposed of all the womankind on board.

"It is only the first step that costs. All the rest is plain sailing, you see," said Rupert, cheerily, trying to make her comfortable in the stern of the rough craft.

"Oh, yes," with an uncertain, white-lipped smile, casting an apprehensive glance around. "Only, you know——"

"You agree with Emerson, perhaps, that the sea-taste is acquired, like that for tomatoes and olives; and your taste is not cultivated in that direction up to the point of appreciating life on the ocean wave in a craft like this," he comfortably observed. "Have you noticed this boat, by the way?—that it is carved out of one enormous log, all in one piece? It is like a sort of Brobdingnagian banana-skin."

"Yes," murmured Betty, vaguely, grown very white. She had imagined the sea rough from the decks of the Southern Cross, but now she felt that she had really known nothing about it until this. Everything that was within her small sickened body seemed sinking down, down, a nausea unutterable creeping after, as the great clumsy boat went wriggling down the mountain of waters, as if it would never stop short of the bottom of the sea, but to fetch up short with a jerk that was a fresh grievance, ere it started to climb the next glittering hill, whose sullen height the scantily-clothed boatmen were imperturbably attacking with their preposterous paddles. But one other passenger kept them company, a young Englishman, his beefy and other-

wise good-humored face distorted with a morose scowl due to the effort to keep his glass properly fixed on one eye. Beyond a mumbled drawl to the effect that it was "rawther rough," this young man had nothing to say, appearing absorbed in regarding with a ruminating stare this strange young woman who was composedly facing the world unattended by either chaperon or maid. Betty, sitting with white, compressed lips, felt that if she must be reduced to the last humiliating abandon of sea-sickness under the battery of that round unwinking gaze, she must simply pray for death.

"One gets a new idea of the courage of those Spanish pirates who first explored the coast, with the sea like this,—don't you think?" queried Rupert, with laughing eyes, after a comprehensive glance at Betty, quietly returning his unlighted cigar to its case, and the case to his pocket. His theories as to sea-sickness rather foreshadowed the mind-cure doctrines of a later date; and he was bent on diverting her attention from herself. "One old fellow, Andreas de Nino was his name, I always like to read about," he went on; "he worshipped God and Mammon with such naïve simplicity and high-handed success. He had a little way of landing here and there and sending word to the native chiefs that unless they and all their people at once embraced the faith of Jesus Christ and handed over their idols,—which happened to be made of the purest native gold, you understand,—incidentally, as it were, owing allegiance to the King of Spain, they should be attacked and forthwith wiped from off the face of earth. With that persuasive manner of his, his missionary success was simply prodigious, his baptisms footing up to thousands a day upon occasion. One is rather filled with ungodly wonder as to how he managed it,—if he was compelled to round them up and drive them all into the sea in a bunch. However, he was a man of large resources, and the good work went on somehow; while at the same time, you comprehend, he was laying up for himself treasure upon earth, in a miscellaneous lot of golden bric-à-brac, which must have been eminently gratifying to his righteous soul."

"Yes," without exhibiting the remotest interest in the missionary labors of Andreas de Nino. But Rupert was not to be discouraged.

"One rather wishes, reading the adventures of the pious old frand, that a nice lively earthquake might have been moved to get in its work just when he happened along at some of these places where they make a specialty of earthquakes," he cheerfully observed.

"Are you sure that they are not getting up one for us?" something like whimsical amusement upon her face as her eyes dizzily ranged over the land ahead. "The place looks to me horribly unsteady, don't you know. It reminds me of that verse of the Psalms: 'What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?—ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills like lambs?'"

Rupert laughed, boyishly pleased at having induced her to talk. "How well you said it!" he exclaimed, with smiling approval. "Did your father promise you a gun if you would read the Bible through?"

"Mercy! no! What a question!" considerably surprised.

"Well, my father did; but," heaving a large sigh, "I never got the gun."

"I might be sure of it," with something like the ghost of her every-day laugh, whereat Rupert beamed, delighted: Betty was forgetting to be sea-sick.

But on and on, climbing, pushing, beating its way ever forward somehow, the sturdy craft had crawled shoreward, until at last it was safely alongside the great iron pier. But here was a fresh shock of surprise for unhappy Betty as her dizzy eyes were raised to see the strange vehicle that came rattling down to receive them, from what seemed an appalling distance above. It seemed to be simply four wooden arm-chairs fastened back to back, in pairs, the smooth seats appearing as if especially calculated to spill unwary passengers into the yawning depths below at the smallest untoward movement. There had been nothing in the landing at Punta Arenas to prepare her for this.

"Oh, what on earth possessed me to come!" she miserably groaned, turning up to Rupert a white appealing face as he lifted her into one of the swaying seats and placed himself beside her.

"Don't be frightened, child," laying his hand over hers with a close reassuring pressure that surprised her into silence. "It is not half so bad as being hung, you see," as they went swaying upward until, with a somewhat startling jerk, they were drawn upon the pier.

"Thank heaven, it is over!" cried the girl, giving her skirts a little shake, and feeling over hat and hair with swift feminine pats, as though to assure herself that she was still clothed and in her right mind.

"And, thank heaven, we are clear of that crowd of people for a while!" with no less fervor, glancing back at the ship with a grin almost vindictive. In his mind's eye he could see Dick Hazelton disconsolately leaning over the ship's side, measuring with baffled glances the stretch of waters that had been put between him and Betty Malcolm; and the thought was unction to Rupert's soul. In the complex mystery of man's nature there is a subtle unreasoning force that instinctively turns him more or less against his fellows in respect to the woman who may have touched his own heart, if but ever so little. Rupert, who had felt impelled to assume the defensive against Dick Hazelton from a sense of duty toward his charge, had come to find a sort of savage joy in the contest for its own sake, as man against man. And, at the same time, his feeling toward Betty herself had been insensibly changing in the jealous sense of possession that, in the heat of the strife, had somehow seized upon him.

"But to think that in a little while we will have to go back!—have that dreadful trip over again! Do you know, I can feel the motion of that horrible boat yet?" with a tremulous smile. "The ground is all rolling under my feet; and if I close my eyes I can feel that awful wabbling,—that horrible sinking,—as if the land were all as unreal as a dream."

"Poor little girl!" with quick concern almost bordering on tenderness. She seemed such a fragile little thing, so fair and so helpless.

"I feel that I was a brute to have brought you," he ruefully declared.

"Oh, don't say that!" her smile full of winning sweetness. "I was dying to come; and it was lovely of you."

"How lovely of you to say so!" he laughingly exclaimed, irrepressible joyousness in his face. He was full of boyish triumph in the success of this stroke against Hazelton. Rarely had he felt in such gay spirits. "And—I have an inspiration!—we won't go back at all if you say so. What do you think of staying on and growing up with the country?"

"But the country has so much the start of us," Betty smilingly objected, enjoying his mood. "It has already grown old."



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF STAYING ON AND GROWING UP WITH THE COUNTRY?"

"Ah, it is like me," he lightly retorted: "it was never young. But perhaps if we stayed—*quien sabe?*—the usual order of things might be reversed, and I might grow *young* with the country. It seems very possible just now, I assure you."

"Ah, it would always be possible," she oracularly declared, feeling herself wondrously at ease with him; "you would always be young,—if you would only let yourself go."

"How encouraging! and how kind of you to say it! But do you really think that it would be wise, Betty?" laughingly bending down to look under the brim of her wide hat. He hardly knew himself with this spirit of jollity that had taken hold of him. He vaguely felt that he was playing a part; but he enjoyed it. "Because, do you know, in my present mood, if I should really let myself go, as you suggest, I am afraid I should never know where to stop."

An hour of the burning day had mercifully slipped away into the shadows of the past, and now its discomforts were almost forgotten in the fiercer fires of the noontime. It was the hour when, according to a local saying, only dogs, *mozos*, and *Americanos* were to be seen upon the streets. All the market-folk had gathered up their unsold wares and contentedly straggled away to swelter through the long afternoon in luxurious siesta; and the bare, hot streets were all as still as Pompeii after the eruption. Rupert and Betty, somewhat touched with the drowsy languor of the place, were resting in a great, dimly-lighted *sala* belonging to Rupert's agent at the place,—a man's parlor, lacking all the little feminine touches that give to bare rooms the look of home, but pleasant withal after the burning heat outside. They had exhaustively patronized the scantily-equipped market-stands huddled together in the sun-baked plaza; they had loitered in the shade of the bare little church, its altars cluttered with the tawdry ornamentation of a childish and poverty-stricken people, ridiculous but for the simple faith that made it all pathetic; they had furtively stared, with laughing criticism, at the queer costumes of the market-women, decorously assuming not to see the happy youngsters who flitted into the foreground of the scene quite *au naturel*; they had determinedly blinked at all that was to be seen in the little place, unanimously agreed that it only differed from any other tropical town of its size in that it was a little more bare and unbearable in its white hot glare of untempered sunshine than any.

"You were horribly extravagant," Betty remarked, with a smiling assumption of reproof, her pleased eyes running over the acquisitions of the market-place spread out on a table,—a couple of carved calabashes, a queer little basket woven of pale-green grasses, a delightfully hideous brown pottery water—"monkey," and a quantity of fruit and flowers. "I ought not to have let you get so much for me," with faint regret; "but then, don't you know, it was something like patronizing a church fair. Those poor people so needed the money: it gave one such a comfortable sense of benevolence to be buying something of them, aside from the pleasure of having the things."

"A killing of two birds with one stone, as it were," Rupert lazily assented, comfortably swaying back and forth in a large bent-wood rocking-chair by the window.

"The poor things!" her soft eyes full of tender pity, while from tone and glance Rupert was able to apprehend that her thought was with the people of the market-place. "Do you suppose that, in this out-of-the-way place, they are able to realize how much they miss?—how miserable and discontented they ought to be?"

"Bless your heart, no!" with a slight start, rocking far back to peer through the narrow opening in the blinds. He could almost have sworn that it was Mrs. Alton's shrill laugh that had just grated on his ears. "Their ignorance is bliss, I can assure you. Indeed, I never look at them without envy,—these poverty-stricken philosophers; for of all the sons of men I believe they have come the nearest to solving the great problem of human happiness.—H-m!—I believe I will draw this blind just a little closer. The heat is simply intolerable." It was Mrs. Alton's voice he had heard. There she was, rosy and panting,

trotting along at the heels of Dick Hazelton, who nervously strode on, glancing in all directions, in palpable search of somebody, while three or four others of the ship's passengers straggled along after them.

"Juan may not have two reales to rub together," Rupert placidly resumed, "but that never hinders his being as happy as the proverbial sunflower. *Tortillas* and *frijoles* are cheap and plenty; he gets enough to eat, and he does not ask for much to wear; and there is always *mañana* ahead to which he relegates every care. For to-day—*hace mucho calor—esta cansada*—and he can enjoy his siesta untroubled by any nightmare of ambition or discontent. If he worships the almighty dollar, it is in a half-hearted way that calls for neither burnt-offerings nor sacrifices; and if the pursuit of happiness is the main purpose of life, I think we must concede that he comes out ahead of all of us, with our cumbrous civilization and its hampering necessities," wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He felt that he had been fairly roaring, in his effort to drown the sound of Mrs. Alton's piping voice, which seemed to him loud enough to wake the dead; but Betty looked comfortably unconscious.

"Yes," she languidly assented, wiping a little yawn from her lips. It had been a delightful hour. Never had she dreamt that Rupert could so unbend,—could be so companionable and jolly. But the walk in the hot sunshine had been exhausting, and the nausea of the morning had left a slight headache.

"Are you tired, Betty?" bending toward her with kindly anxiety.

"That makes three times that you have called me 'Betty,'" the girl irrelevantly retorted, checking off the number on three small fingers which were pointed at him with a gesture of smiling reproof.

"Why, I beg pardon," considerably discomfited, yet half smiling withal, as, through the chink he had left in the blinds, he watched the party from the ship rambling back in the sweltering sunshine with the purposeless energy of a lot of ants. "But you told me to let myself go," he urged, extenuatingly. "I hope you are not really very much vexed that I took your advice so literally?"

"Oh, of course I don't really mind it at all," with an air of condescending amiability; "but you have such a grandfatherly way of doing it, you know. It makes one feel so pitifully young and small."

"Does it?" with a broad grin. Hazelton and Mrs. Alton had stopped in the middle of the plaza, wagging their heads together in an anxious discussion that tickled Rupert amazingly as he imagined its purport. "Of course I am sorry if you don't like it; but then, you know, you *are* young, and rather small. The truth must prevail."

"If the truth must prevail, you should not try to pose as my grandfather," with a charming pout.

"No?—and what then?" flushing with vague pleasure. "If you will direct the pose yourself, I can assure you that I shall be only too happy to try and please your little royal highness."

"You can hardly expect me to believe that you are sorry while you sit there laughing at me," eving him severely.

"Laughing—at you? Perish the thought! I may have smiled; it is rather a weakness of mine upon occasion, really meaning nothing.

In fact, 'I'm saddest when I sing,' and all that sort of thing, don't you know. But—oh, I say," irrelevantly, starting up,—Mrs. Alton's laugh sounded in his ears as blatantly penetrating as the note of a bagpipe,—“don't you want to look out into the *patio*?—the garden there at the back?"

"Is there anything to see?" with a faint note of ill humor in her voice, indifferently glancing out through the open door, not moving.

"Well, no; I am afraid not," with a vexed laugh at the ridiculous impulse that had come upon him to snatch her up and carry her.

"And it is so comfortable here," leaning back and rocking with lazy enjoyment. "Do you know, while you are gone,—you said you would *have* to go and talk coffee for a while, did you not?—well, if you are gone very long you must not expect to find me awake when you come back."

"Oh," with a vexed start, somewhat piqued at her obvious willingness to be rid of him, and reluctant just then to go; but upon such a hint he felt there could be no help for it: "I had forgotten all about it, but I suppose I would better go and get the thing done with. And do you think that you can really get a nap?" regarding her with some anxiety. "There is not a woman about the place; nobody will disturb you. I wish there was a hammock for you."

"Why, thanks; but it is not of the least consequence," smiling at his solicitude. "Of course I shall not really think of going to sleep."

"But I wish you would: it would do you no end of good," he persisted, going over to the window and relentlessly closing out every last ray of sunshine. He felt he could not in common decency propose to close the window; but the voices had for the moment drifted beyond earshot. If the child only would drop asleep before they came back. "Do—to please me," persuasively.

"Ah, to please you," with a mocking smile. "Of course—anything to please you!"

"And can I go and find a pillow for you?—they have little pillows here, stuffed with wool, but they are not half bad. And won't you have another green cocoanut to drink?—No, really? Well, then, *hasta luego*."

"If I had not sent him away, he would never have gone," murmured Betty, with a demure little smile, promptly filling her mouth with hair-pins from the fluffy brown knot at the back of her head, which, with a wary eye on the open door at the back, she deftly proceeded to twist up afresh. The hair readjusted to her satisfaction, she settled back in her chair, patiently rocking and waiting, still smiling softly to herself. She could not sleep, although she was sleepy; and there was no denying that presently the time began to seem long in the hot, brooding silence. She elaborately rearranged the bunch of flowers at her belt, and daintily feasted on a couple of the fragrant fig bananas, scarce longer than one of her own small fingers; and finally she restlessly wandered out into the patio, but it seemed like courting sunstroke to linger in those bare, hot confines, where all the heat of the surrounding walls seemed focussed. Many a time she had yawned in

grievous *ennui* before Rupert at last came back, stepping softly, half hoping to find her asleep.

"Ah, you are awake!" he disappointedly exclaimed. "I hope that nothing—no noises outside—disturbed you."

"Did you expect to find me snoring?" with a light laugh, promptly adjusting her hat and looking for gloves and parasol. "I suppose we are going now," alert and smiling.

"Why, no; I am afraid not quite yet," he deprecatingly returned, considerably concerned at the shadow of disappointment that chased the sudden brightness from her face. "The fact is that a man has just got in from the interior with whom I ought to have a little talk. He is at breakfast now, which, of course, seems a pure waste of time; but I could hardly drag him away from the table by main strength, you know," with a glance that seemed entreating her to make the best of it.

"I suppose not," her smile somewhat strained. The hot, lifeless stillness of the room seemed smothering.

"We shall get away in an hour or so, at any rate," cheerfully, consulting his watch. "The captain gave us until two o'clock, and we can make that without any question,—if you really think that you won't stay to grow up with the country," regarding her playfully. "Poor child! I am afraid that it is an awful bore for you," he added, contritely.

"Oh, not at all," with polite hypocrisy. "I like it; that is——" floundering in amiable confusion.

"You deserve to be canonized," he laughed. "But, by the way, —I had almost forgotten,—I have brought you some curios,—some of the old coins, about the queerest currency passing in Christendom to-day, I fancy," drawing a handful of loose silver from his pocket and dropping it into her lap. "It is made of old Spanish coins which the people have cut up into change to suit themselves, you see."

Betty was studying eagerly the quaint irregular bits, no two alike in size or shape, some worn smooth and thin as wafers, a few restamped with the round seal of San Salvador, others still bearing the time-worn arms of old Spain. "How very interesting!—and how more than kind of you!" she exclaimed, prettily flushed with pleasure. "And is this a *peso*?—and does this count for two *reales*?" holding up the pieces one after the other.

"Exactly," enjoying her delight. "I knew a fellow once who said that all he knew of Spanish was that a quarter of a dollar was called Dora Alice, while Sarah Alice went for seventy-five cents."

"The poor man!" laughing absently as she fingered the coins. "Well, you have found out that I know more Spanish than that, have you not?"

"Indeed I have. And, by the way, have you ever forgiven me for that?"

"For what?" regarding the coins with a sudden perplexity, her finger pressing in her red under-lip.

"For driving you to talk Spanish that first night at dinner,—for all my sins of omission."

"Oh, that! have you repented it?"

"In sackcloth and ashes."

"Well, then, I suppose I must give you absolution," smiling, but with an anxious little frown between her eyes. "But, do you know," a sudden sweet gravity in her face, "I think I must not let you give me such a present as this, Mr. Rupert. It has just occurred to me that it is money, pure and simple, and ever so much of it."

"Nothing but a handful of curios, child," his face darkening.

"But peculiarly expensive curios. Indeed, Mr. Rupert, it is very kind of you, but I am sure I ought not to take them," reluctantly gathering up the glittering pile in her two small hands.

"But this is nonsense!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Why on earth should you not accept those few miserable coins from me?"

"I would like to, but——"

"Do you know that this is the very first time in my life that I ever offered anything like a present to a woman?"

"Yes?" her eyes dropping a little under his glance. "But I do not see what that has to do with it."

"Won't you take them, Betty?" his voice gently persuasive,— "to please me?—as a token that we are friends? You said that you would forgive, you know."

"There is not much to forgive," with an embarrassed laugh.

"But what little there is," he persisted, "you will forgive and forget, Betty?"

"Ah, women never forget."

"Do they not?" coming a little closer, his face flushed and eager. "How long will you remember this day at La Libertad? It has been rather a pleasant time, has it not, Betty?"

"It has been perfectly lovely," she declared, her eyes sparkling as she shyly raised them to his face. "And I shall remember it," with a slight pause, "as long as I remember you, Mr. Rupert," with an inconsequential little laugh.

"And that will be—until we reach the wharf at San Francisco?" with his old sardonic smile.

"How can I tell until we have reached the wharf at San Francisco?" with a mocking *moue* at him.

"But we are friends now, Betty?" somewhat breathlessly, coming still nearer.

"Shall we shake hands on it?" with smiling *insouciance* holding out a slim white hand. His own trembled a little as, rather awkwardly, he accepted the frank mark of favor, and he held it in loose grasp for an instant as though rather at a loss to know what he should do with it.

"What a pretty little thing it is," he observed, rather embarrassedly, considering the pink-tipped fingers, so delicately fair against his brown and roughened grasp. "I did not know that a woman grown could have so small a hand." And then of a sudden, won by something in those enticing lines, obeying an impulse as overmastering as unreasoning, he bent his head and pressed a kiss upon the soft pink palm. It was but a momentary madness; upon the instant he started

back, utterly overwhelmed at his temerity. This young girl, alone and unprotected, he felt was given him in double trust,—that it was his part to accord to her most punctilious deference and consideration; and how had he betrayed her girlish confidence!

"Great heavens, child!" with something like horror on his face. "I told you I should not know where to stop!" he exclaimed, hoarsely; and, as if he feared to meet her accusing eyes, without another word he rushed from the room.

VII.

A man of lofty principles, vainglorious in his strength, is always overwhelmed when passion first reveals to him his inconsistencies. A young girl, on the other hand, essentially an egotist, joying in instinctive consciousness of that power before which the brute strength of man has ever bowed in helpless subjection, playing with love as ruthlessly as a humming-bird rifles the sweets of a rose, expects alike the homage of prince and of peasant, and is not to be surprised at any undoing wrought by her witcheries.

There was a curious blending of laughter and compassion in Betty's eyes as she watched Rupert's retreating form. "The plot thickens," she smilingly murmured, whimsically holding up her hand, as though she would measure the temptation to which he had succumbed. And then the ludicrous side of the situation irresistibly tickled her fancy, and she laid back her head in an ecstasy of silent laughter, kicking up her small heels like a frisky kitten. "The poor thing!" she gasped, with a mocking commiseration that would have driven Rupert mad could he have known of it. "It is the first step that costs, as he said when we were coming ashore; but then"—after a moment, with a sobering face—"of course there will be no second step in this case. He was too much frightened," laughing afresh; "and then—" her eyes fixed on the floor in a deep study. "But I could not have helped it," she conclusively exclaimed, at length, as though answering an accusation in her mind. Like most young girls, she was much given to a complacent sort of self-analysis, ever ready to arraign herself at the bar of conscience, with subtle feminine logic most happy in proving herself innocent when in her soul she felt most guilty. But, however she might excuse herself, there was still a rankling sense of discomfort in her mind as she began restlessly pacing the room. She wished she had not offered him her hand.

And an hour more of *La Libertad*,—that began to assume now the proportions of a grievance unendurable. It was as bad as waiting at a country railway-station for a belated train; only no station of Betty's acquaintance had ever been so hot and deadly still as that sepulchral *sala*. Of a sudden a happy thought struck her. She had missed her gloves when she looked for them, and now she remembered that it was in the church that she took them off. No doubt she had dropped them there, and why should she not go and look for them? It would help kill the time, and Rupert would not know; although, indeed, she

could imagine no reason why he should object; she would be back in a minute,—stealing out into the hot, silent street. It was as still as a city of the dead: only a mangy, flea-bitten dog met her, with a foolish deprecating wag of the tail, as though he were well used to having his proffers of affection snubbed. It seemed that a Lady Godiva might have ridden the length and breadth of the place with never a fear of a waking eye upon her. But as she entered the church Betty started back, almost in fright. It seemed as if Bedlam were suddenly let loose there.

"Miss Malcolm! is it really you?—and alone? Where is Mr. Rupert?"

"Where have you been hiding?" this in Hazelton's voice, while his soft blue eyes were glowing with gladness.

"We have been searching the place over for you," explained another; while they all crowded around.

"We asked a couple of men: Mr. Hazelton said that he could speak Spanish, but nobody seemed to understand him." This from Mrs. Alton, with a scathing glance at that gentleman, of which he was tranquilly oblivious, having eyes and ears only for Betty.

"At last!" he was murmuring in her ear. "I had begun to think that I should never find you again."

"And how does it happen that you are alone?" interposed Mrs. Alton's sharp treble, while Betty stood stock-still, tongue-tied with surprise. "Where is Mr. Rupert?"

"He is over there," vaguely nodding her head in the direction she had come, her face wearing a troubled look. Too well she could imagine Rupert's feelings if she should go back with all this crowd at her heels: yet how was she to escape them? "I came to look for my gloves," she added, helplessly.

"You look completely done up," Hazelton exclaimed, eagerly studying her face. "Have you been prowling about in the heat all the while?"



AS SHE ENTERED THE CHURCH BETTY STARTED BACK.

"Oh, no; we have been resting," rather guiltily, amiably hoping that her face did not betray all her disquietude at sight of them. "But still I am tired, and the heat has given me a headache," she wearily added, hoping that explanation would suffice to explain the palpable lack of cordiality in her manner.

"Of course you are tired," wrathfully sympathetic. "It is a perfect outrage to bring anybody to a place like this. There is nothing to be seen; and the heat is simply calculated to give hardened sinners a foretaste of the retribution to come. I was——"

"Was that why you came yourself, Mr. Hazelton?" the girl interrupted, rather tartly.

"We came because you did,—to surprise you," chimed in Mrs. Alton, with a gentle cackle of delight.

"Well, you certainly succeeded," dryly.

"And now let us all go and surprise Mr. Rupert!" eagerly starting. "Let us all steal in upon him and see what he will say!" in a tone of anticipatory delight.

"Great heavens! don't think of it!" laying a detaining hand upon her arm. "Mr. Rupert doesn't *want* to be surprised: at least"—hesitating in some embarrassment—"I don't want to have him surprised. The fact of the matter is that he is talking business; a man has just come in from the interior whom he must see, and he told me, a moment ago, that he would probably be detained an hour longer. If you go and interrupt him, you know, he may have to stay all day," with a wan smile, turning to Hazelton as for support; "and surely an hour more is enough."

"Well, I should say so," he cordially agreed: "don't let us lay a straw in his path," being for his own part as little desirous of Rupert's society as could be.

"What nonsense! We should not hinder him for a minute," rather huffily protested Mrs. Alton. "We should brighten the poor man up! Talking business in heat like this!—It would be simple Christian charity to go and make him come with us at once. We are going right back, you know," she added to Betty: "the boat is waiting for us."

"Is that so?" with a smile of relief. "Well, I am sure I wish that we were going with you," feeling that now she could afford to be civil.

"Indeed, Miss Malcolm, you would better come with us," put in a youth who, in his own chosen dialect, had just confided to a companion his opinion that the little Malcolm was "a good-looker from 'way back," and that, if there were "any show" for him, he would not mind "doing the civil" himself. "You will be baked to a cinder in an hour more of this."

"No question about it, Mr. Davis," smiling rather patronizingly upon the boy, who was, as a matter of fact, a year or more her senior. "It is pretty nearly as bad as being burned at the stake. But then I fancy that I have rather a genius for martyrdom: most women have, don't you think?" with a comfortable little laugh. "But I want to find my gloves," turning back into the church. In instinctive reverence for the place, the party had drifted outside with their talk.

"The best thing about a church is that it is generally cool," with languid appreciation Hazelton remarked, as he followed after her, aimlessly glancing about.

"Are you sure that you lost them here?" queried young Davis, engaged in anxious search.

"Well, no; I am beginning to have grave doubts about it: at any rate, I can assure you that I did not hide them under the altar candlesticks," in half-laughing, half-shocked expostulation, as the young fellow, in his zeal, seemed bent on turning the place inside out. "I must have dropped them somewhere else."

"I am afraid that they are not going to materialize here, at all events," Hazelton observed, with a languid show of sympathy, turning back with her to the door. "I hope you don't much mind?"

"If you are afraid of tan and sunburn, we will each agree to hold a hand all the way back," laughed Davis; "that is, if you will come with us."

"The cure would be worse than the disease," the girl gayly declared. "Do you know, I believe I will walk down to the wharf with you and see you off," she artfully added. There seemed to be no help for it. Either she must go with them, or they would all walk back to the house with her; and once there it might prove more than embarrassing to get rid of them.

"Why, I say," exclaimed Hazelton, halting suddenly, "you folks walk on without me. I am just going down there to try and persuade Rupert to give his man from the interior a rest and come with us."

"Well, I wish you joy of the undertaking," laughed Betty. She had no idea that his mission could be a success, and she laughed to think of the snubbing awaiting him.

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Alton, joyously. "Tell him that we all insist upon it,—that I say he *must* come," screaming after Hazelton, who with long strides was already well on his way. "That is something like," with smiling satisfaction. "It would be perfectly absurd to go and leave you two to come trailing after alone. And indeed, child," in a tone of friendly admonition, as they walked along together, "I cannot think what possessed you to come away alone in the first place. I was perfectly amazed when I saw you starting. Why did you not ask me to come and chaperon you? I would have been delighted."

"You?" with a cool stare, faintly impertinent, much as an entomologist might regard some rather insignificant bug; but Mrs. A' never thought of measuring the meaning of feminine glances. It did not occur to me, Mrs. Alton."

"I suppose not," as amiably willing to accept the apology; 'really, you know, it ought. I am sure that your mother could not prove——'

"Oh, but I assure you that she could," tranquilly interposed girl. "Mamma approves of everything I do. It is her crow weakness."

"Of course, to a young girl like you," in an amiably reasonable tone, "Mr. Rupert may seem quite old and——"

"Oh, no," smiling sweetly; "not so *very* old, certainly; scarcely older than you, I should say, Mrs. Alton."

"Then you have made a very poor guess at my age, Miss Malcolm," sharply, her cheeks reddening angrily under the dust of pearl-powder. "Mr. Rupert is *years* older than I. But that is not the point. What I want to suggest is that people *will* make remarks, you know."

"But I do not concern myself about the class of people who make remarks, Mrs. Alton," tranquilly gazing seaward. They had walked to the end of the pier, and Betty was comforted to note that the sea appeared somewhat smoother than it had been an hour ago, while the tide had manifestly risen a little, promising a few inches less of a drop in that dreadful chair-vehicle for the return trip.

"Then you will some time have occasion to regret it, Miss Malcolm," retorted Mrs. Alton, severely.

"Yes? do you think so?" with smiling indifference. "Ah, there comes Mr. Hazelton."

"And Mr. Rupert is not with him!" cried the little widow, disappointedly.

"I did not suppose that he would be," Betty placidly rejoined, smilingly watching the approach of the disappointed envoy.

"Oh, I say, that is a shame!" protested young Davis, indignantly. "To keep you here an hour longer! But when it comes to that,—misery loves company, they say,—what is the matter with our all staying and keeping you company?"

"Indeed we will," exclaimed Mrs. Alton, with a comforting air.

"Indeed you shall not," protested the girl, warmly. "I could not think of keeping you."

But as he came nearer it was seen that Hazelton's face was by no means indicative of failure. He was radiant. "Rupert says that you are to come with us," he called out triumphantly as soon as he was within speaking-distance.

"I?—and he is not coming himself?" staring at him in angry incredulity. "It is simply impossible."

"I don't like to contradict a lady," joyously smiling upon her, "but it is the simple unvarnished truth. I am sorry if you don't like it," with something of gentle reproach in his voice.

"Well, I don't like it," wrathfully candid. "And I would like to know if you told him that I said I *wanted* to go with you; because, you did, I must say that I think it was very officious of you."

"I do not know why you should imagine that I told him anything the sort," his blond beauty flushing with anger in turn. "I did him that we were going back now, and that you—you in the plum-pudding—would better come with us. I believe that I added that were rather done up, or something of that sort, by way of persuasion, but he did not seem to need much urging so far as you were concerned, I can tell you plainly. He said that he had been a good deal tired at having to detain you so long, and that it was just as well that you should go back to the ship, where you could be comfortable. There was a slant-eyed Celestial opening champagne for them, and——" chuckling himself, as if he had been on the verge of revelations that

were as well not made, "well, of course Rupert put it altogether on the ground of solicitude for your comfort."

"Oh, of course," sullenly considering the toe of one small boot.

"And good for him, I say," cried Davis, densely unconscious of her wrath. "He is welcome to his booze, since he has given us good company. We shan't envy him the champagne."

"Of course you don't have to come if you don't want to, all the same," put in Hazelton, sulkily, staring at the horizon with a stolid assumption of indifference. "I presume Rupert would not mind if you stayed."

"Why, thanks: do you really think not?" sarcastically, an angry red flaming on either cheek. "But I do not care to stay. All the same, you may as well know that I am not grateful either to Mr. Rupert or to you."

"It is superfluous for you to say it," with a glance as defiant as her own.

"And you know," interposed the widow, soothingly, her eyes betraying something like joy in the situation, "if Mr. Rupert thinks it best for you to go, I do not see how you can get around it."

"I don't want to get around it," in keen exasperation. "I am suffering to go—now. And what on earth are we waiting for? Why do we not start at once?" turning upon Hazelton impatiently.

"Because, since it is hardly practicable to swim, it is necessary to wake up these wretched *peons* first," he rather sullenly retorted, turning to fire a volley of pungent Spanish at the sleepy boatmen unconcernedly lounging about the wharf.

"What a pity that your gloves were lost!" remarked young Davis, with tardy appreciation of her state of mind, pacifically bent on changing the subject. "I'm afraid your hands will get awfully sunburned."

"Yes; it is a pity about the gloves," Betty thoughtfully agreed, her face curiously changing as she held out her bare right hand, considering its lines with something of the whimsical amusement that had been upon her face after Rupert's impulsive caress. "It is really most unfortunate, all things considered. You can hardly imagine how much I regret it,—what a bother it has made. If I had only never taken them off!—ah, if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter!—" breaking off with a vexed laugh.

"Why, look here," exclaimed Hazelton, reassured at the laugh, his own good humor well-nigh restored in view of the fact that he was, after all, getting his own way; "if I should be very, very unselfish, Miss Malcolm, I think that you might bring yourself to forgive me for Rupert's shortcomings, and call the thing square. I hate to—" reluctantly reaching inside his breast-pocket, "but rather than see the poor little hands burned to a crisp before my eyes,—see here!" laughingly holding out a crumpled pair of tan-colored gloves, quite astonishing in their extravagant stretch of buttons.

"You had them all the time!" with vehement reproach, thanklessly pouncing upon her property. "And you never said a word!"

"You did not ask me if I had them," smiling serenely; "and

then—" with an expressive pause, "I think you ought to appreciate my self-sacrificing spirit now, and be very kind to me," he added, in a tone only her ear might hear.

She had been nervously twisting the soft kid together, and now, as he finished, her lip curling in sympathy with the scornful quiver of her nostrils, she lifted the compact little ball and tossed it contemptuously over into the water. Hazelton paled as if he had been struck, his eyes glowing like sapphires. In a flash he had turned to a half-clothed boy lying on the wharf, idly surveying the party through the narrow slits of his sleepy eyes. A few vigorous words, accompanied by the showing of a handful of loose silver, and the lad had darted like a cat down the ladder by the side of the pier, dropping nimbly into the lighter lurching alongside. An instant he stood poised on the gunwale, eagerly glancing about, and then in he plunged, riding the surging waves like a cork. Betty and Mrs. Alton screamed in sympathetic terror; the young fellows were excitedly offering bets as to the success of the boy; only Hazelton stood silent, pale and unmoved, until, in scarce more time than it takes to tell of it, the boy was back, shaking the water from his scanty clothes like a dog, while he grinned in delighted appreciation of the reward poured into his hand in return for that little lump of sodden brown kid.

"There, my lady Caprice," Hazelton exclaimed then, turning to her with a smiling tranquillity belied by the triumphant glitter of his eyes, "you see that two can play at that game. And when you want your gloves again—well, you will ask me for them?"

A couple of hours later the stewardess of the Southern Cross came bringing down to Betty's state-room an armful of curios and withered flowers, "with Mr. Rupert's compliments."

"You can carry them right back to him," cried the girl, explosively, raising a white face from the pillow. "Or, no; go and throw them all overboard."

"That would be a pity, miss," returned the woman, unmoved, beyond feeling surprise at any caprice of sea-sick human nature, while she carefully disposed of the things in the unused upper berth. "When you feel better, you will like them to remember the place by; though it is a pretty poor place, I take it. It hardly paid you to go ashore, now did it?"

"Well, no; on the whole, I do not think that it did," with a queer little smile; "but you may leave the things, and thank you. Perhaps, as you suggest, when I feel better I may find it—instructive—to look at the things and remember the day at *La Libertad*."

VIII.

Nowhere on the face of earth lags the lazy foot of time more slowly than upon an ocean voyage, where from the rising of the sun until its setting again there appears nothing new to be seen, nothing to be done that has not over and over again been proved utterly flat, stale, and unprofitable. And nothing can be more destructive of the amenities

and soothing deceptions of polite life than sea-sickness; under no conditions can human nature become more candidly and relentlessly human.

The passengers of the Southern Cross, their patience sorely tried by the coal-economizing system that prevails on board the Pacific Mail steam-ships, with judgment in many instances warped and jaundiced by stomachic disturbances grievous to endure, were growing very tired of their slow progress through the long empty days, and withal, in most cases, resentfully weary of each other's society. As a rule, each was persuaded, and upon the smallest provocation would garrulously declare, that never had such an uninteresting lot of people been gotten together on sea or land before.

"There!" cried Mrs. Alton, in a tone that might have conveyed the feelings of the traditional camel when the fatal last straw was laid upon his back. "Listen! there is that dreadful child practising that 'Fourteenth Amusement' again!—Did you ever?" with a pause expressive of disgust unspeakable. "And have you observed that it is always the people who do not know how to play who are to be heard pounding on the pianos in public places? Real musicians—those whom one might enjoy hearing—must always be begged and entreated; but children and fools!—I always say that it is an outrage on the travelling public to have pianos in hotel parlors and in places like this, where they are simply instruments of torture for inoffensive people who cannot protect themselves."

"We might stuff our ears with cotton," suggested Betty, tranquilly smiling. They were sitting on the upper deck, in the lee of Social Hall, while at a little distance loitered Dick Hazelton, watchfully waiting for Mrs. Alton to take herself elsewhere; for, that astute young man subtly argued, if he were to join Betty then the chances were that the little widow would linger on in disconcerting enjoyment of the conversation; while if he but gave her a little time she was likely to tire of the situation and go. It was one of Dick Hazelton's theories in which he was complacently confident, that, to the average woman, society without a man was as soup without salt. And so, although inwardly fuming with impatience, he held himself aloof and waited, while Betty, perfectly understanding his attitude, was full of smiles as she strove to keep the unconscious Mrs. Alton engrossed in conversation.

"Cotton! we would need to be stone-deaf to escape that!" with a vicious toss of her head toward the cabin skylight whence issued relentlessly the hated sounds. "I wonder what that child's mother can be thinking of! Such cold-blooded selfishness I never before encountered."

"Rather a misnomer, isn't it, to call the thing an Amusement?" her eyes sparkling with laughter in a side-glance at Hazelton's pale, discontented face. "I always used to wonder at Richardson's conceit when I was obliged to practise those compositions myself."

"The man must have been clean daft to call them anything but horrors," with an air of personal injury.

"Well, there was method in his madness,—'Richardson's New Method,'" her laugh quite out of proportion to the small witticism.

"I shall certainly speak to the purser about it," pursued the other, still gloomily brooding over her wrongs. "With that child's five-finger exercises, and the outbursts of those Moody and Sankey people whenever they can get the piano away from her, there is simply no peace for the wicked on board this ship. And no end of people still sea-sick! It is enough to be the death of them! Do ask Mr. Hazelton to go below and sing."

"As a choice of evils?—he would feel flattered."

"He looks anything but flattered now, I should say," calmly regarding his pale, discontented beauty across the deck. "I wonder what that old Spaniard has been saying to him; he has been growing blacker and blacker—I have had my eye on him all the while we have been talking. He looks perfectly thunder-cloudish, does he not?" in a tone of impartial criticism. "I hope that he has not been drinking. They tell me that he drinks like a fish."

"Yes?" with tranquil indifference, although there was a dangerous light in her eyes. "And how does a fish drink? I am not sure that I know."

"Why, no more do I, for that matter," with her rasping little laugh; "but you know what I mean. Everybody says he is a sad case."

"Do they?" absently, gazing out over the ruffled plain of waters sown all over with seeds of sunshine springing up before one's eyes into a dazzling crop of flowers of phantom gold, that danced and played and tossed their bright heads at one another as tirelessly as a wind-blown field of daisies.

"They say that at Panama he was dreadfully fast," her voice impressively hushed. "Indeed, I think that I ought to tell you—but perhaps you don't care for good advice——"

"H-m," pursing up her pretty mouth, and knitting her brows as though deeply considering the subject. "I don't think that I should ever lie on the floor and kick and scream for it."

"What an idea! you funny child! But, all the same, I am older than you,—not so very much, of course, but still somewhat older——"

"Oh, undoubtedly,—somewhat," with a tranquil emphasis that brought an added red to Mrs. Alton's powdered cheeks.

"And I feel bound to tell you, for your own good, that everybody is wondering at your flirtation with him."

"My flirtation with him!" the girl repeated, with a start of indignant surprise.

"Indeed, yes,—that you seem so taken with him, you know," delighted at last to have penetrated the girl's armor of smiling indifference. "They say that he is a regular Don Juan."

"Oh!" in an indescribable voice.

"I hope you do not mind my telling you," quite magnanimously. "I do it for your good."

"I have always observed that when people have anything disagreeable to force upon us it is generally assumed to be for our good," with ungrateful emphasis. "And have you anything else to tell me—for my good?"

"There! now you are angry," with an injured air. "I told Mr. Rupert that you would take it that way,—I felt sure of it."

"Oh, you told Mr. Rupert, did you?" with an unlovely smile. "And it was he who told you all these particulars about Mr. Hazelton, perhaps; and it was he who amiably wondered that I could be 'so taken' with a regular Don Juan!" pinning her with an angry glance.

"Why, how you do jump at conclusions!" cried the widow, discomfited, dimly realizing that she had been guilty of what, in the opinion of the English statesman, was worse than a crime,—a blunder. "Mr. Rupert merely suggested—the subject happened somehow to be mentioned, you know, and he merely suggested that I might drop you a hint, as a sister might do."

"And so Mr. Rupert thought that I needed to be warned, did he? But he was willing enough to turn me over to Mr. Hazelton at La Libertad, I noticed. As an alternate, upon occasion, it appears that Mr. Hazelton is not so objectionable. Would you mind suggesting to your friend—when the subject happens *somehow* to be mentioned again—that his attitude in this matter appears to me rather inconsistent? And would you mind adding"—with a scathing glance—"that if Mr. Rupert has any further hints to offer I should prefer to receive them directly from himself?"

"What was that dreadful woman saying to you?" demanded Dick Hazelton, when at length the coast was clear and he had hurried to possess himself of the chair at Betty's side. "I have been trying to imagine as I watched you. It struck me once or twice that you wanted to say 'damn!'"

"I wanted to say nothing of the sort," with some asperity.

"Oh, well, some pious, proper, feminine equivalent for damn, then," with his easy laugh. "Don't tell me that I cannot read your face a little bit by this time. And, do you know, it struck me that she might be talking about *me*?"

"I believe it was Sydney Smith who said that nobody is conceited before one o'clock, but—" with a smile not altogether amiable.

"I had a fancy that she was talking about me," he went on, as if she had not interrupted, absently twisting, with gentle, caressing touch, the fringe of a corner of Betty's white shawl, "and I thought," hesitating, with a glance of sudden flashing tenderness,—“was it too conceited?—I thought you were taking my part.”

"Goodness! why should I?" a tinge of vexation in her constrained laugh. "Do you think that I am like that Frenchman of whom they said '*qu'il avait passé la vie en venant toujours au secours du plus fort*'? I think that you are amply able to fight your own battles, Mr. Hazelton," as with an unconscious movement twitching the bit of shawl from his grasp. He watched her for a moment in silence.

"Did she not speak of me?" he persisted, in a lower voice, ominously calm.

"She mentioned you, if you must know," ungraciously.

"And her remarks were not—complimentary?"

"Why should you harp so upon one string?" she impatiently retorted. "What does it matter what she said?"

"It does not, so far as she is concerned. But it matters a great deal if she said anything that affects you,—that will turn you against me, if ever so little. And you have practically admitted that she has."

"I have admitted nothing," cried the girl, crossly; "and I am sick of the subject."

"I know that she was raking me fore and aft,—confound her!" he pursued, wrathfully; "and I would have come over and stopped her in short order, but that I knew she was bound to have her little say some time, and it might as well be now as later. I wish you would tell me what it was and let me answer for myself," pleadingly. "But no matter," a brilliant flash of triumph in his eyes; "I believe that you stood up for me, though you won't admit it. I don't believe that you like me any less than you did before," with all the happy confidence of his voice, a gentle pleading in his eyes.

"I don't see how I well could," retorted the girl, sharply.

"You mean because you cared so little?" in a low, tense voice, his face grown white and stern.

"I don't mean anything—except that the subject does not interest me in the least," quite pettishly. "Do let us talk of something else."

Hazleton sighed as if with relief, a brilliant smile curving his lips, his glance falling upon her like a caress. "By all means let us talk of something else. Shall I tell you what *I* mean, Betty, by way of changing the subject?"

"You might explain what you mean by calling me Betty when you have scarcely known me a week," she tartly retorted.

"Is it only a week?" dreamily looking at her. "It seems strange that a week ago I might have passed you on the streets of Panama with merely the thought, 'There goes a pretty girl!' It seems impossible, incredible, now when——" stopping short with a catch in his voice, the fingers that had caught up the shawl again obviously trembling, "now when all day long I do nothing, think of nothing, but to follow you about, watching for a chance to get you away from Rupert or Mrs. Alton."

"And why do you?—if that is so," sharply, almost angrily. "I am sure that nobody asks you to."

He grew white, a sullen cold white, at the tone, while his eyes blazed with passion. "Shall I tell you why?" he retorted, hoarsely. "Do I need to tell you? Has it not told itself a hundred times over?"

"Isn't the wind rising a little?" abstractedly gazing seaward. "I almost believe I am catching cold. Is it possible to catch cold in the tropics?"

He regarded her in silence for a moment, his eyes still aflame. "I would almost like to shake you," he exclaimed then, breaking into a vexed laugh.

"Heavens! what an utterly irrational impulse! But of course Satan is proverbially instigating idle hands to mischief. To take you out of temptation, and having an eye to self-preservation, I think I must persuade you to go below and give us some music. Mrs. Alton

was wishing that you would go and sing: that was one of her remarks in reference to you, by the way."

"That was not all she said, though," with unshaken confidence. "But I will go and sing to you, if you wish it. I can sing what you will not let me say to you," a sort of caressing defiance in his voice.



"HAS IT NOT TOLD ITSELF A HUNDRED TIMES OVER?"

And presently Dwight Rupert, walking the deck with Mrs. Alton tightly gripping his arm, as much astonished at the predicament in which he found himself as was the Doge of Genoa to see himself at Versailles, heard floating up through the cabin skylight the old song with its tender refrain,—

I love but thee, and only thee;
I love but thee alone.

"It is Mr. Hazelton singing to Miss Malcolm," Mrs. Alton superfluously explained. "He has a voice—well, not a bit like a bird's, of course; no man's ever is, so far as my observation goes, whatever the poets may say about it; but his voice is remarkably fine, don't you think?"

"Well, yes," Rupert grimly admitted. "I believe it is Plutarch who says somewhere that the best musical instruments are made from the jaw-bones of asses; and I believe that Plutarch never made a more sensible observation."

IX.

The people on board the Southern Cross were the poorer by almost two weeks spent out of their brief allowance of days on earth, yet scarce one among them, however grudgingly conscious of fast-wasting time, could wish those long hours back again. They were all tired of staring into the blue space where sky and water vaguely met; of watching the restless fleets of gulls and pelicans forever sailing the blue above, mocking with their white flash of wings the shifting spray in eternal

unrest on the fretted blue below. There was the same endless stretch of bleak, uninviting coast, the bare cliffs now borrowing enchantment from the violet haze of distance, now hiding their rugged heights under soft wrappings of gray mists until only the birds might find them out, and again so near that one must hear the hoarse booming, like a pean of triumph, as the old Titans caught the giant waves in their mighty arms and hurled them, writhing and foaming, back again. Even the most enthusiastic of the amateur "old salts" among them were ready to admit that they had for the time had enough of the pitching and rolling of the good ship, of the unceasing creaking and groaning of the wood-work, the wailing of the wind through the rigging, the hot, feverish throb of the engine, and the sickening smells of oil.

The ship's officers went about looking grim and weary. The captain when approached was courteously, but no less unequivocally, cross. There had been a long stretch of dangerous coast, and the long nights of sleepless watchfulness were telling alike on skipper and mates. It had been a remarkably pleasant voyage, they were all agreed; rarely had there been a trip when there was so little need for the racks upon the tables, the steward declared; but none the less, with that curious inconsistency so often to be observed at sea, there had been not a few among the passengers, and notably the ones who at the outset had most boasted themselves good sailors, to succumb to the common malady, from which they had arisen

of such vinegar aspect
They would not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swore the jest were laughable.

Every game known upon the high seas had in turn been weighed in the balance of popular favor and found wanting. The loungers of the smoking-room still might find a languid excitement in betting on the day's run, nor had the interest in draw-poker and "Muggins" altogether failed them; but for the majority there was little left beyond the listless sense of waiting for the end.

Since the day at *La Libertad* Dwight Rupert had practically washed his hands of Betty Malcolm. At the other ports at which the ship had stopped he had troubled himself with no show of courtesies, merely noticing, with a careless surprise which he felt was akin to utter indifference, that she resolutely resisted the importunities of the others to go ashore. Added to a small personal grievance scarce acknowledged in his own mind, and his disapproval of her attitude toward Hazelton, who was as her shadow, there was his growing dread of Mrs. Alton to keep him aloof from the girl. The vivacious widow had come to seem to him as a very Apollyon in petticoats, to "straddle across the whole breadth of the way." She seemed to be all over the ship at once, the main object of his avoidance by day, his dreams by night haunted with nightmare repetitions of her twittering voice, with its irrepressible laugh, which seemed to him to break out mechanically at regular intervals between her words, like a cracked bell on a type-writer. There were days when Betty herself was determinedly friendly, when she kept him beside her with a wilful sociability not to be rebuffed; and then at her caprice he had walked the deck with her, read aloud, or played casino,

even incidentally enduring the society of Mrs. Alton, with a certain surprised sense of enjoyment, although the instant that the girl ceased to take the initiative he had promptly relapsed to his attitude of cold quiescence. But, however he might seem to ignore her, he knew there was still not an hour of the day when he was not conscious of Betty Malcolm. He knew that he invented pretexts for going here and there, braving the chances of encountering Mrs. Alton by the way, that he might see for himself where the girl was and what she was doing. Whatever his attitude, the sense of his responsibility hung upon him, no more to be shaken off than a veritable Old Man of the Sea.

A latitude of winter had now been reached, and a sharp northern chill was in the wind that relentlessly swept the decks. The long-haired black monkey that had been execrated of everybody on board because of its disquieting habit of appearing in unexpected places, hanging by the tail as if just ready to pounce upon the exposed heads of nervous people, was now rolled up in a pitiful, shivering ball upon its mistress's lap. The shy, dark-faced señoras who had come aboard at the Central American ports were chilled to the bone in their flimsy gowns, despite the *rebosos* and shawls draped mantilla-wise over their heads. The decks were almost deserted, and people felt a revival of sociability in the impulse to crowd together in the warm saloon and Social Hall.

It was then that some sanguine spirits evolved the project of a mock trial, a breach-of-promise case of course. Nobody ever heard of a sea-voyage without a mock trial, it was urged; and why should they omit a custom so well established? A lively little woman, unembarrassed by the circumstance that she had a husband and two strapping boys on board, was delighted to appear as the interesting plaintiff; while a long and lank Englishman, of the subdued and lugubrious cast of countenance generally assumed to properly represent the ministerial type, was induced to pose as the gay deceiver who had trifled with her young affections.

The case proceeded, as such affairs generally do, with much foolishness and some little genuine wit, until, at length, a witness for the defence, a gentleman whose chronic thirst for cocktails was universally understood, brought down the house, so to speak, when asked his occupation, by saying that he travelled as a temperance lecturer, at the expense of the W. C. T. U. But even the grotesque incongruity of this statement was felt to be altogether surpassed when Dick Hazelton, coming after, stated that it was *his* business to travel with the lecturer as "the horrible example." This was felt to be the crowning joke of



SAYING THAT HE TRAVELLED AS
A TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

the day, and even those who were still sea-sick joined in the laugh that paid tribute to Hazelton's audacious wit.

The trial after this growing verbose and tiresome, the court was presently declared adjourned; and it was then that the devil entered into certain graceless youths, inspiring them to lay their heads together in the devising of a practical joke, which was nothing less than the plying of the vaporous temperance advocate with mischievous mixed drinks until he should become minded to hold forth to them in his vaunted lecture, while at the same time Dick Hazelton should be drawn on as nearly as might be to the condition felt to be essential to the proper impersonation of "the horrible example." They would end the voyage with a roaring farce.

Dick Hazelton was in that sorry condition of mind known as the blues. It was one of the days when Rupert was first in Betty Malcolm's capricious good graces, and all the morning she had been with him up in the captain's room making a hand at whist. Not until after lunch did Hazelton find opportunity for a word with her alone, and then she was hurrying up the companion-way.

"Are you going back there, to stay all the afternoon?" he demanded, halting her, his tone half peremptory, half pleading.

"I have not considered how long I may stay," smiling teasingly down at him over her shoulder. "Is there any objection to my stopping as long as they make it pleasant for me?"

"Well, yes; I have decided objections; though I know that you won't let that hurry you away," his manner bitterly resentful. "You might as well go up in a balloon, so far as I am concerned: you know that your grouchy old captain has never encouraged me to put my nose inside his door."

"No?" arching her eyebrows, airily amused. "How can he be so unappreciative?—so lacking in taste?"

"If you go," with sullen menace, "I believe I shall throw myself overboard,—or do something worse."

"Oh, don't be rash," with smiling indifference, turning to go. "I shall not see you, then, when I come down," she tentatively added, glancing back, a light of laughter in her eyes.

"When will you come back?" eagerly springing up beside her. "May I wait for you in Social Hall? Will you come soon?"

"Ah, *quien sabe?*" with a little oblique glance whose power to stir the hot blood of man she had well learned. "It would hardly pay you to wait, I fancy."

"It would more than pay me if I knew you were coming soon," passionately, imploringly.

"Well," irresolutely halting—"Ah, there is Mr. Rupert!" as the door above opened and that person put in his head, making a quick motion as if he would withdraw when he saw the pair on the stairs. "Ah, no," with a sudden decision, hurriedly turning to leave him, "don't think of waiting, Mr. Hazelton. We are quite likely to go on playing cards all the afternoon."

"Will you promise me all the evening, then?" the dull white of passionate anger upon his face. "It is our last evening together."

But Betty made as if she did not hear. "Were you looking for me, Mr. Rupert?" she gayly called up to him, as she lightly ran up the stairs. "Are we to have that rubber now?"

Dick Hazelton's execrations as he retreated could only be expressed with dashes. Never before had he bestowed his fickle fancy upon woman without receiving tenfold more than he gave; never before had one been found to resist his forceful wishes; and never before, he felt, had he been so stirred to passionate longing as now with this slip of a girl who yielded him nothing. If for a moment, in butterfly caprice, she seemed almost ensnared, inflaming him afresh with her pretty witcheries, it was but the next moment to slip from his grasp, eluding his desires like a will-o'-the-wisp.

Never could he have been in better mood to fall into the trap prepared for him by his friends the enemy. Like most men given to periodical debauches rather than to steady every-day tipling, there was wont to come upon him at those times when endurance seemed to have run down, and the swaying pendulum of good resolutions had come to a stand-still, a longing unutterable for drink, when it appeared as if the smallest grievance must serve as excuse to deaden his senses with drunkenness. For days now he had been fighting against appetite, in his passion for Betty Malcolm and his longing to stand well with her, the strongest motive toward right living he had ever known,—well knowing what must be the result if he once yielded to the tempter and lost control of himself. But now it needed not the pretext that the end in view was the loosening of the lecturer's tongue. He felt that he had all possible reason for imbibing what cheer they had to offer on his own account. Nor did the other guest of the occasion need more urging, he being frankly of the opinion, as he expressed himself, that good wine needed neither bush nor blarney, and being ever ready to empty a bottle with any man.

The better to keep their project to themselves, the conspirators had brought all the party to that large state-room aft, the best the ship afforded, which Dick Hazelton, who never grudged any expense that might contribute to his own comfort, occupied by himself. Roomy as it was, such a number were packed almost as close as sardines in a box; but, like a lot of school-boys on a frolic, they perched themselves on the berths and wash-stand, not even disdaining a seat on the floor, in devil-may-care enjoyment of the situation. It soon became apparent, however, that the scheme, so far as the temperance advocate was concerned, was doomed to flat failure, that gentleman appearing to be blessed with a capacity, coupled with a sort of wooden insensibility, that it seemed might fairly rival the famous tun of Heidelberg. At all suggestions to deliver his vaunted lecture he sniffed in contempt, eloquently drowning the idea in a flow of liquid that, to the few who still might reflect on the price of Veuve Clicquot and remember that it was for them to pay for it, was rather appalling; while ever less and less as he drank did he evince any disposition to talk at all. But, as if bent on making up for the shortcomings of his associate, Dick Hazelton was rapidly reaching a state of maudlin garrulity. Egged on by his delighted audience, he talked incessantly; and the burden

of all his talk—alas!—was little Betty Malcolm. Enthusiastically, if somewhat incoherently, he expatiated on her charms, making lachrymose appeals for sympathy as he bewailed her heartlessness. With verbose particularity he compared his infatuation for her with other cases in his rather wide experience, incidentally making disclosures that might have wrecked the peace of many a household had those who listened been minded to remember and publish the details to a curious world. Happily, there appeared to be nothing to tell in respect to Betty Malcolm, barring his own passion and despair, upon which theme he dwelt with pathos growing ever more tangled, until, as he sat upon the floor in limp dejection, he was finally reduced to copious weeping, altogether overcome by his accumulation of woes, together with the gratuitous discomfort of sundry bits of ice which somebody, with the refinement of wit quite generally developed upon such occasions, had been slipping down his back.

"But I say, old fellow! don't give up that way. If you want to marry the girl, why, marry her!" pertinently put in one whose ideas were still coherent, pacifically bent on creating a diversion; for Hazelton, in sudden change of mood, was drying his eyes and glaring savagely about while he muttered dire threats against the man who had been taking liberties with his back.

"In fact, why don't you go in and marry her straight off and be done with it?" struck with a brilliant idea. "The captain has authority to tie the knot on the high seas, you know, and here's the whole of us ready and willing to do you proud in the line of ushers and best men. And then—a wedding at sea! how unique and *recherché* and all that sort of thing! Why, man, it's the chance of a lifetime. And then, you know," wagging his head ominously, "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," the force of the adage considerably emphasized by the spilling of a glass of punch inside his own vest at that moment, as the ship inopportunely rolled.

"The very thing!" chimed in a colleague, ecstatically. "What's the use of hanging back, Hazelton?—you know your own mind. Just you go to her and say, 'Now or never, old girl!' and see if she don't snap at you! You will finish Rupert at one fell swoop; and we'll wind up the voyage in style, with the Wedding March."

In truth, Dick Hazelton was considerably sobered by this somewhat startling suggestion; but, like Barkis, he was wholly "willin'," and it needed but small argument on the part of the adde-pated conspirators to persuade him that here was the one solution of all his troubles. Considerable disjointed argument was stirred up by the query of one sordid soul as to whether, under such circumstances, the captain should have the usual marriage-fee; but all the preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged finally, with much befuddled enthusiasm on the part of poor Dick, who insisted upon shaking each one by the hand over and over again, while he vowed eternal gratitude for their whole-souled interest in his happiness.

X.

It was fortunate that the ship was rolling rather heavily, else some, whose wives were watching them as they lurched through the saloon on their way to the captain's room, might have had a bad quarter of an hour in store for them; the gentleman who professed to represent the principles of the W. C. T. U. being the only one of the company who could have assumed to walk a bee-line with any hope of success. All of the revellers had enthusiastically trooped along, effusively assuring Hazelton as they went that they were bound to stay by him to the end.

The captain of the Southern Cross, after all the changes and chances of years of service upon the seas, had thought himself prepared for the wildest vagaries possible on the part of those who travelled in his charge, but he was fairly stricken dumb by the demand of this deputation. It took the united efforts of them all to make the matter clear to him.

"And am I to understand that you are come with the consent and authority of the young lady?" he at length demanded, his large weather-beaten hand slowly stroking away the creases of laughter that vaguely quivered in the midst of the bushy hair that heavily clothed the lower part of his face, while his portentous frown was belied by the jolly twinkle in his sharp gray eyes.

A blank dismay fell upon the faces of the befuddled party as it dawned upon them that a somewhat important preliminary had been overlooked; but Dick Hazelton, secure in the boundless possession of boozy confidence, promptly rose to the occasion.

"Thash all right, cap'n; want to s'prise 'er," his explanation put somewhat out of joint by reason of his pitching headforemost into the captain's bed, as the ship rolled, whence he was with some difficulty extricated by his companions and set upon his legs again, his equanimity, however, in no wise ruffled by the circumstance. "Betty'll say 'yesh' fas' 'nough. All the girls say 'yesh' to me. Might have beaten Brigham Young all to pieces 'f I'd had a mind to. Moral scruples, you und'stand, cap'n," with considerable effort screwing an eye into a wink, the effect of which upon his countenance was simply diabolical. "Oh, Betty 'sh all right, cap'n, you bet. The girls all cry for me."

A jelly-like quiver passed over the captain's stalwart form, and his hand palpably shook as it went on slowly wiping down his beard. "Well, you can hardly expect me to admire their taste at this juncture," he dryly observed. "And with regard to the lady, you will allow me to suggest, Mr. Hazelton, that she might prefer to speak for herself in a case like this: it is generally admitted a lady's privilege. And—there must always be an exception to prove a rule, you know—it is barely possible, my fine fellow, that you may some time find yourself a victim of misplaced confidence in respect to a lady's 'yes'; such things have happened, thank the Lord! If men only knew when they were well off they would offer up thanksgiving when they are

balked of making fools of themselves for life by a woman's 'no.' However, that is not the point at present," dismounting from his hobby with a jerk, his hand still heavily stroking the creases from his face. "You asked me, gentlemen, if I would perform the marriage service on board this ship this evening. Allow me most emphatically to refuse, both for now and for all time. It is true that I have the necessary authority," as a vague motion of protest seemed to stir the company,—“just as true as that I have the power to order you all put in irons if you should happen to get yourselves drunk and raise any disturbance on board ship,” with a pause of dark significance; “but I have never had part nor parcel in matrimony up to date, and, please God, I shall keep my conscience clear of it until I haul in sails for good. As for you, Mr. Hazelton, if you should presume to speak to the lady in your present condition, I feel bound to tell you that you would not only inevitably ruin your chances with the girl, but I should certainly consider it my duty to make you go down on your marrow-bones and beg her pardon just as soon as you sobered up. And, gentlemen, a joke is a joke, but this thing has gone far enough. I don't want to use any coercion, but I want to advise—and I trust that you are all paying attention, for I mean it!—I want to advise, in a friendly way, that you all go below now, and *sleep it off!*”

The whist-party in the captain's room had been broken up a little time before the advent of the deputation upon their sentimental errand, and if, in the safe confines of her own state-room, Betty's small ears burned that afternoon, she naturally could not have imagined what occasion there was for it; but Rupert, returning a little later, heard the tale.

“Just waltzed in here as cool as a cucumber, half the ship's company at his heels, and all as drunk as lords,” gasped the captain, wiping tears of mirth from his eyes, “and asked me to splice 'em!—damme if he didn't! And he had never troubled himself to ask the girl first!—said he wanted to surprise her! Did you ever listen to anything in your life equal to that? Gad, sir, I thought one while, in my effort to hold in my laughter and maintain discipline, that I should simply burst in their faces and my remains would scatter all over the ship. It was tough,—mighty tough!” laying back his head in a roar of fresh enjoyment. “And that fellow has got sand, now I tell you, Rupert,” reverting to Hazelton's audacity with something almost of admiration in his tone: “he could fairly advertise sand to sell.”

“Well, yes, if you want to call it that,” retorted Rupert, with a sort of ominous calm. “Where is he now?”

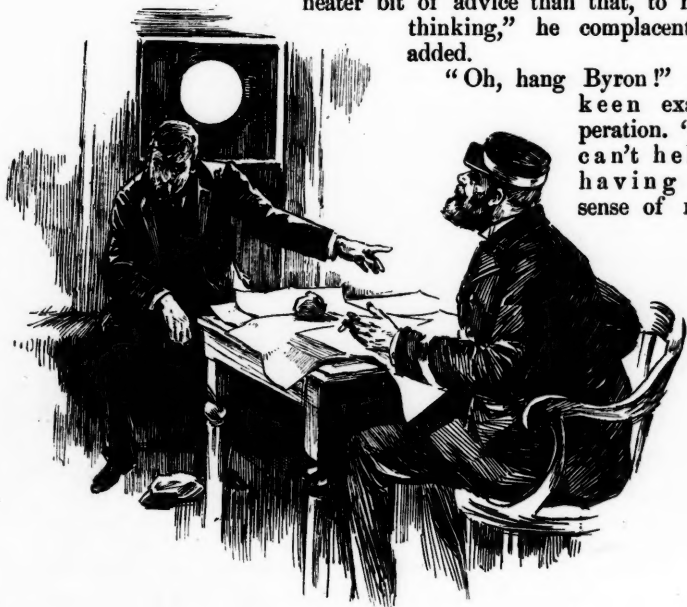
“Oh, he's all right; safely packed up in his little bunk and sleeping the sleep of the just,—with his boots and hat on! I sent my boy below to have an eye on the whole outfit in case they were disposed to make any racket.”

Rupert sat uncomfortably on the edge of the narrow divan that ran under the window on the port side of the room, moodily meeting the finger-tips of either hand together. “In heaven's name, what can I do?” he burst out angrily, after a long study.

"Do? why, man alive, laugh at a joke when you hear one!—there is nothing better that you can do.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, on sea or shore.
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing:
Who the devil cares for more?"

reciting the verse with a rollicking enjoyment. The captain always experienced a buoyant revival of spirits when the end of a voyage was near. "Byron never put up a neater bit of advice than that, to my thinking," he complacently added.



"Oh, hang Byron!" in keen exasperation. "I can't help having a sense of re-

"AND—THAT POOR CHILD!"

sponsibility about the child to a certain extent, you know," he added, rather more temperately.

"To a certain extent—well, I should say so! Atlas with his world could hardly have been more weighted down with a sense of responsibility than you, old man. And, after all, why should you fash yourself? The child is unmarried and altogether unharmed. I said 'No!'—with a capital N, and an exclamation-point after it, now I tell you. It was the first time in my experience that I was ever permitted to bear a hand in refusing an offer of marriage, and I made the most of the opportunity," with a new laugh for his experience.

"Unharmed!—and the talk of the ship at this moment! All the women were giggling and exclaiming and wagging their heads together

as I came through the saloon a moment ago. I wondered then what was up; I know now! And—that poor child!” with a gesture of angry despair.

“Pshaw, man, you’re making a mountain out of a mole-hill,” with brusque good humor, between vigorous puffs at his cigar. “The women are talking, of course; they have to: when they stop talking they die. But what does it all come to? This palm-leaf fan held up in front of my face appears large enough to cover the earth; and it is a good deal so with things on shipboard. It is a small edition of the life of a country village. Things don’t show in good perspective when the view is so contracted. There are so few happenings to vary a fair voyage that small events loom up into vast proportions. It is so always: I have watched the play a hundred times, with merely a change of actors. Every trip the world narrows down to the length of the ship; and a booby perched on the maintop will make more talk than an Indian outbreak would on land. But, bless you, people don’t talk of one thing forever; and you can take my word for it, once these folks are ashore again they will have plenty to distract their minds from any of Dick Hazelton’s eccentricities.”

“Eccentricities!” ejaculated Rupert, explosively. “Eccentricities be damned!”

The captain smoked on, placidly unmoved, having in fact a repertoire of profanity at his own tongue’s end beside which the other’s petulant outburst might well have seemed rather insipid and altogether innocuous. “I hope you will mind and not tread on my toes,” he imperturbably suggested, at which hint Rupert, who had been pacing savagely back and forth in the narrow quarters, had the grace to stop, staring abstractedly up at a text hung above the dressing-mirror, admonishing observers, in blue silk lettering wrought on perforated paper, to “Look Aloft.”

“But don’t you see, Cornell,” he said at length, his eyes discontentedly reverting to his friend’s weather-beaten visage, turned upon him with a sort of sardonic sympathy in his discomfiture, “this fellow would never have had the audacity—it could not have entered his head, drunk or sober, that he might marry the girl, unless she had given him some encouragement?—unless there had been some tender understanding between them? He must have had some reason to know that he might have her whenever he liked, even if, as you say, he did not trouble himself with getting her consent before coming up here. The mere fact that he did not, indeed, proves to my mind how far the thing has gone.”

“H-m. He was pretty drunk,” the captain observed, tentatively.

“But he could not be drunk enough—no man could!—to imagine that he might marry off-hand a girl like Betty Malcolm,—pretty and proud enough to grace a throne,—unless she had given him some ground for the conceit,” with grim certainty. He had crossed over to the table, and was nervously toying with the paper-weights, goodly lumps of lead sewed up with bold sailor stitches in covers of red flannel, bowling the ill-shaped disks in clumsy gyrations across the outspread chart.

"Do you think so?" with comfortable unconcern. "Well, it may be. He seems to have it pretty much his own way where women are concerned. It would be rather a pity, though," thoughtfully knocking an inch or so of ash from his cigar. "The girl is too good for him."

"Too good!" with savage sarcasm, pausing with one of the heavy weights in his hand as if he might almost have hurled it in his wrath. "Well, yes; I think she is too good for him," a grim bitterness in his short laugh.

"But if she is settled upon it, you can't do anything, you know," went on the other, philosophically. "Women sometimes change their minds about doing a sensible thing, but I have never known one of them to be turned back from any foolishness on which she was bent. No doubt the little Betty thinks that it is her mission to reform him. It is astonishing what a fascination there seems to be for women in the idea of marrying good-looking reprobates to reform them. It seems to catch that romantic yearning for martyrdom that most of them have when they're young; and then, I believe, they find a more solid delight in going against the wishes of all their friends and fighting to have their own way. There is that craving for antagonism about the sex that makes the whole of them Amazons at heart."

"I suppose there would be no use in going near Hazelton as he is now," observed Rupert, moving restlessly toward the door.

"Well, I should say not," with a grin for the idea. "You will have to confine your zeal to the young lady for the present. Of course you will feel bound to free your mind to her. I believe that I would myself were I in your place. Of course it will do no good, so far as she is concerned; but it may relieve your feelings."

"Yes, I suppose I might as well put in my time baying at the moon; but I must have my little say just the same," moodily lighting a fresh cigar. "I doubt if I can say enough to salve over my conscience for not having put in my oar to more purpose before this."

"Oh, if it has come to that?" with his whimsical air of sage remonstrance. "Get your conscience under discipline, Rupert, or there is no hope for you. An obstreperous conscience is as bad as a petted puppy. It is forever after you,—a regular nuisance. Train it as you would the puppy, if you want to have any peace of your life. Knock it around; kick it out of the way when it comes bothering. A well-ordered conscience should be no more obtrusive than a healthy stomach."

"I suppose that you practise what you preach," with a listless smile, absently thrumming a tattoo on the table.

"Well," with a comfortable grin, "I have certainly tried to. In fact, I think that I must have made a success of it, it is so long since I have heard from my conscience. I would not wonder if it were dead as a door-nail, in fact. Now I think of it, I don't know but our consciences are like the noble red man in that particular: the only really good conscience is the dead one."

"But mine being alive and kicking," as he restlessly rose again, "I feel that I must stop that poor girl from making a fool of herself; and"—with a rueful laugh—"I wish you had the job, Cornell."

"Thanks," dryly. "I would not for the world deprive you of it. But take it easy, old man. Fall back on the faith that is in you. Some fellows call it Providence, others believe it fate,—all according as a man happens to have inherited more of the blood of saint or sinner; but whatever name you give it, it is a good comfortable philosophy to say, 'Whatever is to be, will be,' and wash your hands of the consequences."

"I am afraid that I am not very amiably disposed toward fate at the present juncture; and I don't feel as if I had much use for philosophy," Rupert dispiritedly retorted, his smile altogether mirthless as he stepped out on deck.

"No?" with a lusty whole-souled laugh, as the captain followed, briskly buttoning himself into the great-coat of natural seal-skin that reached to his heels: "then my advice to you is—try bromide."

XI.

"It is so exhilarating to be near the end of a voyage," Betty remarked, glancing comfortably about, as they were finishing dinner. "One might guess how near we are to San Francisco merely to look at the faces. Everybody seems fairly grinning from ear to ear."

"And are you glad to be so near the end of it?" Rupert hastily returned, with a furtive scowl at the assembled company, the meaning of whose smiles he but too clearly guessed.

"Glad!" with an eloquent pause, gazing dreamily into space, a happy smile curving her lips; "glad doesn't begin to express it! I could simply dance for joy."

"Honesty may be the best policy, but it is not always flattering," with an effort at lightness.

"Ah, but you know that the main events of a journey, after all, are the starting and arriving," the girl laughingly protested: "what goes between is merely incidental."

"You are making it worse and worse," his smile rather strained. "But I will forgive the reflection if—incidentally—you will give me this evening," a certain stiff insistence in his voice that seemed combating a possible refusal.

"Why, I should be delighted," hesitatingly, a suggestion of pleased surprise in her face; "but the fact is, I believe that I am half engaged to walk with Mr. Hazelton after dinner," glancing uncertainly down the length of tables to where Hazelton usually sat.

"I rather anticipated as much," returned Rupert, hastily, a frown gathering between his eyes; "but——"

"And was that why you ventured to ask me?" joyous, irrepressible mischief in her eyes. "As you say, honesty is not always flattering."

"It certainly did not stop my asking you," he stoutly retorted, an inflexible determination in the glance of his steely eyes; "but you cannot call the invitation for that reason unflattering, for I had not the remotest idea of letting you say 'no' on that account."

"No? had you not?" smiling up at him, a glow of appreciation in her eyes; for, after all, there is nothing that can more compel a woman's admiration than a masterful spirit in a man. "Well, if Mr. Hazelton appears, I shall leave you to answer to him," her tone conceding the point.

"Thanks," with a grim smile. "I shall be only too happy to settle the point with Mr. Hazelton."

"And to-morrow morning we shall be there!" she exultantly exclaimed when, a little later, they were walking the deck together in the gray of the early evening, overflowing delight in her tone, her glance, her very walk. "The voyage has been pleasant, too, thanks to you all," she pensively, half apologetically continued. "Do you know that it is the first time in my life that I ever went anywhere alone?—that is, without any of my own people? They have always kept me fairly packed in rose-leaves," with a happy little laugh; "but this will be a lesson to them." Rupert almost groaned aloud. A lesson to them indeed!

"But I would not be afraid to go around the world alone now," she complacently went on. "But Corinne—my sister, you know—will nearly swoon away when she knows it. She is so painfully proper; though she is the dearest girl in the world, after all. But she never had an erratic impulse in her life. You will like her," the faintest possible emphasis on the pronoun: "she is just your style of a girl."

"I did not know that I affected any particular style of girl," he absently returned.

"She will have a lecture for Bruce for letting me come,—as if the poor boy could have stopped me! And really, you know, Corinne should not complain. If I had been provided with a dozen chaperons I could scarcely have been watched over more pertinaciously than Mrs. Alton has managed to do by her own unaided efforts; now could I?" her irrepressible gayety rippling up in fresh laughter. "Between you and me, I feel as if I had been almost killed with her gratuitous kindness. She has stuck by me like a shadow."

"I wish that she had been the only shadow," he brusquely retorted.

"Heavens!—speak of angels—there she is!—and looking for us, without any question," gasped the girl, gripping his arm closer, in a sudden panic.

"Then, in heaven's name, let us go forward," impetuously hurrying her toward that quarter.

The lines of caste had been drawn very sharply on the decks of the Southern Cross. The forward deck was inexorably reserved to the steerage passengers. If these might not go aft to mingle at will with those who travelled first-class, neither should those more fortunate individuals go forward to stare honest poverty out of countenance. Such was the edict of the autocrat who ruled that little floating world; and thus, the scantily-clad folk, mostly Chinamen, who might have been there, now huddled below for warmth, the place was bare save of those whom duty held there. Rupert, for his many voyages and the cap-

tain's friendship, had become a privileged person on board, and the officer of the deck but nodded a pleasant greeting as they passed him by, while the lookout, politely touching his hat, accommodately stepped one side, fairly out of ear-shot, to make room for them in the bow.

"How lovely!" cried Betty, enthusiastically, leaning over the side. It had grown dark, and like rivers of silvery flame were the mighty billows all alive with the soft glow of phosphorus, that the great prow was throwing back on either side. There was a hoarse murmur as of protest from the troubled waters, as if perhaps the dead men lying in rotting hulks below cried out to have their sleep disturbed; and wind and wave were moaning together, as if voicing that bondage of eternal unrest in which all nature frets.

The girl was awed into silence for a moment; but her joyous spirit could not be long repressed. "Why don't you say something?" she presently demanded, with smiling sociability, leaning comfortably back against a great bundle of sail.

"Perhaps because I can think of nothing agreeable to say. May I smoke?"

"Of course," solicitously watching the flickering match held between his sheltering hands. "Oh," retrospectively, after a moment, "you said you wished that I had had nothing but Mrs. Alton's society on the trip. Now, don't you think that that is a little ungenerous?" smiling broadly. "What have I ever done to you?"

"I do not put it quite that way; and what I meant was," speaking with some difficulty, "I wish that you had had less to do with that fellow Hazelton, Miss Malcolm."

"Yes?" nonchalantly smiling still, but with a certain dangerous quality in her soft voice. "And what has Mr. Hazelton done to you?"

"To me, nothing. But I have never approved of the man, as I think my manner must have given you plainly to understand. And I have found it very hard, I must say, Miss Malcolm, to understand the interest that you have shown in him."

"Have I shown an interest, do you think?" with innocent *sang-froid*. "Now, do you know, I fancied that I had been letting concealment prey on the damask of my cheek in the most approved fashion?—though perhaps, when you come to think, there may not be much damask about it," passing a slim bare hand experimentally over her face, quite evidently stroking away creases of laughter from the pretty mouth.

"What in the name of Providence you could see in the man is more than I can imagine," pursued Rupert, warmly, stung to sudden anger by her flippant tone. "The reputation that he had at Panama you must have known; the open immorality of his life; the disgraceful circumstances of his leaving there; the——"

"And what were those disgraceful circumstances, may I ask?" the girl coolly interrupted.

"Well, to tell the truth, I do not know," faltered Rupert, feeling decidedly flat.

"Ah! you don't know!" with a stinging laugh. "And yet you assumed to use the word disgraceful!"

"Certainly I did; and for the very ample reason that it was your brother who intimated to me that the circumstances *were* disgraceful."

"Well, that does settle it!" her ready temper evidently well up in arms. "When did Bruce Malcolm ever go hinting or intimating anything in all his life? He is simply incapable of it! We are not given to beating about the bush in our family; we do not go attacking people with hints and innuendoes behind their backs. We would not know how to go about it. When we have anything to say, we say it in good honest English."

"And do you mean to imply that I am lying about it?" in a choked voice.

"Lying?" airily; "oh, no; that is an ugly word. I merely mean to imply that you were mistaken in what my brother said to you, Mr. Rupert."

"Oh! if you only knew!" poor Rupert groaned, despairingly. Now that the time was come for him to speak, seeing how far he had already angered her, it seemed to him that he could as easily have lifted his hand to strike as to reveal to her in all its noisome details the real character of the man with whom her name might thenceforth be inextricably entangled in the gossip of a hundred mischievous tongues, to tell her the humiliating story of that afternoon.

"I know this," the girl burst out, with angry vehemence, "that you have disliked me from the first. Ah, do you suppose that I did not know—that I could have helped knowing—that you would as lief have been hung as to have gotten me upon your hands for this trip? And I liked you so much, too, that first evening at Panama," with desperate, angry candor. "I even flattered myself that, given the opportunity, I could make you like me too,—fool that I was!"

"You thought that you could make me like you?" he mechanically repeated, throwing his cigar overboard and staring to watch its small spark quenched in the shimmering glow of the water.

"It is incredible, is it not?" with a brief laugh of angry bitterness. "But my conceit even went so far that I thought I was succeeding, up to that day at La Libertad. You were kind to me even then," her voice softening somewhat at the memory, but gathering fresh indignation as she proceeded, "but how ready you were to turn me over to Mr. Hazelton the moment opportunity offered!"

"How do you know I was ready?" his breath fanning her cheek hotly. "Hazelton came to me and said that you wanted to go back to the ship,—that you had a headache. What was there for me to do but acquiesce?"

"He said that?" incredulously, drawing a long breath. "Well, and if he did! You might have come and asked me yourself. You should have known that I did not send him," with uncompromising wrath. "I have never forgiven you for it."

"Have you not?" in a stupid, dazed tone, looking down at her strangely.

"I have tried—it has been my one thought—to be pleasant and friendly; but it has lessened my self-respect to receive such grudging civilities. In a thousand ways you have let me see what a bore it was

to you. Yet, when in very self-defence I accept the gratuitous kindnesses of another man, you sulk and frown and treat me as if I were a naughty child; and now our last evening together you must spoil with vituperation and abuse. It is like a very dog in the manger!" She had worked herself up to such a pitch of hysterical anger that now she broke down utterly in a sudden storm of weeping.

Tears are simple things,—merely a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and the rest but water. All the heart-pains and bitterness that cry out in them count for absolutely nothing in a scientific analysis; and yet, for that subtle quality beyond the prying reach of science, the tears of women have moved the world. As if in those angry drops had shone a light from heaven to reveal to him the unguessed secret of his heart, Rupert stood dumbly staring at her, so shaken that he could not speak, trembling with sudden consciousness of a love such as he had never dreamed of, the tumultuous outpouring of all the pent-up passion of his loveless life. The wind caught up an end of the lace scarf that was wound about her head, full of faint delicious perfume, and tossed it across his face. It seemed to touch him like a caress, and he put up a trembling hand to hold it a moment longer against his lips; and then, obeying a strange mad impulse, never known in his life before, he reached out and drew her to him in a close, passionate embrace.

"Sweet, sweet, can you ever forgive me?" he whispered, brokenly, between wild, clinging kisses.

"How dare you?" she muttered, furiously, wrenching herself from his grasp. Carried along by the madness of the moment, he had been scarce conscious of his daring, but now he seemed to be sinking down, utterly crushed, beneath a sickening sense of defeat and shame.

"Here! take my arm," he hoarsely exclaimed, hurrying after her. "Oh, you need not be afraid; you are perfectly safe," he bitterly added, as she seemed to hesitate; and she silently, grudgingly, rested the tips of her fingers on the arm he offered.

"I don't know what I can say for myself," he said, in a choked voice, as they walked along the deck, "for this—the second time! There is nothing to be said, indeed, but—I love you." It seemed to him that he could hear the beating of his heart above the surging of the waves, the throbbing of the engine. It seemed to make a ringing in his ears, to be suffocating him.

"Well, really!" the girl reluctantly returned, anger still in her voice; "you surprise me. Certainly you have not worn your heart upon your sleeve, milord." This with a cruel touch of sarcasm.

"And is it not as well that I did not?" savagely. "What possible difference could it have made to you, beyond another scalp to hang at your belt? I should not have told you now,—why should I, indeed?—what could I hope to gain by it?—but I went mad for a moment, and then——" drawing a sharp breath, "then I felt that an explanation was due you. That is all," with an air half sad, half haughty. "I am asking for nothing, you understand. I only want to explain, to apologize, as best I can, for——"

"Oh, here you are!" interposed the voice he most hated, as Mrs. Alton pounced upon them out of the shadows. "Why did you not wait for me? I have been hunting high and low for you. I have the most ridiculous thing to tell you," panting with eagerness. "You will not believe it, Betty Malcolm; now, positively you will not,—unless you have heard it before," her face falling at this possibility.

"I cannot tell until I hear what it is," returned the girl, wearily; while Rupert, his face pale and rigid, stood staring with such unholy wrath as might have glowed in Balaam's eyes when the ass was moved to disconcerting performance on the road to the land of Moab.

"Well, everybody is saying that you were to have been married to Dick Hazelton," in a sharp crescendo, "this very evening,—the captain was to marry you,—if he had not—that is, if Mr. Hazelton had not——" growing altogether incoherent with excitement.

The girl calmly reached up and drew the collar of her ulster a little higher, as if she were cold, absently feeling the buttons as though she would have drawn the garment closer about her. "I was to have been married to Mr. Hazelton!—the captain was to have married me! Well, really!" her contemptuous little laugh sounding in Rupert's alert ears rather strained and overdone; "have you all gone daft, Mrs. Alton?"

"But they say that it came from Hazelton himself," protested the bearer of the tale, considerably disappointed at the mild effect of her news. "It appears that he has been drinking—I told you that he drank, but you would not believe me!" with rather vicious triumph, this; "but now they say that he is—er—well, just awfully—drunk," fetching out the objectionable word with some difficulty. "And, being perfectly maudlin, they say, he has been telling everybody on board that he was going to marry you; and it is absolutely certain that he went to the captain and asked him to perform the ceremony to-night. Everybody is laughing about it."

"Yes?" nonchalantly. Rupert, watching her face with a sort of savage curiosity, could not detect in her any emotion whatever beyond the most cursory amusement. "How very cheerful for everybody! They should extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Hazelton," she said, with a careless smile.

"Of course I knew there was nothing whatever in it so far as you were concerned," rather helplessly, a good deal taken aback at the girl's *sang-froid*. "I told everybody so. But there are some who are insisting that you are really engaged to him,—that you might really have married him to-night if he had not—well, if he had not had to be put to bed, you know."

"Marry him! Well, upon my word!" her clear laugh musically rippling with fun. "There will be a gentleman waiting on the wharf at San Francisco to-morrow morning who might object, rather,—a gentleman who has come across from Boston to meet me,—the gentleman to whom I happen to be engaged."

For an instant the booming and whistling of the wind among sails and rigging, and the heavy beating of the ship's screw, had it all to

themselves; but Mrs. Alton could not be stunned into silence long. "Engaged!" flying at the girl with a gurgle of fresh excitement. "Engaged!—and did not tell me! You dreadful child!"

"You!" a certain biting emphasis at last betraying the fire within which Rupert had learned to know so well. "And why should I have told you, pray? I am not in the habit of proclaiming my affairs from the house-tops without reason. And I must ask you to excuse me now: I was just going below. Mr. Rupert——" peremptorily laying her hand upon his arm; and a moment later the surprised and discomfited widow was left alone.

"And is that all true?" demanded the girl, breathing hard, when they were down on the lower deck.



"MARRY HIM! WELL, UPON MY WORD!"

"I am afraid that it is," he said, slowly, reluctantly.

"And he is——?" with a shudder of disgust, leaving the word unsaid.

"Yes," he lifelessly answered.

"And has he been really talking that way?" pitifully staring

up at him in gathering excitement. "And did he actually go to the captain, as she said?—and is everybody laughing about it?"

"Yes," impassively.

"Oh!" sharply drawing in her breath, her hands angrily clinched. "How could he?—the brute! the villain!"

"Yes," he said again, dully, uncomprehendingly. "And was that other true?—that you are engaged?"

"Yes," she said in turn, hesitating, gently, pitifully. "I have been engaged for months, and," with a certain proud loyalty, "to one of the dearest and best fellows in the world."

"And you never cared for Hazelton at all?" he went on, stupidly, as if he scarce could understand it.

"Never for an instant,—in that way. How could I?"

"We have all been mistaken," he said, slowly, passing his hand across his eyes in a bewildered way. "I don't know," he added, with a mirthless smile, "but I am almost sorry for the poor devil now."

"For him—ah!" unspeakable contempt in her tones. "He has already consoled himself!"

"And how am I to console myself, Betty?" he said, deliberately, the sadness of tears in his voice.

"Oh, I have been unjust to you!—cruel to you!" burst out the girl, with a sudden keenness of self-reproach. "I don't wonder you hated me."

"But I have told you that I do not—hate you," with a sharp catch in his utterance. "You know now that that was impossible."

"But one of these days you will be glad of this; you will see that it is for the best," she murmured, gently, in eager effort to be kind and consolatory.

"Are you so sure?" with listless scepticism. "I did not expect anything; I did not ask for anything: I have no right to feel disappointed, have I?" with a wan smile. "But you must not expect too much of me."

"But we could not have been happy together," she urged, with gentle conviction. "You regard me simply as a somewhat precocious child; just now, perhaps——"

"A very sweet child, Betty," he interposed, softly, his glance burning upon her face.

"But only a child!" triumphantly. "It could hardly have entered your mind to look up to me in any sense; it might even have seemed to you absurd that only ninety-four pounds of womanhood should presume to ask anything more. But you must know that every woman expects, once in her life, to be regarded as a goddess. She may realize perfectly well the absurdity of it; she may know beyond any delusions of vanity how very human she is; but," her face glowing with enthusiasm, her eyes like stars in the soft light, "once in her life she expects to be seen through a glamour that shall make all her faults seem charms, all her dulness the purest wisdom. And it is this ideal held up before her, the dream of what she might be, the reaching up after it lest she may fall in her lover's eyes, that sweetens a woman's life as nothing else can, that ripens all the good that is in her. I can hardly

express what is in my mind about it; I am afraid that I am not making my meaning very clear," halting rather embarrassedly, conscious that in the inspiration of her theme she had for a moment almost forgotten his existence.



"You are only making it clear to me that I am very much out of luck," he returned, gently, with a sorry smile. "But don't fret yourself about it, little girl. You don't altogether understand me, I think; but there is no particular reason why you should; and it does not matter."

"But we are friends?" in anxious questioning, impulsively taking his cold hand in the warm caressing pressure of both her own.

"Always, Betty," his grasp closing convul-

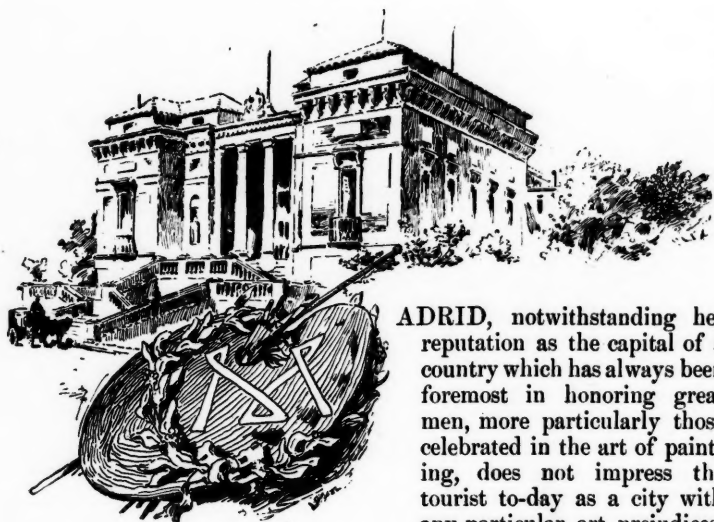
"BUT WE ARE FRIENDS?"

sively upon hers for a moment before he left her, while to her awed heart was revealed that to her had been given that rarest of all life's good gifts, a friend who would never change.

And so, in gentle sadness, closed another of earth's brief chapters. And on through the darkness, moaning and trembling like a human life grown old under its burdens, the good ship plunged heavily onward, reaching toward the Golden Gate that should mark the end of a tale that was told, and at the same time a preface to many a new volume in the possibilities that lay beyond.



A SPANISH PAINTER.



ADRID, notwithstanding her reputation as the capital of a country which has always been foremost in honoring great men, more particularly those celebrated in the art of painting, does not impress the tourist to-day as a city with any particular art prejudices.

Modern Spanish art in general is disappointing: it is crude in color, brutal in technique, and theatric in design, and stands in strong contrast to the genuine character of such of her masters as Coello, Greco, Moro, Murillo, Ribera, and others of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with which the galleries abound, and to the specimens of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German Renaissance, which are also represented, Peter Paul Rubens covering a large space, as usual. It seems strange, when one remembers that these galleries are acknowledged to be among the most interesting in the world, that so few Spaniards have profited by their advantages; for to the amateur polishing the rough edges of his taste, or to the student absorbing the methods of the masters, the works of Velasquez alone speak with more purpose than those of any other one man in the history of art, and Madrid therefore becomes,—to the latter especially,—as does the holy city of the East to the wandering Arab, the most sacred shrine of all his pilgrimage.

The Museo del Prado was not built for the display of paintings, but for a museum of curios, so that, save in the middle gallery, which is arched with a skylighting, the pictures are not seen to advantage, all of the side galleries or rooms being lit by windows only. The building itself is, however, handsome and imposing. A large double stairway leads to a Doric porch, from which one enters a polygonal rotunda. Here are hung a number of works by Veronese and Ribera. Opening from this rotunda, and from the corresponding "patio" at the other end

of the building, are smaller galleries, containing heterogeneous collections of foreign schools. But it is in the long centre gallery that we find most of the great pictures,—Titian's "Charles V. on horse-



MENIPPUS.

back," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," and the "Menippus," the "Æsopus," the portraits of Philip, and "The Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez.

The Museo fronts on the Salon del Prado, a broad boulevard planted with trees and resembling somewhat the Champs-Élysées at

Paris. Strolling under the shade of these trees, one can easily realize the inspiration which moved the master in the long, dark, handsome faces, spotless complexions, and clear eyes of the men and women one meets; for, though many noble works by contemporaries adorn the walls of this famous gallery, they all stand relative and subordinate in merit to those of one,—Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. Philip the Fourth, save perhaps as included in the list of monarchs droned in unison by school-children, is probably less known than the man whom he appointed his court painter. Yet he should receive due praise for his share in developing this great talent, and the world will always have a great respect for this silent taciturn gentleman who filled his halls with the works of, and gathered about him as companions, the genius of his nation. We owe him much for his share in the refinement of humanity by his intelligent recognition and encouragement of the arts. It does not often fall to the lot of an artist to hold such an office under such a king, nor to have for his models the grace, the beauty, and the dignity of a court and a people proverbial for these qualities; but if Velasquez was to be congratulated in being honored, how much the more Philip in having the opportunity to honor!



A PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ.

The critic, in speaking of Velasquez, dwells much on the various methods in which he painted; but to the student he appears only as progressing always toward a greater perfection, never at any time dropping the thread he has taken up at the beginning, but following it step by step, until at last there seems scarcely anything to be desired, so complete are his later works. Velasquez was a painter of portraits, a delineator of souls: his personages are living and human. When he undertakes, as he did after his second visit to Italy, to emulate the religious sentiment of that school, he instantly is at a loss: one feels immediately his lack of sympathy with the subject; and, while his "Crucifixion" and "Coronation" may be not unworthy of his name, it is with such direct presentations as the head of Philip IV. and the Portrait of a Sculptor that we feel his real power: these are sentient beings, to whom, with a brush charged in the elixir of life, he gave a respite which shall last until the inevitable swing of the pendulum fades the colors and rots the canvas away.

Occasionally in his work one fancies there can be detected the influence of contemporaries, but it is seldom to a very pronounced extent, and never observable twice from the same source. His picture "The Topers" ("Los Borrachos") is said to bear a resemblance to the style of Rubens. Speaking of this in his admirable life of Velasquez, M. Paul Lefort, Inspector of the Beaux-Arts at Paris, says, "Nothing, then, is so arbitrary and inexact as that assertion, so easily accepted and frequently reiterated, that the picture of the 'Borrachos' bears imprinted

upon it the styles and methods of Rubens. Neither in style, nor in the construction, nor in the technique, still less in the choice of color and maintenance and arrangement of tones, do we find a possible resemblance. In truth, this picture, so naïvely realistic and formal, is precisely to the art of Rubens what positivism is to metaphysics."

In his earlier work we have a certain dryness of handling which



THE TOPERS.

disappears completely later on. The celebrated portrait "*L'Homme au Gant*" technically bears scarcely any resemblance to his Portrait of a Sculptor, so tight and hard is the former in comparison; yet both have that wonderful quality which leads us to think of them rather as men than as the painted semblances. This is so with all of his portraits. These men and women breathe the air about us; they stand, not inside the frames, but in the room with us; they are as distinct of personality as our friends and neighbors. They become so intimately associated with our thoughts, so distinct in their individuality, that we almost fancy Philip must be aware of our homage and will some day graciously recognize us.

There may have been greater artists, men more subtle in their art, who have preached more effectually the sermon of the hour or materialized better the idealities of religion; but no one seems to have been able "to hold the mirror up to nature" as did Velasquez.

As a painter of portraits he does not find his equal either in Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Franz Hals, or any of the Netherlands,—for it is with their school that he was most in sympathy,—and, since a comparison arises, we can at no time accuse him of any of those affectations of color for which Rembrandt was known: simple, direct, and always dignified,—never, to be sure, attempting difficult feats of light and shade,—but never, either, suggesting in his color the use of stained glass, as does the Hollander.

His aim was to be a faithful interpreter. He was essentially a realist: the ideal to him was in human souls, and humanity looks down at you through the eyes of these wonderful creations. We have every

evidence both in his work and in his life of a sympathetic character, a heart in touch with other hearts. Philip the Fourth was a man of immobile countenance; we have him over and again from Velasquez's



ÆSOP.

brush with that same supercilious, smileless expression which we are told never varied. With a versatility unexampled he paints the dwarfs: "El Primo"—evidently learned in literature—seated turning the leaves of a book and bearing a comical expression of wisdom; we feel that

this abbreviated person could make most intelligent speeches, withal cutting and sarcastic; El Niño, the idiot, with twisted neck and open mouth,—disgusting and revolting; El Bobo, the cringing sycophant, crafty and deceitful; and Don Sebastian de Mora, full of ingenuous good humor. These four alone illustrate his mastery of facial expression, his ability as a delineator of character. His children are childish, yet thoroughly aristocratic. The Infantas are very girlish, spite of their plumes and finery. It is not merely the ribbons and feathers and rosettes which give them the bearing of queens. Little Prince Baltasar appears as boyish as any *gamin*, yet always a prince.

"Menippus," the beggar, is cunning, slovenly, and sly, while his "Æsopus" is the direct antithesis,—a fine conception of the dignified old philosopher and satirist.

Nor is Velasquez, notwithstanding the fact that he is pre-eminently a painter of portraits, unequal to great compositions. "The Surrender of Breda" ("Las Lanzas") is not only a magnificently rendered group of portraits, but has also wonderful beauty of arrangement, and, while it may not reach the perfection of *plein air* effect attained by some of our nineteenth-century painters, yet its dignity is a charm which we often look in vain for in the work of to-day. We find this same



THE TAPESTRY-WEAVERS.

dignity in those other masterpieces, "The Tapestry-Weavers" ("Las Hilanderas") and "The Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas"). The former, which is perhaps more familiar to us, is probably the most realistic of any of his pictures, a work which, if we study it in relation to his contemporaries and the contemporaneous schools (and the period was one, too, which was fast breaking away from the bonds of the symbolism characterizing mediæval art and that of the earlier renaissance), must lead us to recognize in Velasquez the true father of realism.

The age, however, had not altogether freed itself from conventionalisms, and it is not remarkable, therefore, that there is in his pictures a formality which delights only when it is understood. For there is a

distinct charm in the conventional note, in the landscape backgrounds, which have the decorative character of a tapestry cartoon, and although the pony of little Prince Baltasar, and the horse of Philip in the equestrian portraits, are not conceived in the spirit of the heterodox movement as introduced to us through the scientific scrutiny of Mr. Muybridge, yet in both instances they are noble animals, bearing with pride their royal burdens and conscious of the blaze of jewelled armor and golden trappings with which they are bedecked.

After all, a picture is but the representation of a thing, not an actuality: as one of our greatest modern painters has put it, "not an imitation of reality, but a parallelism of Nature:" we do not want to see the figure breathe, but to fancy that it might breathe. And the artist is an important factor in our admiration of the work: we must



MAID OF HONOR.



PRINCE CARLOS.

look at Nature through his eyes and learn to appreciate her by his methods. The picture, therefore, which is a transcript or attempts to

be a transcript of Nature loses its character as a work of art, because it becomes mere imitation. Consequently, this formality in the works of Velasquez not only gives distinction, not only shows us the personality of the artist, but it also seems like a frank acknowledgment of the limit of human power, a line consciously or unconsciously drawn that we may be restrained from violating that precept of Moses' tablet which tells us, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, or any likeness of any thing. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them."

Colin Campbell Cooper.



THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, MADRID.

HUMILITY.

ENSAINTING all the visible world, the dim
 And reticent night upon the harvest lands
 In silent benediction lays its hands;
 Curved as the chine of a great beast, the grim
 Hill heaves against the sky its shaggy rim;—
 One of the nights when Jupiter commands
 Stars as the sea's incalculable sands,
 Veiling their fires in fealty to him.
 Out of the shadow-land my spirit I send
 Into that giant scheme, if I may know
 The meaning and the majesty aright.
 In vain, alas! I cannot comprehend,
 So turn me to the earth again, and, lo!
 A glow-worm proffering its friendly light.

Ina Lillian Peterson.



CHARLES BIDDLE.

AN OLD-TIME PHILADELPHIAN.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BIDDLE wrote out the events, impressions, and judgments of his life as a pastime in his old age, and with a view to the benefit of his immediate posterity only. In those days no Sunday paper or popular magazine took any unusual experience or startling opinions off one's hands at so much a column, and writing a book was as solemn as dancing the minuet. That he was doing this probably never entered the good man's mind. People then were frank, shrewd, and observing, and, being uneducated by popular editorials, usually formed their own opinions. This autobiography, rescued from oblivion and printed privately more than sixty years after the author's death, is a window let in upon the most honest of souls. Raised early to a station of command, it probably never occurred to Captain Biddle in the whole course of his life not to speak his mind: he conceived only of the most straightforward methods, and he wrote with equal frankness.*

Charles Biddle, born in Philadelphia in 1745, was the grandson of

* This memoir had the honor of serving General Grant as model in his great work.

a rich man, one of the Proprietors of New Jersey ; but in those days endorsing and suretyship were little understood, but meant ruin, and William Biddle, his father, was the most unfortunate of men. He ended by leaving his heroic young wife in much the same circumstances as the widowed consort of John Rogers, the Martyr of Smithfield. Somehow the family struggled through. Every one of the sons became eminent.

But Charles was a young scapegrace. This is his deliberate judgment : " I believe the young people are not so bad as when I was a boy." He and his friends would fire pistols close to people's ears. Dark nights they would trip them up with ropes, knock baskets and tubs off their heads, and throw down cellar-doors. Even the college students of a generation ago did not behave worse.

Unspeaking, then, must have been the relief of the older remonstrant brothers, James and Edward, when at fourteen, under fairly favorable auspices, this irrepressible youth was shipped for San Lucar, Spain.

This was the initiation of his active life. The high spirits, the audacity, the activity, somewhat startling at home, now found their proper vent. Being absolutely devoid of fear, Charles did not mind being chased upon the voyage by what they took for a Spanish pirate. At Cadiz he saw a bull-fight, which he did not much enjoy when the novelty wore off, for he was good-hearted after all. He was taken very ill from too free indulgence in stolen grapes ; but Mr. William Seton, a young New York merchant, and Mr. Ferrier, nursed him. The latter thought barley-water good for all disorders. In this case he was certainly right.

As medical science has advanced so much of late, it may not be malicious to observe that in those days some wonderful cures happened after medicines and physicians had given out. This was the gist of one of Dr. Franklin's anecdotes, which comforted the fever-stricken inhabitants of Philadelphia when only the sick, those too poor to get away, and lawyers eager to make wills, remained in town. The Doctor, it may be observed, like President Lincoln, was wont to prelude business meetings by a little story.

The next voyage was to Fayal. Then young Biddle became second mate, and sailed for Honduras and the West Indies, whither he afterwards went repeatedly. Before he was eighteen, he was offered the command of a brig. Stirring adventure, quick decision, ready expedient, made up his life. It is a fascinating story. There were captures, shipwrecks, and many a brawl and difficulty settled in the old hand-to-hand way. The regions of Central America are doomed to perpetual lawlessness ; and the boy captain became used to taking matters into his own hands. Even his failings made him redoubted. He was tremendously quick, both with word and blow, but his ideas of discipline took in himself as well as others. To the end of his life, we have every reason to suppose that he never doubted the efficacy of a timely flogging. When he was quite an old gentleman, his negro boy Virgil, locked up over-night, with dismal intimations as to the morrow, thought it prudent to run away. His master was extremely sorry he had deferred the

punishment. Still, he early resolved to cure himself of striking with anything he could lay his hands on, or "heaving at any of the crew" that did not move briskly. The end of a rope, however, he decided could do no possible injury, and with this he resolved to be content. Cards he would not suffer when his ship was armed. Singing well he thought a snare; it made a young man courted, and a double watch was needed to withstand dissipation. Exercise he considered good for sea-sickness, so on one occasion had the hand-pumps lashed to the main-top-mast, that all who needed water might get the benefit of climbing.

Considering that losses were then borne by the owners, one wonders at the craft, "leaky as baskets," sent to sea. But in those days human life had not attained the value it has to-day. Now and then the story of some poor wretch executed for petty or supposititious offences makes a gruesome interlude.

Captain Biddle had had some fifteen years of this sea-going life when the battle of Lexington became the event of the world. Here our hero flashes a tremendous side-light upon the situation. He knew where duty lay, and it was impossible not to follow it, but he had a very English nature. He was unswerving in friendship, and the luxury of a good hearty honest prejudice he never denied himself. The latter took full effect against the French, though he knew their language. Like hundreds of his countrymen, particularly of the better sort, he had more than a lingering fondness for the British, except one rascally officer who cheated him out of a large sum of money. *En passant*, he does not fail to note that very few respectable people gathered to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Deborah Logan, who heard the same from her father's garden, northeast corner of Fifth and Library Streets, perfectly agreed with him.

However, he served his country well. He went to France for powder and arms. On his return he joined Captain Cowperthwaite's company of Quaker infantry. All in his tent were fitted out with Shakespearian names, and he was Prince Hal.

During a great part of the Revolution, Captain Biddle when on land resided at New-Berne, North Carolina, where, in 1778, he married Miss Hannah Shepard, who became the mother of his eight children. She seems to have been a woman of affectionate nature and intrepid soul. Here with heart and hand Captain Biddle again worked with the patriots. He had frequent business relations with Mr. Hodge, so excellent a Philadelphian that he clung to the not altogether antiquated notion that "a man's being born and brought up in Philadelphia was a sufficient recommendation." Some privateering Captain Biddle essayed, but smuggling he always held in absolute abhorrence.

In 1779, in a particularly old-fashioned way, Captain Biddle's services were demanded for the Assembly of North Carolina. This was the beginning of his long term of public service. Sitting still and listening to eager, petty, endless debates, usually between the eastern and western members, was at first well-nigh intolerable. When he left the State, Governor Nash gave him a certificate for bravery and patriotism, which he was not ashamed to say he prized highly.

In 1781, on a return voyage from the West Indies, a fatal fever

broke out on his ship, and eight days after they were taken by a British man-of-war, in spite of the poor sick fellows propped up on deck and dressed in old red-and-blue uniforms with intent to deceive the enemy. Captain Biddle has no special complaint to make of his treatment, though he contrasts the officers rather sharply with those with whom he had been wont to associate.

In due time he was exchanged. He had now something of a family, and was tired of the sea, but urgent and tempting offers abounded, as he was now so high up in his profession. Now and then an odd or remarkable passenger, as Count Benyowsky, and some French ladies, enlivened the monotony of his voyages.

In 1783, however, we find him maintaining his family by keeping a little store at Reading. Here again at the solicitations of his friends, for those were still primitive days, he became a candidate for the Supreme Executive Council, under the old constitution of Pennsylvania.

He served with scrupulous fidelity, deeming it a wrong and mean thing ever to shirk a vote by absence. The odd thing is that it is almost impossible to tell which of the two great political parties had, in the main, his sympathies. In 1785 he was unanimously elected Vice-President: this he mentions with pardonable pride, considering his early hardships, his seafaring life, and that he was only forty. For a brief time he was chief magistrate of the State; then Dr. Franklin, much broken in health, but shrewd, facetious, and genial, came in as President.

In 1787 the Federal Constitution was formed. This Captain Biddle thought, from the character of the members of the Convention, the best instrument possible. No daily press then led people intelligently and wearily through the mazes of debate. The removing of the seat of government from Philadelphia he thought a pity. It came from irrepressible conflict between eastern and western members, the latter being treated by the city men with great contempt.

Captain Biddle had a life-long friendship for Aaron Burr. He takes an unusual view of his conduct, and seems greatly to magnify Hamilton's offence. However, he saw no way out of serious difficulty save duelling; consequently he did not see how Colonel Burr could have acted otherwise than he did. When the result made Burr odious, he still asked him to his house. This excited the anger of several of his friends. A report arising that people had come on from New York to apprehend Burr, Captain Biddle left his family in the country and came in to stay several nights with his friend. A curious petition from eleven United States Senators to Governor Bloomfield, for a stay of prosecution against Aaron Burr, was sent open to Captain Biddle, to be forwarded. All this was the more remarkable, because the captain, although they tried to make him vice-president of a Democratic society, had certainly no ardent political affiliation with Burr.

In 1808, with a few other prominent citizens, he endeavored to form a company for life-insurance, pensions, etc. McKean was then Governor. A German member spoke against the bill: "Mr. Speaker, I am against dis bill, and I will tell you for what. If you bass dis

bill, old McKean will get his life insured, and we shall never get rid of him." Nothing more could be done with it that session.

The War of 1812 made manifest the political development of the people. Now all classes rallied in defence of a beloved and united country. After the burning of the Capitol, young and old were thoroughly roused. Captain Biddle was foremost in the committee of defence formed by the citizens of Philadelphia. Indeed, the latter part of his life was full of public employments. For several years he served as prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, of which his brother James was judge. In 1810 he came out some hundreds ahead on the election for State Senator. Though an ignorant Irish tenant had inadvertently voted against his landlord, Captain Biddle comforted him with the assurance that his vote had not been needed. At this session his son Nicholas served in the lower house. At the anniversary meeting of the Cincinnati in 1811, he offered a resolution providing for the Washington Monument in Philadelphia. This was cast in Germany in 1883, and the site for its erection is at the present moment the subject of warm debate. In 1812 he was appointed a commissioner to sign Treasury notes. As he had three sons in the service, he felt that he could not decline. He became expert enough to write his name eighteen hundred times in one day.

Meantime he thrived well materially.

Once in earlier life, being sent to sea in a specially bad vessel, the cargo of flour was so long out that it became full of weevils. This he put down as "a disagreeable circumstance," but adds, "A man when he finds himself in difficulties should never give way to them and make himself miserable by thinking he could have avoided them, but should act with firmness and do everything for the best." In 1809, moving from the Market Street house, in which he had been opposite neighbor to General Washington during all the time when as President the latter had resided in Philadelphia, he bought the house whose site is now occupied by the Philadelphia Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities. He paid nine thousand one hundred dollars. Had it not been inadvertently run up by a friend, he would have got it for seven thousand five hundred dollars. However, the same cheerful philosophy stood by him. He remarked that it was cheap at the price, and, as he had made up his mind to go much higher, he did not care to get it for less.

The removal from Market Street was associated with the saddest event in his life, the loss of his son Edward. "It is," he says, "an advantage to most people to leave a house after they have lost a relation or friend very dear to them." Edward, in company with the brother, afterwards Commodore James Biddle, had sailed with Commodore Truxton in 1800. Edward never came home. Nothing in any language can exceed the tender account of the parting. Somewhere he had read, "The winds howl with peculiar horror to him whose offspring is on the waves; the beating tempest of a winter's evening is painfully alarming to that parent whose social hearth seems forsaken through the absence of one that is at sea;" and severe gales in the period of anxiety engraved this upon his heart.

Quite early in life the death of his brother Edward, a very eminent lawyer, though only forty, had afflicted him severely, and later in life the untimely death of a lovely and favorite niece, Mrs. Lux ; but never, so we gather from these memoirs, had the "ploughshare of deeper feeling" so torn down to his primitive rock.

Indomitable in friendship, long after necessity for active exertion in his own behalf had ceased, he bestirred himself to get his unfortunate and obscured friend Commodore Truxton appointed deputy sheriff of Philadelphia. He enjoyed his iron constitution and the effect of his good habits to the last. Once only in all his life, this frankest of men tells us, was he overcome by liquor. It was at Fayal, and he was only seventeen. He made up his mind that such a plight "renders a man unfit for anything," and in his long life of seventy-five years it never occurred again. Very few men of his day had seen so much of France, Spain, and Portugal. He died in 1831, at No. 1108 Chestnut Street, whither he had removed in 1813. He was buried in Christ Church graveyard with his sons, William, James, and Charles, and his daughter, Mrs. Ann Hopkinson.

Elisabeth Ballister Bates.

GYPSIES AND THE POET.

CROWS, ye who of the air are the tentless, vociferous gypsies ;
 Lyrical mocking-wren, poet most sweet of our birds ;
 I to you am affected more than the rest of our winged ones :
 Crows, for your free content ; wren, for your true love of song.

Ah, what a gush of song that gladdened the air of October,
 Thrilling, melodious, clear, poured from the throat of the lyrist,
 Heard I this morn, rejoiced, as "Sweetheart, sweet, sweet !" he repeated,
 Music that, ceasing anon, echoed all day in my heart !

Over my head were the crows, their way to some forage-ground wing-
 ing ;

"Caw !" cried the leader, "caw, caw !" "Caw !" was passed down
 through the line :

Them their strong pinions I envied, their keenness of vision,
 While the small meadow-lark near fluttered and trilled a faint song.

Through the whole year both the crows and the wren are resident
 with us ;

I, too, a lover of home, like them the better for that :
 Daily almost I see those gypsies or hear their harsh voices ;
 Once at least, every month, glads me that singer's sweet lay.

W. L. Shoemaker.

IN WAR-TIME.

THE war brought with it so great a change in all social relations, such a "sudden making of splendid names," that it had almost obliterated what went before.

Theodore Winthrop and Fitz-James O'Brien marched out of New York to give their young lives, so full of promise, to the cause of the stars and stripes. I saw the Seventh Regiment march down Fourth Street, Theodore Winthrop carrying the flag. Only four months later I looked out of my window to see a gun-carriage with wreaths of roses, and a coffin lashed on: in that coffin was his dead body.

He was a blond, gentle-looking man, with a great air of patrician distinction. The few novels he has left show that he had gifts of a high order.

Fitz-James O'Brien, the gifted, gay young Irish gentleman, who had spent all his money in London in two or three brief seasons, and who came over to America a regular Bohemian, had great social attraction. He had made something of an impression in the drawing-rooms before his fine monody on Dr. Kane and his wonderful story of the Diamond Lens attracted attention.

His wonderful genius would have perished in him, had he not been poor. He led a rather precarious and gypsy life until he enlisted. He showed fine qualities as a soldier, and was wounded in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Southerner at the second battle of Bull Run. While he lay suffering in a Southern hospital, he wrote the most enchanting paper on the view from his window. He was a hero to the last, and nothing in life became him like the leaving of it. No one since has ever written like him, exactly; it was a delicate and fugitive genius, like that of Goldsmith.

I saw all the great captains, but their record has been written by a thousand hands, so I will not dwell on the war-times or their heroes. It would be a threadbare theme.

The Sanitary Commission was a great national educator,—it brought together all sorts of people from all over the country,—and the Metropolitan Fair was a most interesting event.

Mr. Richard Grant White was the secretary of this great organization for the masculine side, and I was chosen secretary by the ladies. One can imagine how close and intense was my interest in it, and how many letters I received and answered. We took an empty house, No. 1, Bond Street, where we worked all winter, Mrs. David Lane being the active president under Mrs. Hamilton Fish, who was honorary President. For years I could never pass that corner without a sense of fatigue.

All this brought me some noble letters from Motley, then minister to Vienna, and from George P. Marsh, minister to Rome,—valuable autographs in themselves, and accompanying more valuable ones, some of which were later on given to me by Dr. Bellows and George T.

Strong, Esq., who was the Secretary and Treasurer of the Sanitary Commission. I have them still, at least a dozen of Napoleon.

We started off, a half-dozen ladies, with Dr. Bellows as our inspirator, in November, 1863, and on the 1st of June, 1864, we sent a check for one million three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars to George T. Strong, the result of our earnings.

I find in looking over my note-books that I wrote over two thousand letters; and I can never forget the curious presents that were brought us. Ladies would take down from their library shelves choice editions of old books and beg of us to accept them to sell. Everybody gave of his best. It was most touching. I fear that in the great crowd and confusion of the Fair, which went on in two buildings (and there was a quarrel, as well as many heart-burnings), many of these poetic and noble offerings were lost, swallowed up, not appreciated; but the Recording Angel put them in his Golden Book.

I cannot do better than to copy from a well-known chronicler this general account of a patriotic event, all of which I saw and much of which I was:

"Within the last few years there have been many remarkable military processions in Broadway. The march of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment on the 17th of April, 1861, was perhaps the most truly interesting; that of the Seventh New York on the 19th of the same month was the most exciting; that of the Twentieth Regiment of United States colored troops in the early spring of this year was the most significant."

(I saw Colonel Robert G. Shaw's handsome face at the head of this troop on that exciting day. Firm as a Greek statue, this noble boy went forth to die for his convictions, and I was one of many to read through my tears the insulting announcement, "We have buried him with his niggers," which came back.)

"But among them all the parade of April 4, 1864, was not the least memorable, for the three years since the Massachusetts regiment passed one Wednesday morning, amidst the doubt and wonder and dismay of the spectators, had transformed a parade of our citizen soldiery from a curious and pretty pageant into a spectacle full of reality and meaning. The thousands of men who marched with waving banners and melodious bands to honor the opening Fair, through the long street packed with people, and under the houses and windows and doors and balconies swarming with spectators, looked no longer like holiday militia, but like soldiers in the midst of a tremendous war, who knew that their next march might be to the battle-field."

The distinction between regulars and volunteers had vanished. The soldiers of that day were a corps of the great army of the people.

By five o'clock the parade was over, and at six the doors of the Fair were opened. A prayer, Dr. Holmes's Army Hymn nobly sung, a patriotic speech by General Dix, and an admirable response by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, were all the immediate opening ceremonies. That evening, and for many days following, the Fair was the great event of the day. Every morning its history appeared in the papers, and, enormous as was its success, it was deserved. Every department was

wonderfully complete. There was the finest collection of pictures ever gathered together in the city. There was the most copious and interesting museum of military trophies of the century. There was a curiosity-shop unsurpassed as a museum of things quaint and rare. There was a children's hall,—a vast nursery, of profuse and delightful attraction. There were living reproductions of the ancient days in the Knickerbocker Gallery and the Cockloft Summer House. There were war-dances by Indians from the Rocky Mountains, and, as the chief substance and business of the Fair, there were booths, tables, and counters at which every useful trade was represented and every article of luxury or of necessity could be purchased, while a lofty floral temple blooming with flowers and blithe with birds rose in the centre of the great hall.

The finest orchestra filled the air with music, and a spacious restaurant, occupying two floors, was so filled with excellent appetites that a wit remarked that the walls should have been tapestried with Gobelins. (Our gobblers lost us money; the restaurant was the only thing which did not pay.)

All this seems very small by contrast with what has happened since,—the world grows; but then it seemed enormous, and, for a country torn by the throes of civil war, it was noteworthy.

The episodal attractions were endless. The mind of a certain kind of piety could not but see with satisfaction that the unspeakable crime of raffling was not permitted, while the generous charitable human soul was glad to know that subscriptions were possible for albums and caskets of exquisite sketches by our best artists, which few single purses could afford. The expenditure was noble and profuse. The prices of wares were not exorbitant, and the houries and fairies did not hesitate to give change. There was a dazzling profusion and wild elegance to the scene. It was a Saturnalia of charity and good feeling. How could it be too opulent, too extravagant? This surpassing flower of sympathy sprang from the red battle-field, from the hushed dimness of military hospitals, from the pain of wounded brothers. Drop, little child, your penny in this box; give, kind sir, five dollars to this subscription; pay, dear madam, a hundred, a thousand, for this shawl! It shall soothe the aching brow. It shall prop the drooping head. Listen! through all the music and the murmur and the various splendor there is one refrain that continues its ceaseless song:

“But the greatest of these is charity.”

Such was the Metropolitan Fair; and imagine the feelings of the faithful women who had begun it and who worked to the end!

Two women fell dead on its floors, and I think we all had a long fit of illness and much nervous depression after it.

But it was our message to those noble boys in the field that we did not forget them. It was a demonstration of loyalty worthy of the great city and State from which it emanated.

Mr. Richard Grant White, my fellow-secretary, was one of the figures in our literature and social life, well worthy of a much longer eulogy than I can give him here. His attitude as a Shakespeare

scholar (he fondly called himself Shakespeare's Scholar) has given him a world-wide reputation. As a gentleman, he was of the old-fashioned sort, "sans peur et sans reproche." He had an almost quixotic sense of honor and of his own high place in the work of the day.

He had a sense of humor, and was an agreeable companion in the many duties assigned to us by our Governing Committee, one of which was to form a Dramatic Committee, for the purpose of visiting all the theatres to ask all the managers to give us benefits, and also to arrange for private theatricals and concerts.

The history of this latter organization was most curious. At our first representation, our chief *jeune premier*, Archie Pell, was summoned away to join his regiment in the field, and Mr. White and I drove in different directions for four hours, losing our dinners, to find some one to fill his place.

We had far more exciting episodes than that which forms the basis of "The Lady of Lyons," in our "Ladies' Battle," but we carried it all through, and gave Opera and Drama and Comedy with such success that we paid in twelve thousand dollars to the common fund from our Dramatic Committee alone.

I often think what a tremendous power enthusiasm is, as I remember these days. How impossible it would be now to do any of these things in cold blood!

Mr. White took me to call on old James Wallack, as he was affectionately called, to ask for a benefit at Wallack's Theatre.

I saw for the first time in private this agreeable and accomplished veteran of the stage, who had made our grandmothers sigh over "gentle Zitella." He was a victim to the gout, his hands all pushed out of shape, but his fine manner and handsome head remained. He immediately promised the benefit, and turned to Lester Wallack, who was with him, to ask what play it should be.

"I would suggest *Rosedale*," said the handsome Lester. It was his own play adapted from "Lady Lee's Widowhood."

"Nothing better," said the father; then he began to show me autographs and portraits, of which he had great store. He told me of his wife's father, Johnston, the famous Irish comedian, and the wonderful autographs which he had left.

I longed to get at them, but Mr. Wallack told me that he had never dared show the collection until it should have been catalogued.

"Are you afraid of collectors, because they steal?" I asked.

"No, madam," said he, "but because they blush. This was a *Sheridan*esque collection, made in George the Fourth's day." I dare say it was as a collection more witty than wise, such as an Irish comedian would gather together, but I advise my friend Mr. Laurence Hutton to look it up.

We made Mr. Lester Wallack the stage manager of our Dramatic Committee. With all that he had to do, this amiable gentleman devoted several hours a week to the ungrateful task of teaching idle men and women to ape his beautiful art. The result was excellent: he brought order out of chaos, made the amateur actors punctual, and really produced the plays, "Circumstances alter Cases," "The Two Buzzards,"

"The Ladies' Battle," etc., very creditably. As amateur work it was not bad. It amused us at the time, and made pass those anxious days when our cause seemed trembling in the balance. Mr. Leonard W. Jerome had just then built the theatre and club-house which still exists at the corner of Twenty-Sixth Street and Madison Avenue, and there gay fashion played for the Sanitary Commission.

Out of the great excitement of the war grew a fantastic gayety, a wild sort of Carmagnole frenzy. Society did strange things. Women would dance the german at a fashionable New York party, with their hair hanging in long streamers down their backs, while the young men would seize those beautiful tresses for reins and drive the fair women with imitation whips. Everybody was half mad. And after the war was over, these women, to whom philanthropy had become a business, found it hard to return to the common every-day work of life. So Mrs. S. M. L. Barlow, one of the best and noblest of human beings, suggested that we should help the South. We went to work again at the Dramatic Committee, and invoked Mr. Wallack. Mr. Jerome lent us the theatre, and we really did some very good work, producing plays which were not stumbled through, but had some resemblance to the real thing.

The money we made was sent to the clergymen of the South, who wrote of individual instances of distress. It was our pleasure to save the lives of sick children who needed more delicate food than their poor mothers could otherwise have procured. We used to receive most touching letters. Thus was the first effort at reconstruction attempted and carried through successfully. We tried to follow Grant at Appomattox, and to be worthy of the last words of the murdered Lincoln.

A great excitement of these days was to go to West Point and see the successful captains received there. I saw Grant led proudly to the library, where he had graduated, by his old professor. All the members of that august board rose to receive him. I never saw a man look so frightened. He told me afterwards that no cadet being "found" ever felt so sheepish. His modesty, like Washington's, was equal to his valor.

It was always a pleasure to meet General Grant at West Point and to see him shake hands with the nation.

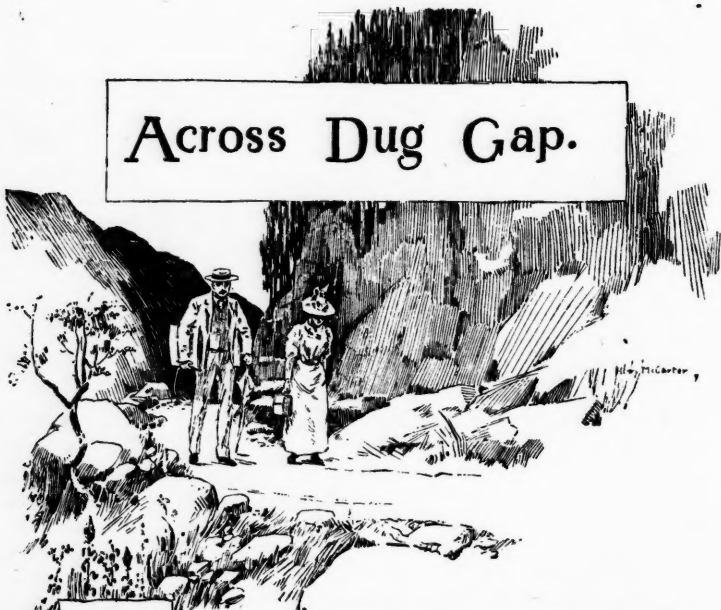
General Sherman, the most delightful social hero, was there at his best, and that is saying a great deal. I used to try to hear all his speeches to the graduating classes. It is no hardship to go to West Point in June and to see those boys in gray. It is the thing we have most reason to take pride in.

I have heard a very good anecdote of the readiness of Mr. Hewitt, apropos of West Point. While in Congress, some man made a speech advocating retrenchment, proposing that West Point should be sold. Mr. Hewitt rose in his seat. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I never heard of but one man who tried to sell West Point, and I think he made a failure of it. His name was Benedict Arnold."

This settled that question.

M. E. W. Sherwood.

Across Dug Gap.



THE sun shone hotly upon the clay road, and the ferns and milk-weed curled their leaves like a feather before the fire.

A man and a woman came slowly up through a bend in the road. The girl wore a short corduroy skirt and blouse; her hair was hidden under a broad straw hat. The man carried artists' materials, and looked warm.

The sky held a mass of dull-white clouds, through which the sun shone glaringly. The pine-trees stood up tall and sombrely, and the wind brushed their leaves like a woman's hair.

"I am very tired," said the girl suddenly.

She paused. All about and beneath them were the mountains, gravely solemn, holding each the spirit of the infinite. She took off her hat, fanning herself with it. Her hair was curly and of a pale-yellow color. The sun had burned a red spot on either cheek: where it had not touched, the skin was very white.

"We were insane to think of walking," said the man, stopping also. "We could have come on horseback, easily. It has been so many years since I was in this part of the country, I forgot."

"Oh, I will not mind so much after we get to the top. We must be nearly there."

"I do not know why we ever started on this expedition at all," said the man, testily. "I feel in no mood for sketching now."

"I think it was what Mrs. Dawes said: 'your wife would enjoy the view so much, Mr. Grayson; she *adores* nature; she would be *enraptured,—enchanted.*' Then you turned and asked me. I was too much surprised to say anything but yes."

She laughed, a little bitter laugh.

"The people in Carrolton are all fools, I think. I asked you with a view to saving myself from that woman's tongue. Bah! I did not think October could be so warm."

"It was very warm this time last year. I remember I wore all my—thin dresses."

They were wedding dresses: she did not care to remember that.

They went on silently for a little. The path broadened and came out upon a level eminence, where the breeze blew strongly. The man threw himself down upon a bed of thick fern, and drew a deep breath, looking about him at the "living garment of God." He loved beauty with intensity,—though he did not love his wife.

The girl sat down silently, her gray eyes looking unseeingly. Suddenly she rose, her voice sounding with controlled emotion:

"Larry, I do not see the use of this mockery any longer. I, for one, will not stand it. Let this be our last walk. Was it not yesterday you told me I but crippled and held you down? Be free of me after this. I married you because I loved your genius; you married me because you liked to paint my face,—a face you thought beautiful. We are both tired now: why keep up any semblance or pretence of what should be sacred?"

He frowned a little: he was handsome even when he frowned.

"Because I am a gentleman. I do not wish any scandal. You are my wife."

"Sometimes I think you forget that fact," she said, bitterly.

"Catherine, I think a jealous woman a fool."

"And I think an unfaithful husband a coward."

Her eyes flashed. She sat down at a little distance. Two heavy tears came into her eyes. To herself she thought, "I should not mind so much if the child had not died."

Meantime, the man worked steadily, until shadows darkened his papers; then he looked up. The sky was a deepening lead color; the leaves and grass-blades were motionless. A partridge rose from the brush and flew upwards with a shrill cry. The quick mountain storm was upon them.

"Catherine, there is rain coming. We must get into shelter somewhere."

He sprang to his feet as he spoke. A peal of thunder sounded, and a flash of lightning cut across the darkening sky.

"It is useless to go towards Carrolton. We will go on down this way. I think there is a house at the foot of Dug Gap. Come."

She dragged herself up wearily. She felt more like staying behind with the fast-gathering storm. He hurried her along. They almost ran down the steep mountain-path. Multitudes of little stones, shaken from their resting-places, hurried after them. And she stumbled, and would have fallen. He took hold of her arm then. The rain had not

yet begun, but it was almost as dark as night. The bushes and thick growth on either side were like black figures. The path turned sharply and widened, meeting another which twisted through the pines. A covered wagon drawn by oxen came out from it, blocking the way. The driver was a rough mountaineer wearing jeans trousers; he was coatless, and across his dingy shirt his suspenders had broken and were tied in the middle with a bit of string. His hair was a fuzzy gray, under his brimless hat, and his unshaven jaws kept up a steady motion.

"Halloo," said Larry, accosting him. "Can you tell me the nearest shelter? We are trying to escape the storm."

The man looked at him reflectively for a moment.

"I 'low this here wagon's 'bout ther nighest. Ef ye feel like gett'n' in, I'll answer ye don' git er drap on ye. I hain't erbove tak'n' atter er snail, what kerries er kiver'n' alongside uv et."

A crash of thunder broke through the trees, making the girl's face very white.

"Oh, do let us get in!" she said.

"But where are you going?" questioned Grayson, pausing a minute.

"Ter hum. Bin ter Car'lton ter sell cotton; got er slick price, too." He chuckled audibly. "'Tain't no ways ter my place," he went on: "glad ter hev you-uns stop thar er while. Ye better git in."

The rain came as he spoke,—heavy, drenching drops. Catherine took her seat on the rough boards, Turk fashion. The wagon crawled on. The lightning flashed in every now and then, terrifying her. She sat with her face hidden, wondering if a flash of lightning would in mercy send her out of existence and put an end to the misery she called life.

Through the wind-gusts she heard her husband laugh.

They came to the end at last. The storm was still furious: one could scarcely see for the rain. The house stood some distance back, raised upon what looked like stilts, a yellow frame building standing unsteadily, with two or more little out-houses in the rear, and a broken fence whose gate was held by a bit of string.

"I've bin atter Joshua ter mend that thar rail'n' ever sence he wuz born," their charioteer said, apologetically. "Hit tumbled down ther night he come; couldn't stan' no mo' respons'bility."

He led the way up to the house, holding a broken umbrella carefully over Catherine: through the slits in it the rain washed. He had confided his name to be Sam Mitchel, and that he had a wife and children and raised cotton "*some*." They were ushered straight into the kitchen, where Catherine might dry her wet things. Mrs. Mitchel was busy frying thick rashers of bacon, which she carefully removed before coming to meet them. She was tall and bony, but "powerful" glad to see them.

"I dun' know whar Dely is," she remarked, as she drew up a chair for Catherine and bade her put up her boots to the stove: they had suffered in her walk up to the house. "She went ter see atter ther cows, I 'low.—Now, Sam," she shouted to her husband, "don' ye be atter tak'n' no corn liquor; yer coffee's bil'n' hot now, an' ther hain't no use in luk'n' fur nuth'n' else. Men is so sot on liquor. I 'low

sometimes they couldn't be happy in heaven 'thout it; an' mebbly thet's why they mostly goes ter hell, as our preacher said las' meet'n'."

She hung up the girl's hat as she spoke, and gazed admiringly upon the soft fairness of her hair.

"I us'ter think Dely hed pretty hair——" She sighed, and a shadow came and rested upon her face.

It was agreed that they should stay the night over.

"I kin jes' tuck Mr. Grayson out in one uv them houses, an' ye kin stay with Dely. Hit's mos' six o'clock now, an' ther hain't no sense in ye tryin' ter git back ter Car'lton ter-night."

The girl made no demur. She felt tired and faint. She had not opened her lunch-basket, but felt no desire to eat now; less still when they sat down to the table, where the yellow crockery, fat bacon, and saleratus biscuit invited a repelled appetite.

"I dun' know whar Dely kin hev gone," her mother said, anxiously scanning the faces of her numerous offspring as they gathered round, from Joshua, risen to the dignity of a few hairs on his chin, to the tow-headed twins toddling.

Larry was enjoying it. He sparkled with mirth, and laughed and entered into the company as though he had been dining at Delmonico's. As they smoked their pipes after supper, she heard him laughing at Mr. Mitchell's account of how his wife cured warts with "castor ile."

She turned away, creeping out into the dusky twilight by the back entrance. Mrs. Mitchel was busy cleaning away the remains of the supper. The children had disappeared. The rain had ceased: a star had come out, and shone luminously. The katydids were making the grasses alive. The sweet, fresh smell of the rain was everywhere, and mingled with it the fragrance of the wild clematis.

She was in and under the white oaks, which made a very Druid grove, and whose gnarled roots and twisted branches looked gruesome and fantastic in the half-light. She did not know what impulse prompted her,—what guided her,—yet she went on.

Now and then the perfume of violets hidden came up to her. When the wind blew, the trees sent down a little shower of rain-drops.

She paused suddenly, and drew back. The moon showed itself from behind a cloud, and revealed a pond of clear-lighted water, in which the rushes and broad-leaved lilies rested stilly: it made a golden track upon the dark, untroubled surface; it showed the shadows of the trees, dark-hanging. There was not a sound; the katydids, even, were hushed.

Catherine leaned forward like one fascinated. She stooped down, dipping her fingers in the water. It ran over them coldly. She drew out her hand dripping, and rested it upon her forehead. Courage! had she the courage to wade out, in among the low-lying weeds, until the water went over her head and her life went down to the pool's bottom?—her soul—where? Courage! The unknowable God could fashion no hades more full of torture than her life now. Courage! it might be one long rest,—rest from misery and care and endless longings.

Ought she to pray first?—she had not for so long. She somehow

remembered words heard long ago,—almost felt hands upon her head.
“Defend, O Lord, this thy child——”

She made a step forward. A hand from behind drew her back, with impetuous strength.

“Ye ort’n’ ter do that.” The voice had less drawl and more reso-



“DEFEND, O LORD, THIS THY CHILD——”

lution. Catherine turned sharply. The moon showed a woman’s face, thin and narrow. The large grave eyes, full of unutterable pathos, looked into hers. She was tall, and her hand’s clasp was like a vise.

“Ye ort’n’ ter be out here,” she repeated. “I dun’ know who ye air, or what ye’ve done, but I hain’t one ter do nuth’n’ but help ye, as ther Almighty knows.”

She drew the girl on, as she spoke. Catherine followed, dumbly, unresisting: it seemed to her a will stronger than her own commanded.

"I don't know what I was thinking of," she said, presently. "I felt as though I could not think at all."

"Ye cayn't, sometimes; ye kin jes' feel," said the other, briefly.

They came in sight of the house. A dog ran barking to meet them.

"I reckon ye dun' know I'm Dely,—Dely Mitchel. Come up ter my room; mebby I kin help ye some."

Catherine followed silently. Only yesterday she had said she doubted if these mountain-people had souls or intellect; now she felt one had power stronger than her own. They climbed up a ladder-like staircase that terminated in a low porch. The woman lit a lamp which stood on a projecting shelf, and pushed open a door which led them into a low-pitched, barely-furnished room. She set the lamp on the table, and drew up a low chair, pushing the girl gently into it.

"Lemme git off yer shoes. My! they're soaked through."

She knelt down and began to unfasten them. Her face was strong and resolute as her voice. Her straight black calico gown showed a supple, well-shaped figure. Her hair was thick and abundant: it was almost inky in its blackness.

"Mebby I ort ter tell ye," she said, suddenly, raising her head. "I hain't what wimmin call good: mebby ef ye knowed ye wouldn't hev me tetch ye."

A hot flush of color went over her face, but her eyes did not falter. Catherine looked at her for a minute. Her voice sounded with a little, low, passionate cry:

"Good God! what am I?"

She put out her hand, and the two clasped, the brown, hard fingers covering the fragile white ones.

"Ther Almighty makes wimmin might'y alike," said Dely. Her voice was full of a divine compassion.

Catherine was sobbing: she made no effort to control it. Presently she looked up.

"I'd be a better woman if my child had lived," she said.

"I wouldn't hev mine back," said the other, fiercely.

"Yours!—you!"

"Yes. Ye think I dun' know what et is ter hev er baby's leetle arms cling'n' ter ye, ter feel ther leetle faces close ter ye, ter hev an' hol' 'em, an' then see 'em die, fur all yer love. Ye think I cayn't love?"

She sat up and pushed back her hair. Her eyes were luminous and burning. They looked at each other silently,—the younger woman half awed, the tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

"I'll tell ye," said Dely. She rose and dimmed the light a little. The moon became visible upon the floor.

"I dun' know why, 'cept'n' bekase I stood luk'n' at that pool jes' as ye did ter-night, an' long'n' ter hev it kiver me up furever. Mebby I wuz er wickedder woman, but I didn' go ter ther devil fur all that.

It wuz ten yearn back, an' I wuzn' bad ter luk at, fur I wuz happy an' didn't know what bein' er woman meant. I hed color like ther wild pinks, an' I wa'n' sech er vine-prap as I am now. So maw she wuz fur hev'n' me go ter Car'lton an' be in ther sto' thar, but pap he



"YE THINK I CAYN'T LOVE?"

wuz sot ag'in' it, an' ther wuz er heap uv talk; but bime-by maw she worried him inter et, an' I went. I hed lots uv sweethearts, but I didn't keer fur none uv 'em,—nary one,—an' they said I wuz powerful stuck-up. 'Twuz in ther spring thar come er man ter Car'lton, stopp'n' jes' 'cross from ther sto'. He wuz ther handsomest man I ever hev seen: he wa'n' like other men." She paused; her eyes grew misty.

"He sartinly wuz beautiful." She said the words almost under her breath.

"I met him er sight uv times. He us'ter come ter ther sto'. I didn't tell him my rale name, jes' fur ther foolishness uv et: he called me er funny name,—Sibyl. We us'ter meet in ther woods out thar; ther roses an' violets wuz all in bloom: seems like I kin mos' smell 'em now. He said he loved me. I ort not ter hev b'leeved him; but I did. I b'leeved in him more'n I did in Gawd, an' I loved him as I never come near luv'n' Gawd: so I did everything he tol' me. I wuz jes' seventeen, an' when he went away I never thought he wa'n' com'n' back fur me." Catherine put her arms about her.

"I hain't tol' ye all. It got winter, an' ther snow come. It wuz so col' ye jes' couldn't git warm, an' I wuz so sickly I wanted ter die; but I couldn't. Ye dun' know what 'tis ter be weakly an' sick an' nobody ter keer fur ye; fur nobody'd come near me then, an' I used ter jes' dream 'bout thet pool, an' atter I come home I hed ter hol' myself ter keep from jump'n' in. It wuz in March, late, when ther baby come, an' she died 'fore April,—my leetle chile. Thet's all."

She stopped abruptly. Her eyes were dry. Catherine's were wet again.

"I reckon my leetle chile's wait'n' fur me somewhar. Thet's why I hain't gone straight ter ther devil. I cayn't think uv ennybody but me tak'n' keer uv her. I'm try'n' ter keep my hands clean enough fur the Lord ter let me tetch her."

She got up and straightened the pillows a little. "Lie down here: ye're wo' out. I don' ax ye ter tell me nuth'n'; I jes' tol' ye, fur I see ye're onhappy, an' mebby know'n' 'ill help ye some."

She drew her on to the bed. In spite of everything, Catherine, worn out, fell asleep; but the other lay silent, her eyes staring out at the shining stars.

It was very early the next morning that she rose and crept downstairs to see to getting breakfast.

The sun came out, breaking across the sky with red and golden lights, as she began to set the table. She was standing in the doorway a little later when her father entered.

"Yer'd better call Mis' Grayson, Dely: we're goin' ter make er airly start fur Car'ltan."

She turned, and met Larry Grayson face to face. The color went out from her cheeks with a sudden rush, leaving it white like chalk. Her eyes were full of piteous lights. His own face wore a puzzled, wondering look, gradually deepening into one of pained recognition. She put out her hand, staggering a little.

"What's ther matter, Dely? Bin up too long 'thout ennything on yer stomach?"

She shook her head, steadying herself in a minute. Grayson threw open the window, and stood leaning out. The air came in fresh with light and beauty. His soul knew none.

He felt a hand timidly put upon his arm. He turned, facing her.

"Ye needn't be afeard uv my say'n' nuth'n'. I've larnt ter hol' my tongue in ten yearn. I jes' wan' ter luk at ye. I dreamt so many times I wuz."

He did not speak. His face was an agony. Outside a bird began to sing.

"Ye're jes' ther same," she went on, slowly,—“jes' ther same. I hain't."

Then he spoke:

"I couldn't help it. I did not forget. The circumstances were such, I could not do otherwise. I thought you would understand."

His voice sounded strangely to himself. Her own answer came with a sharp scorn:

"I understood. I wouldn't hev come ter ye now, but fur one thing. I allus 'lowed I'd hate ther woman what tuk ther place I ort ter hev hed, wuss'n hell. I've jes' laid awake nights hat'n' 'er; fur I knowed some other woman tuk ther kisses an' love ye guv me. I us'ter say I hoped Gawd would strike 'er dead 'fore ther altar; but He did wuss'n



"YE KIN MAKE 'ER HAPPY. . . . YE KIN."

that: He let 'er marry ye. I've seen 'er, onknowin', an' I love 'er,—I love 'er jes' as I us'ter love ye; an' I'd die fur 'er ef 'twuz ter be. I kep' 'er from drownin' 'erself las' night, an' mebbly ef I'd know'd who 'twuz I saved 'er fur, I'd 'er bin less hanker'n' attar et."

Her voice broke a little; then, after a minute, she put out her hand again. It touched his.

"Ye kin make 'er happy," she said.

The strength and entreaty of her voice sounded to him passionately. "Ye kin," she repeated.

There was another pause. Then she spoke falteringly: "My baby died."

He dropped his head upon his hands. In all his careless, eager

life he had never felt like this. His soul seemed swallowed up in a great and overwhelming remorse.

"So did hern," went on the low, plaintive voice. "That's one reason I love 'er so."

Still he did not speak. Why ask forgiveness of a wrong like this, whose immensity he could scarcely grasp?

"I'll be think'n' 'bout ye," she said, softly, "an' her." She stood still, looking at him a moment. Where the sun touched his bent head, the bronze of his hair was gold. She closed the door very gently behind her.

When Catherine came down, she did not see Dely, though she searched and called for her. She had heavy circles about her eyes, and her face was without color. She followed her husband silently into the cart which was to carry them to Carrolton. Once he leaned over and arranged the cushions for her, with a certain tenderness of manner. She was thinking, "I must live, that I may see my little child."

It was two years later that there came a letter to the Mitchel house. It was to Dely, and Catherine's hand had written: "I am writing to thank you for what you did that night, as I could not then. I have thought of what you said, and tried to be a better woman. And he—my husband—has come to care for and know me better, perhaps because of that. It has been different since that night. God has been good to me. I pray He will be good to you."

And He was good. The letter was not opened. Dely had gone to meet her little child.

Among her husband's pictures there are many of Catherine. With love and gentleness and his own remorse, he has grown to hide nothing from her. Only there is one picture she has never seen,—a woman's face, framed in night-black hair, with roses twisted in it, and eyes like darkened stars. Underneath is written *Sibyl*.

S. L. Bacon.





SYDNEY ARMSTRONG.

AN ACTRESS AND HER ART.

THERE is a subtle something that belongs to the art of acting which, however you may classify it, can rest on only one foundation,—inherent love for the art itself. It is the quality which distinguishes the real artist from the trickster or the accidental success. One frequently hears an actor or actress spoken of as “conscientious” or “painstaking,” terms which are generally used to express the most favorable criticism. The average play-goer, even if he cannot analyze for the precise cause, is invariably pleased with such an artist. It is the highest compliment the actor can pay his audience, that his work is conscientious; the most flagrant insult if it is not.

Thus there is a wide gulf between actors and actresses who achieve accidental successes—which may be caused by a score of differing reasons, such as personal magnetism, beauty, social notoriety—and that portion of the profession who by their own labor and study have won honor and renown in their art. True, the faculty for fruitful labor and study is a gift in itself. The history of the stage, like that of other professions, furnishes hundreds of examples of men and women who have spent their lives in ceaseless endeavor without avail. Talent there must be for success, genius for immortality.

An actress whose career affords a splendid example of untiring and enthusiastic labor crowned with deserved success is Sydney Armstrong, now leading lady in Mr. Charles Frohman's New York stock company. Miss Armstrong's work in “Men and Women” and in “The Lost

Paradise," Mr. Frohman's two latest productions, has elicited much praise from the critics. In "Men and Women," written by Messrs. Belasco and De Mille, she is called upon to enact a part exceedingly severe in its requirements, affording her such opportunities that her acting in it has been compared by some enthusiastic critics to that of Bernhardt. Certainly it is full of depth and power, and she rises to some of the strongly dramatic situations in which the play abounds, in a manner justifying beyond all denial her claims to a place in the first rank of American actresses. The character of Agnes in the play is a strong one, and Miss Armstrong has not failed in her conception of it to grasp the most vital points as well as the thousand delicate touches so indispensable for the rounding out of a perfect stage figure.

In "The Lost Paradise" her work is somewhat lighter, but here also she is afforded a brilliant opportunity for the display of those fine touches which experience alone can impart. Agnes, in "Men and Women," is a responsible and conscious woman from the beginning of the play. In "The Lost Paradise" Margaret Knowlton is revealed at first as a mere girl who crosses the threshold of womanhood as the action of the play unfolds itself. Brought up in luxury, shielded from care and anxiety, we first know her as the type of a lovable though thoughtless child whose ignorance is so complete that she does not even comprehend the promptings of her own heart. But the influence of a strong man's will in opening her eyes to the miseries existing in the world and to her duty to herself arouses her sympathies and calls forth all the dormant strength of character which is needed to perfect her womanhood.

Looking back upon Miss Armstrong's career, one cannot but admire the indomitable will and tireless energy which have enabled her to disarm all difficulties and brought her to her present enviable position. Trammelled for many years by the fact that others depended upon her, she was unable to embrace many opportunities which would otherwise have been available. It was necessary that she should earn a certain income; she could not, therefore, at first accept desirable places in companies which pay only nominal salaries to unknown actresses, preferring to employ for the minor posts women who have other means of support and whose ambition leads them to accept positions affording mere pittance.

Miss Armstrong made her *début* as an amateur in Denver, playing Flora Eccles in "Caste." Her professional *début* was made in the same play and character with a small-travelling organization. After a short period of "barn-storming," she went with her sister to Baltimore, where both became members of an insignificant stock company, Miss Armstrong playing the leading parts in the round of the plays which such organizations usually present. This company brought out a different play each week, thus developing Miss Armstrong's versatility and a capacity for intense application in studying and rehearsing the various parts which was of incalculable service to her in her later work.

Perhaps the best schooling she received was that given by Boucicault when she played with him and his company in "The Shaughraun." After leaving Boucicault she played in "Lynwood" at the Union

Square Theatre, and subsequently for a season with Fred Brighton in "Forgiven." An engagement in "Hoodman Blind" followed, after which she played with Joseph Haworth in "Rosedale." Afterwards she played engagements in "The Still Alarm" and in "The Burglar." Then came her engagement by Mr. Frohman as leading lady for his New York company, and her brilliant success in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise."

It is difficult for those not versed in theatrical affairs to comprehend how great an achievement it is to have thus reached the position of leading lady in one of the best metropolitan stock companies. It is a place which nothing but absolute merit can ever attain, and the possibilities which it affords to a woman who is ambitious and willing to work are practically limitless. Having reached this altitude, Sydney Armstrong may now allow her ambition greater sway. She has conquered the thousand obstructions, great and small, which lay in her path, and henceforth her course is clear: whether she reaches her goal or not depends upon herself.

Alfred Stoddart.

BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

WHEN potatoes were in blossom,
When the new hay filled the mows,
Sweet the paths we trod together,
Bringing home the cows.

What a purple kissed the pasture,
Kissed and blessed the alder boughs,
As we wandered slow at sundown,
Bringing home the cows!

How the far-off hills were gilded
With the light that dream allows,
As we built our hopes beyond them,
Bringing home the cows!

How our eyes were thronged with visions,
What a meaning wreathed our brows,
As we watched the cranes, and lingered,
Bringing home the cows!

Past the years, and through the distance,
Throbs the memory of our vows.
Oh that we again were children,
Bringing home the cows!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

FOILS AND FENCING.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

FENCING may be described, for a general definition, as the art of attack and self-defence by the aid of such weapons as a sword, a rapier, a sabre, a bayonet, or a foil. Technically, fencing is usually limited to the last of these, and works on the art touch only on attack and defence with the foil in pastime and the rapier in actual personal combat.



ON GUARD.—THE CORRECT POSITION.

To begin properly, let us say a few words about the history of fencing.

The art of fencing is one of the oldest known. Quarrels and hatreds have been common from the day that the human race existed. Men had to defend themselves, their property, their parents, their friends; and the thought of being armed with some trustworthy weapon was natural. Hence steel soon took the shape of a lance, a sword, a rapier, and a multitude of other weapons, which varied according to the tastes, the needs, and the skill of the inventors. Soon frequent usage brought dexterity, and experience the desire to find out the best means of dealing or of parrying a blow.

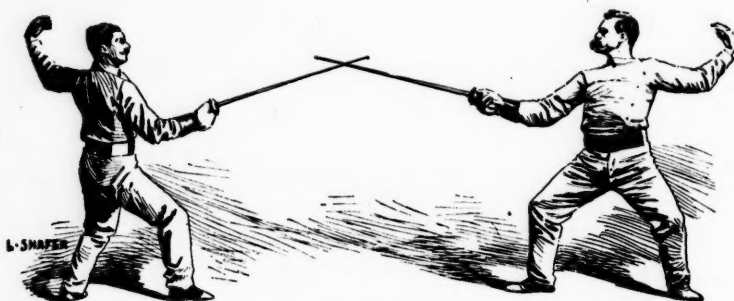
The Athenians, graceful and accomplished in all sports, were the first to establish rules to govern fencing with the sword; for the sword, of all *armes blanches*, was always recognized as the most dangerous, on account of its lightness and its efficiency at close quarters. Soon after, the Romans became extraordinarily skilful in the art of fencing, which they reduced to settled principles and practised with passion: to the short sword of her soldiers, and to their wonderful dexterity, Rome owed many a long century of power and of glory.

After the fall of Rome, fencing, as an *art*, became almost extinct, and, whatever novelists may tell us, during the Middle Ages it was well-nigh unknown. Ponderous two-handed rapiers required strength

and endurance, but not the beautiful skill and almost dainty play of the foil.

It is to Henri St.-Didier that we owe the resurrection of the art. In 1573 he taught fencing in Paris, and he was the first to give names to the different thrusts then used, such as "main-drette," "renverse," "fendante," "estocade," and "imbrocade."

Pater, who wrote after St.-Didier, divided the different parries into five distinct classes, calling them prime, seconde, tierce, quarte, and quinte: these names have survived the master three hundred years, and are used to this day.



READY FOR THE FRAY.

In 1635 Ducoudrai first conceived the idea of extending the reach by lunging when thrusting, and in 1660 Bolognesco, an Italian author of great repute in fencing-matters, advised extending the reach not by lunging, as is uniformly done to-day, but merely by bringing the body well forward without moving the right foot.

Sixteen years later the celebrated Laperche made his pupils assume the "on guard" position in a strange manner: he instructed them to stand on the point of the right foot and to lift up the left heel when dealing an "estocade." He taught no more the prime and the quinte, which seemed forgotten in his time, but he showed them six different thrusts, which proves that the masters of the seventeenth century studied far more how to attack than how to parry,—an old exploded idea, natural enough to beginners, but derided by fencers of experience.

The art of fencing slowly advanced during the eighteenth century towards the perfection it has reached to-day. Many authors—Italians, Germans, and Austrians, as well as French—devoted long hours of study to this beautiful art. Among these the most celebrated is Danet, who in 1764 published a treatise which still deserves a distinguished place in the literature of the foil. "The art of fencing," he said, "is a noble exercise; it is the support of justice and of bravery; it gives us means of defence when attacked, and of avenging our honor if it be wounded. The skill and experience we acquire enable us to ward off a mortal blow and to riposte with advantage."

It was, however, only at the beginning of this century that first appeared on the scene the great masters who originated the fencing

of to-day, such as Jean Louis, known as "Le Bayard de l'Escrime," Lafaugère, the wondrous blade, Charlemagne, Gomard, de Menessier, Bertrand, the illustrious swordsman, and ever so many others, who all contributed their quota to establish fencing on a solid basis.

Modern fencing owes its perfection to the Military Academy of Joinville-le-Pont, established by the French government in 1872. All the masters-at-arms of the French army must graduate from this academy, and a diploma is only awarded after lengthy examinations not only in the practice but also in the theory of the art. So superior is the instruction there that among French fencers the masters graduated from Joinville-le-Pont are universally recognized as the finest in the world, being held specially preferable to the old masters, all sadly deficient in theory, all erratic in practice, and each with ideas of his own about fencing.



THE EXTENSION OF THE BODY, OR LUNGE.

Fencing is the art of attack and of self-defence with the sword. It teaches us the movements that enable us either to hit our adversary with a sword or to ward off his blows. The first are called *thrusts*; the second, *parries*. It shows us also certain movements which will deceive our enemy by false attacks, called *feints*, and instructs us how to protect ourselves from these. All these movements are continually used in a *bout*, or *assault*.

The position taken for the attack or the defence is called "on guard." Without going into details, we will explain the proper position of a man *on guard*.

The body must be placed so as to present a profile to the adversary, the right foot forward, the right arm half bent, with the elbow at the distance of about ten inches from the body, the left foot some twenty inches behind the right and at right angles to it, the knees bent, the body erect and well poised on the hips, but a trifle more on the left than on the right, so as not to interfere with the right leg when "lunging." The general position must be such that the shoulders, the arms, and the right leg will have the same direction towards the adversary, the object being to cover the vital parts and facilitate the lunge: the right arm half bent, the wrist at the height of

the breast, and the point of the foil at that of the eye; the left hand at the height of the head; the fingers well rounded, the thumb free; the head erect, looking in the direction of the right shoulder; the eyes fixed frankly on those of the adversary. The whole posture must be free and easy.

Advance takes place when the contestants are too far apart; *retreat*, when too near.

In order to advance, carry the right foot forward without in any way disturbing the position of the body or that of the sword, and bring immediately the left foot within its proper distance of the right (twenty inches).

In order to retreat, carry the left foot backwards without in any way disturbing the position of the body or that of the sword, and bring immediately the right foot within its proper distance of the left.

The foil must be held so that the hand will take the direction of the forearm and the point of the blade will be at the height of the eye. Hold the foil very firmly only when thrusting or parrying: if you grasp

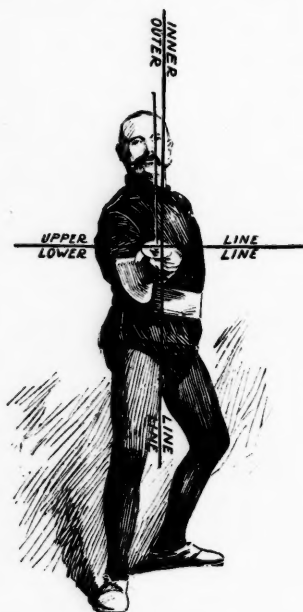
it tightly during a bout of any length, the muscles of your hand will become cramped, and will prevent your handling the foil with the necessary delicacy.

The hand can assume three different positions when thrusting or parrying:

1. In *quarte*, where the palm is uppermost.
2. In *tierce*, where the knuckles are uppermost.
3. In *six*, where the thumb is uppermost and the fingers are on the left; this last position is also called *middling*.

The extension of the body, or *lunge*, takes place when thrusting; it is meant to give a longer reach. The right arm is straightened its full length; the left arm is quickly lowered until it all but meets the body, and the right foot is rapidly extended forward (though kept quite close to the ground), proceeding in a straight line towards the adversary, never an inch to the right or to the left; this would shorten the reach of the lunge and expose the body. After lunging, whether successfully or not, recover quickly and resume the guard.

To *engage* is to cross swords on the side opposite to the one taken for the guard. For example, having joined swords in *six*, with the hand to the *left*, so as to guard against straight thrusts in the inner line, in order to engage, lower the point of your foil, pass it rapidly under



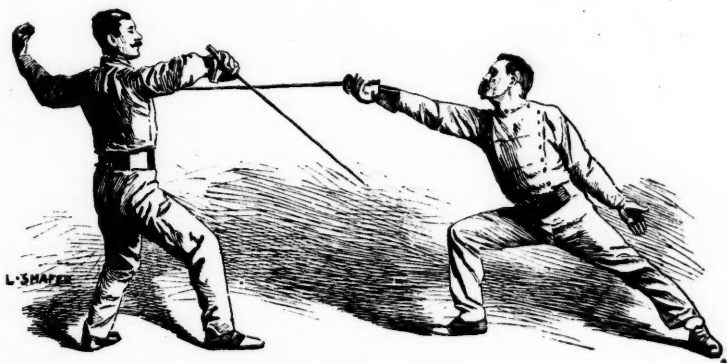
THE FOUR QUARTERS.

your opponent's, and join swords, the hand still in six, but to the right.

Change of engagement is a new engagement taken on the side opposite to the one preceding. For example, after the completion of the first engagement, lower the point of your foil, pass it rapidly under your opponent's, and join swords, the hand still in six, but to the left.

The engagement and the change of engagement can be executed either standing still or when advancing or retreating.

The double engagement is the immediate and rapid succession of two engagements. It must be executed without moving the wrist. If



PRIME—ATTACK AND PARRY.

made when advancing or retreating, the advance or retreat must terminate at the very moment that the second engagement is complete. A double engagement is extremely useful when advancing, since you achieve your purpose, namely, to get nearer your opponent without exposing your body, by maintaining his sword in its position and thus preventing his disengaging and lunging at you. If you are attacked at too close quarters and wish to retreat, it is useful in that it prevents him from pursuing you with his foil before you are well on guard.

To *attack* in fencing is to endeavor to hit one's opponent either by a simple or by a composite thrust. The thrust is simple when resulting from a single movement; composite, when resulting from several. There are three kinds of simple thrusts,—the straight thrust, the disengagement, and the *coupé*, or cut.

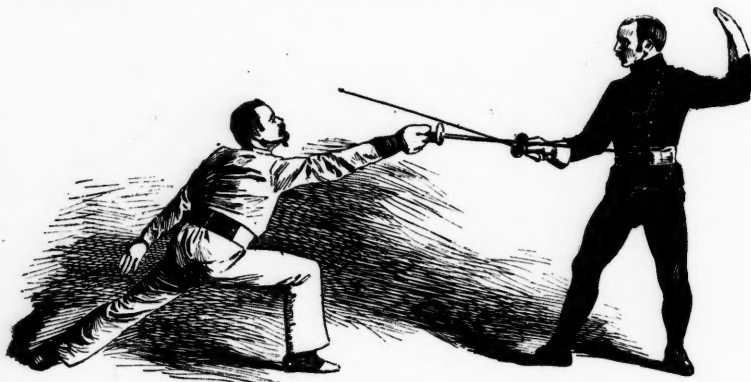
The *straight thrust* hits directly the opponent; it is the result of straightening the arm and lunging. To execute it, the engaging line not being well closed, straighten the arm, lunge, and thrust with the hand well up.

The *disengagement* is a change of lateral lines, followed by a straight thrust. To execute it, lower the point of your foil, pass it under your opponent's, straighten out your arm at the same time, lunge, and thrust. The hand ought always to be high and towards the opponent's sword, so as to have the body well covered.

The *coupé*, or *cut*, is a disengagement *over* (instead of *under*) the

opponent's sword. It is executed in the same manner, but in lifting the point of the sword above the opponent's, straightening the arm and dealing a straight thrust. In making the cut, the fingers alone, and not the whole arm, must act, so as to pass your foil as near as possible to the point of your adversary's blade.

A fencing-bout can be compared to a battle-field, where contending generals exert all their coolness, their skill, and their cunning. A good commander seeks constantly to deceive the enemy by simulating false attacks with the movements of his troops. A good fencer will continually endeavor to delude his opponent by simulating false attacks which will mislead him into parrying into one line when he is being hit in another. These movements are called *feints*.



ATTACK AND PARRY IN QUINTE.

A feint must be so well made that it is mistaken for the hit itself; it will thus force your adversary off his guard and make him expose himself in one line in order to parry in another, when you quickly lunge at the unprotected spot.

Feints have but one purpose, to occupy your adversary's mind on one line, by threatening him with danger,—i.e., the point of your foil,—and to lunge at him in another. When fencing against a man whose play you ignore, never rush in when you see an opening; it may be a skilful trap, in other words, a feint, which may result in a deadly thrust; proceed slowly at first; feel your way and the working of his sword with your blade, and endeavor to guess his thoughts.

To *parry* is to ward off the sword of your adversary which otherwise would have hit you. Parries, when well executed, need but a slight movement of the wrist. Merely change your guard, so as to bring your sword from the line which your adversary has just left, to the one in which he has chosen to attack you. To know how to parry well and quickly is essential to a good fencer. It is useless to know half a dozen mortal thrusts, if you cannot parry a single pass.

To *riposte* is to attack after having parried, either immediately or after a single interval.

To *counter-rispost* is to attack after having parried a *rispost*.

A *time thrust* (*coup de temps*) is an attack surprising the adversary in the preparation of his own; it is, therefore, an attack executed during an absence of foil in case of too large a feint, in that of a direct attack in the lower line, or when a lunge is spoiled by allowing the right foot to start before having straightened out the arm.

It is employed in the case of loose attacks in the outer or in the inner line, or a direct attack in the lower line by lunging quickly in an open space and touching by the straight thrust.

The *time thrust* is, therefore, a uniform movement comprising at the same time a parry and a *rispost*. It consists really in stopping the adversary from the final execution of his attack, by shutting out the line in which he endeavors to hit and preventing his further progress with your sword. It is preferable to make the *time thrust* in the upper rather than in the lower line, because in the latter case there is too much risk of both hitting at the same time.

The *stop thrust* (*coup d'arrêt*) is a rapid attack executed during the advance of the adversary. It is very much the same as the *time thrust*, the principal difference being that it is done without lunging.

To *disarm* an adversary is to knock his sword out of his hand. Once this was considered to be a very fine thing. Nowadays it is but little practised, it being held cowardly to hit a defenceless man. But as it is still used in bouts, though never in duels, we will say a few words about it. The simplest way is to give a quick, hard blow on the thinner part of your adversary's sword with the thicker part of your own, when his arm is straightened out preparatory to a lunge. This disarm needs a correct eye and great precision of execution: it is used mostly on a straight thrust after a change of guard.

Another way is to "tie up" your adversary's sword, half twisting your own around his and pressing hard. Even if you do not disarm him, you will force him to expose himself, and have but to take advantage of your chance.

When fencing, caution and prudence should guide your every thrust. Never *rispost* until you have parried. Lunge at your adversary when you see a good chance; do not throw yourself on him at hap-hazard.

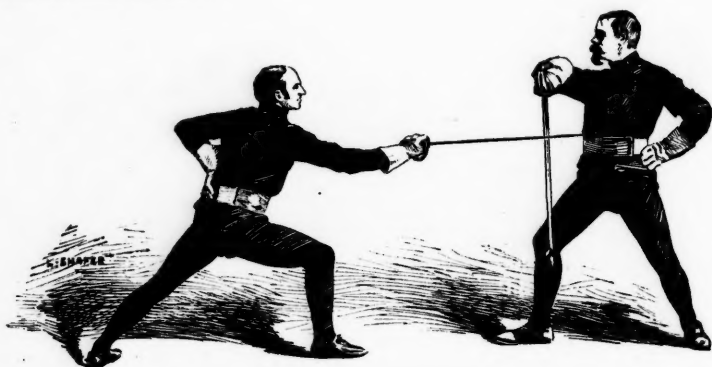


ON GUARD.—SABRE.

Be always fully on guard. Parry well and closely, and protect your retreats by parries. Husband your strength, and you will always keep cool: you will thus have an enormous advantage over an adversary who is carried away by an impetuous desire of continually lunging.

When fencing with a stranger, keep at a good distance, and feel the working of his sword with your blade (*tâter le fer*).

To become a good fencer you must know something about the theory of the art, otherwise your thrusts and parries will be a blind routine. Analyze the work of a man who has fenced much, but without theory. It will be similar to the sparring of a self-taught country bumpkin. He will know about three thrusts and two parries, and never use anything else. Two feints will disconcert him, and three will see him touched.



A CUT AT THE STOMACH, AND PARRY.—SABRE.

When fencing, do not let your ardor carry you away; coolness cannot be too much insisted upon. Be wary of your adversary, but, however much your superior he may be, never be afraid. A man afraid is already half beaten. Be prudent, and *retreat* when you do not feel sure of parrying; but even then be always ready to parry a second thrust given in the chase. When you see a man retreat without good cause, be careful not to fall into a trap, and if you pursue him, do so cautiously. The simplest thrusts and the simplest parries are always the best.

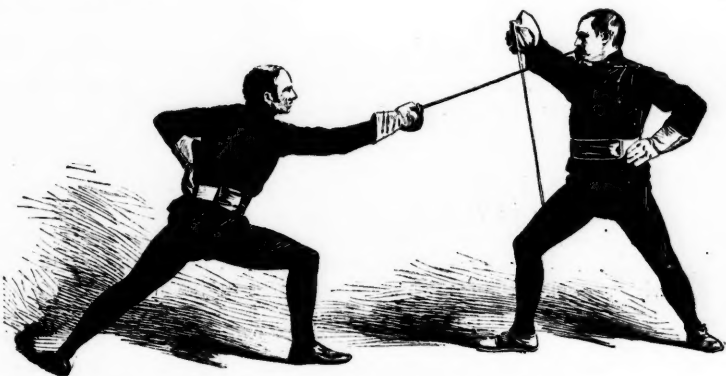
When your adversary is about to thrust inside the blade, he leaves his right side unprotected. Take advantage of this. Having lunged, resume your guard as quickly as possible. Conceal your intentions and try and find out your adversary's. This needs long practice, but once attained will make of you a formidable fencer.

When a man is guarded too low, hit him in the upper line; when too high, lunge under his blade.

In order to fence well you must study well. Anecdotes of conscripts killing masters-at-arms in duels are very pretty, but are somewhat similar to those novels wherein a single champion defeats a whole army.

You cannot master anything without applying yourself to it. Fencing, however, when acquired to some degree, will repay a thousand times the few hours of steady work which you must devote to it. It is interesting, exciting, and ever varied. It develops the body, and particularly the chest, strengthens the muscles of the arms and legs, quickens the eyesight, and accustoms one to judge promptly and correctly.

A great physician, Sir Everard Home, known alike for his medical lore and for his fondness of manly sports, said of fencing, "Of all the different modes in which the body can be exercised, there is none, in my judgment, that is capable of giving strength and velocity, as well as precision, to the action of all the voluntary muscles of the body in an equal degree, as the practice of fencing, and none more conducive to bodily health."



A CUT AT THE FACE, AND PARRY.—SABRE.

And, truly, should you but once see two good fencers stand face to face, one lunging like lightning, the other parrying like a flash, riposting, feinting, and thrusting, seeking by delicacy of play or by superiority of ripost to make his trusty foil bend semicircularly on his adversary's breast, the other endeavoring to lead his enemy into some cunning trap by some dainty feint, then a lunge, a ripost, a parry, and a counter-ripost following in quick succession, you would acknowledge that fencing is the most beautiful and most noble exercise in the world.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance, had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-Second Regiment of French Infantry; the First Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental *esprit de corps* and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged.

After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over two hundred French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline: they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain, so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly-dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull-fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before ten thousand men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd: he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command: his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis,—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and riposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He

multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried, and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-Second Regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by ten thousand men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.

Eugene Van Schaick.

SWEETHEART, TO YOU!

SWEETHEART, to you all things are clear,
The sky a pure perpetual blue,
And Youth's elixir in the air,
Sweetheart, to you!

But Joy to me is never true;
For though her fairy feet draw near,
They swiftly vanish out of view.

My life is like a garden drear
Whose rose of hope has lost its dew;
But morning buds are opening fair,
Sweetheart, to you!

William H. Hayne.

IF I MIGHT CHOOSE.

IF I might choose my meeting-time with Death,
I'd clasp his hand on some sad autumn day,
And with the year's ripe fruit I'd pass away,
If I might time my last faint fleeting breath.

But oh, pale king, thou art no creature's slave!
We may choose much in life, but in the end
Thou makest every mortal will to bend
And break above an open, waiting grave!

Carrie Blake Morgan.

A DICTIONARY SESSION AT THE ACADEMY (UNIVERSITY OF FRANCE).

SINCE the day when M. Renan, running to satire, declared that it would take the Academy twelve hundred years yet to complete the Dictionary, I had but one fixed intention, which was to be present at one of the mysterious sessions during which the *Forty** elaborated this gigantic work. What happened under the sonorous dome on the afternoon of the Dictionary? It may be likened to a fiery forge, at which forty cyclops, bathed in sweat, ran the bronze of words and hammered the plate of the verb. Thanks to the complicity of Pingard, who never again felt kindly toward a journalist, I have been able to realize my dream. Carefully concealed in the great room, but situated so as to see and hear everything, I saw and heard everything last Wednesday. Here it is:

February 15, Ash Wednesday.

No one yet in the place. The clock strikes two. I have my opera-glass. I level it—nothing. Beastly weather outside. The snow has melted. Paris is gray and hazy. From my place of concealment with a glance I sweep the Pont des Arts to the court of the Louvre. No immortal on that bridge. Could Pingard have supposed me a lexicographical rabbit?

A door opens finally, and some one enters. It is Monsieur the Perpetual Secretary. Is it a spectre, this old man calm and silent? No, he coughs. The cough is human.

He moves toward a book-case containing twenty-five great volumes, like commercial ledgers. He takes one of them, the first to the left, on the back of which I discern a large capital A. He rolls it on a little wheeled carriage to an immense table, on which he establishes it. He opens it at the first page. I level my glass. The first page is blank. It is evidently the Dictionary.

An immortal pushes the door. Bang it goes with a hollow sound. The Perpetual advances to meet and welcome him.

"My dear sir, you are the first. So it is everywhere," he adds, gallantly, "and always."

"Notwithstanding that I come from Croissy," remarks the new arrival, a tall man, the living portrait of Henri IV., and whose hooked nose, broken very high, large and bulbous like an extinguisher, alone prevents his little eyes, scintillating like stars, from joining and mingling their fires.

"What! Augier here already," cries a voice outside, "who lives in the country?"

Ah! I know well the one who enters, and love him with all my heart. Tall also, but holding himself straighter, he carries above a haughty brow his pride of frizzled hair. All about him breathes the

* The members of the Academy are forty in number.

air of assurance which gives luck, that supreme virtue of the nineteenth century. The brusqueness of being truly good, ashamed of the human species and the mistake of life, characterizes his gait, manner, and speech. It is Dumas. He comes up to Augier smiling, and both fall to laughing, the Parisian laugh, that laugh the crystal of which is a vitrified tear.

And, at the rear, a third immortal presents himself. A fat old fellow, short on his legs, apparently chilly, his hands thrust in his sleeves, resembling some heretical beadle whose fingers would be burnt by holy water; his nose bulbous and pimply, like that of the Ghirlandajo of the Louvre in the gallery of Primitives. This member of the Forty, like the other two, is a glory to his country, its only great contemporaneous prose-writer perhaps. They call him Renan.

The immortal who follows next under the dome forms a striking contrast. He is as handsome as the Jupiter of Phidias. Long hair still blond falls curling upon his shoulders, disclosing a classical face which no modern worries have lined. He seats himself near Renan, in a corner, and in semitones they confabulate of ancient myths and ages long departed. It is Leconte de Lisle, the poet.

"Gentlemen," says the Perpetual, "we may begin. The French Academy has now assembled."

They protest against this, these modest ones. The Perpetual then explains to them that, as usual for lexicographical sessions, the dukes excuse themselves: "we should only cramp you," they write. As to the younger Academicians, trusting in their leaders, they put the work on them. So at their age they sow their wild oats, when one amuses himself in the world. The professors are giving lessons in town at a dollar apiece, for immortals must live as well as others. Hence their absence. As for the scientists, they have forgotten the day, the hour, their business perhaps, and the surrounding world, "the world where it surrounds them," said he. These explanations furnished, the Perpetual opens the Wednesday session, called the Dictionary session.

From the skies Richelieu lends an ear. I see it with the glass.

The Perpetual. "You know we are at the letter A, the first of the alphabet and of the five vowels."

Emile Augier. "Naturally; but at what word? I can never remember the word we blessed at the preceding session."

The Perpetual. "You blessed none. You talked of other things. Since the death of the late Villemain you have been upon Abracadabra."

Alexander Dumas. "Already? How the time passes!"

Leconte de Lisle. "Abracadabra is a fine word, fine especially by itself, sonorous, and bestirring the mandibles. Pronounced a few times with increasing swiftness it would exercise the delivery of the *Conser-vatoire*. I do not regard it unfavorably nor see anything against it."

Ernest Renan. "Abracadabra is cabalistic and onomatopoeic."

All. "Onomatopoeic. Oh!"

The Perpetual. "Onomatopoeic words have no adjectives, my dear sir."

Ernest Renan (humming). "We shall know that, Camille, in twelve hundred years."

A little disconcerted, the Perpetual prays the Academy at least to vote for or against Abracadabra as it stands. "France attends!" says he. "The centuries fly!" Then Alexander Dumas tosses a poker chip into the air.

"Head or tail!" cries he, laughing.

But the counter falls back into his open fob, for this immortal is a skilful juggler. Surprise and general merriment in the place. The Perpetual proposes to tack to the word Abracadabra the abbreviation "unus," meaning "unused."

And Richelieu up in the clouds listens with all his ears.

The Perpetual taps a little bell, and in a voice of forced gravity announces,—

"We pass to Abracadabrant."

An energetic protest welcomes this proposition. "You want to kill the immortals in their lifetime even!" "What should we leave for our heirs to do?" "We have twelve hundred years before us!" "Must we be weakened with work at our age?" . . .

Emile Augier (to Renan, offering his cigarettes). "It is time, I think, to light one."

Ernest Renan. "Thanks, but I do not smoke. I will read the *Petit Journal*." He draws that paper from his pocket, opens it, and hastens noticeably to the literary department.

Leconte de Lisle. "The *Romayana* for me" (same proceeding).

The Perpetual. "Gentlemen, I am compelled to interrupt you; but you are only forty to construct a language, and it must be constructed. Abracadabrant, whence later Abracadabrance, is the proper adjective of the word which you have honored by your observations. By the name of The Cardinal, of Colbert, of Louis IV., and of Mme. Sévigné, I adjure you not to separate without having settled the fate of this word. It drags. Admit into the national vocabulary or reject it, one or the other must be done."

"We admit it,—knocking off the end," cries Renan, crumpling his *Petit Journal*.

"Gentlemen," puts in Leconte de Lisle, "we revel in cant and disorder. Knocking off the end is not the thing for lexicographical immortality. Abracadabra (unus.) leads necessarily to Abracadabrant. My feet are getting cold, however, and I do not conceal from you that I must take my dose of oil. Only know that Abracadabra rhymes richly with Alhambra."

"And with Mademoiselle Subra," says Dumas.

"In twelve hundred years who will know it?" demands Renan.

The Perpetual. "Gentlemen, the session is closed."

Emile Augier. "It is one of our best."

Translated from Emile Bergerat by H. F. Machuning.

MEN OF THE DAY.

EMILE ZOLA, the great French novelist, is a short-set, pleasant-looking bourgeois, of portly build, with a flabby parchment-complexioned face framed in a fringe of black beard that is streaked with gray. He wears eyeglasses, and is profoundly imperious in manner. He is now two-and-fifty, and all his life long has been in opposition. His career is of his own making. Five-and-twenty years ago he was a clerk in Hachette's book-store in Paris,—passing rich on eighty francs a month. While writing his first romance he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarks that he was compelled "to play Arab" as to clothes. To-day he is nearly if not quite a millionaire. He has amassed a fabulous fortune out of his books. "L'Assommoir," which is perhaps his most popular work, has gone through fifty editions. His latest novel, "La Débâcle," published quite recently, is generally accounted his masterpiece. He has recently made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which he intends to embody in his next novel. How he ever manages to turn out a bulky volume yearly is difficult for any one who has seen him use the pen to understand. He holds it between his second and fourth fingers in the clumsiest manner imaginable, and writes as slowly and laboriously as any child at school. Between the conclusion of one novel and the commencement of another he takes a few weeks' rest, during which he boats immoderately. He is also much addicted to gardening. He resides at Medan. His home was originally a peasant's cottage, and contains but three rooms. It is here he pursues his literary labors. Two hundred and thirty trains pass the door daily. He fled to this rural "retreat" in 1878 to escape the annoyance caused by the hordes of tourists who filled Paris at the time of the Exhibition. He was appointed a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and was last year elected President of the Society of Men of Letters; but the Academy is still closed against him, though, like Daudet, he has been knocking at the door for some years. "I am not in the least discouraged," he said after his recent defeat for admission, "and shall present myself again and again. It is only a matter of patience. Balzac was blackballed, and yet everybody said that he would have got in eventually if he had not died before the time came to present himself again. Then there was Victor Hugo, who had to present himself four times. Perhaps I shall have to present myself twice as often; but I shall get there in the end."

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, is a spare, stoop-shouldered man, with a pallid, smooth-shaven face, cold, searching eyes, and a wisp of half-gray hair straggling across his forehead. He is deaf of both ears, but his mind cuts through questions like a saw, and he is a glutton for work. In the old days it was no uncommon thing for him to remain at the bench for forty-eight hours at a stretch, not giving up until his assistants had actually fallen asleep. He still works daily in his laboratory, and comes forward to greet you in just such a suit of clothes as he wore two decades ago. As compared with the dingy little shop of that period, in which he used to eat his bread and cheese seated on an old packing-box, the present surroundings are fabulously luxurious. It is said that his laboratory costs something like two hundred thousand dollars yearly to maintain. From this famous laboratory most of his inventions have been issued.

Over four hundred patents have already been issued to him, and the number is constantly increasing. One-fourth of these refer to telegraphy. He is now rated at three millions, and is getting richer every year. He has been decorated by several European sovereigns. The "Wizard of Menlo Park," as he has come to be called, is now forty-four, and is an Ohioan by birth. He is severely self-made. He was at school only two months. At the age of twelve he became a railway newsboy. Later on he published an amateur paper, which he printed and sold on the train, and also improvised a laboratory in a baggage-car for chemical experiments. Having at great peril saved the life of the little son of a station-master, the father out of gratitude helped him to learn telegraphy, and in a short time he became a skilful operator, being successively employed at Port Huron, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Memphis. During the years thus employed he was constantly experimenting in every direction. His first patent was for a chemical vote-recording apparatus for use in legislative bodies, and was taken out while he was in Boston. In 1871 he settled in New York, and shortly afterwards became superintendent of the Law Gold Indicator Company, which supplied gold and stock quotations to brokers' offices. From this point his career has been one of uninterrupted success. Yet he is quite a modest man. He eschews publicity; is a confirmed vegetarian: he seldom eats or drinks, but smokes twenty cigars a day. He has been twice married, has four children, and a father of ninety-one who still walks ten miles a day.

George Du Maurier, the well-known artist, is a slim-built, somewhat stoop-shouldered man, with a half-gray moustache and goatee, and wears eyeglasses. He is rising seven-and-fifty, and was born in Paris, his father being one of an old French family who fled to England to escape the guillotine. His parents intended him for a scientist, but Nature intended him for an artist, and Nature prevailed, so that he early jilted chemistry and devoted himself heart and soul to the serious study of art. From Paris he passed to Antwerp, where in the midst of terribly hard work he had the misfortune to lose completely the sight of one eye. Happily the other was spared to him, and all the world knows to what good use he has put his crippled sight. In 1860 he settled in London, and at once began illustrating for a weekly magazine. He also contributed a few pictures to *Punch*, and "precious bad they were, too," he humorously remarks. Twenty-five years ago he stepped into the shoes of John Leech, on the staff of that journal, and he has enriched its pages with the well-known caricature sketches of society life, as typified by "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns," "Sir Gorgius Midas," and others. He is very enthusiastic about his special walk in art. "Leech," he says, "was the founder of the system I carry out. He was the son of Cruikshank, and Cruikshank was the son of Hogarth. In a different way I try to follow in their footsteps and endeavor faithfully to depict society as it is." He is conscious that upon his shoulders is laid as it were the responsibility of handing down to posterity exact and yet graceful representations of English high life, its customs and sayings, and above all its coats and hats and gowns. He never caricatures; indeed, if anything, he errs in quite another direction. He has almost created a set of humanities that are to the ordinary eye too fine and fair, too graceful and daring, for human nature's daily food. He is responsible more than any one else for the death of the so-called æsthetic school. Who could "live up to a teapot" after those absurd pictures of his, or be "intense" with the thought of the weird, unkempt, silly females

that at one time so pervaded all his pictures? Latterly he has turned his attention to literature. His maiden novel, "Peter Ibbetson," which appeared last year, was a distinct success; and it is said that he is now at work upon another book. Personally he is one of the most agreeable of men. He has known all the celebrities of his day, and probably declines more invitations to dine out than even the Prince of Wales himself, for he is socially in much demand, being a charming conversationalist and altogether a delightful companion. He is a connoisseur of dogs, and is an inveterate first-nighter, being usually accompanied by one of his three accomplished daughters, who serve as models for the graceful girls he draws so daintily. Among his other claims to distinction, he illustrated Thackeray's "Esmond," and he is still asked to illustrate more books than he could possibly do if he had a dozen set of hands: so that his bank-account is waxing large.

M. Crofton.

"GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY."

No other word in the English language has such delightful associations as the word "gossip." It is a pity that to the vulgar mind it bears a *nuance* of something undignified and unworthy, if not absolutely discreditable. Surely the purveyor of innocent amusement deserves a high place among the benefactors of mankind. And the true gossip is something more than that. He is a most puissant knight in the service of the great and holy goddess of Truth. It is his mission to reveal the real man behind the conventional toga in which History and Biography strive to drape him. He photographs where the Historian paints a fancy portrait.

A very good book of its kind is "Gossip of the Century," just published by Macmillan. The gossip's name is not given, but a hint is supplied in the fact that it is by the author of "Flemish Interiors."

The faults of the book are manifest. The author is a gentleman of birth and education, and a genial temperament has evidently enabled him to make the most of those accidental advantages. Certainly he has known, met, and conversed with an extraordinary number of interesting personages. But he has not profited by his opportunities as a quick-witted man would have profited. He has small insight into character, he deals only with surface traits, he is shallow and provincial. In short, he realizes Horace Porter's definition of a Mugwump as "a person educated above his intellect." Of the Lake Poets, for example, he talks with the most amusing scorn. Evidently he does not know that the verdicts of the *Edinburgh Review* (whose editor, for some inscrutable reason, he calls Lord Jeffreys) have been reversed by posterity. He mentions that he often met Carlyle; but the only original observation he volunteers concerning him is that he "never saw him without renewed interest of a certain kind, his peculiarities were so peculiar." He quotes approvingly a passage from Greville's "Memoirs" (indeed, he calls it "as good a satire as ever was made on a pseudo-philosopher") which runs as follows: "Dined at the Ashburtons', where met Carlyle, whom I had never seen before. He talks the broadest Scotch, and appears to have coarse manners, but might perhaps be amusing at times." One would like to feel the bumps of a gentleman who admires such a flunky view of a great man.

Then the gossip proceeds to tell us the old story of how Stuart Mill lost the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution," also how Carlyle hawked his "Sartor Resartus" among the publishers, condescendingly says that "many of the quaint and clever things put forth by Carlyle deserve to be treasured," and so dismisses one of the most picturesque figures in all literature.

This vice of padding out his book with the most familiar and well-worn anecdotes is continually apparent. He hardly introduces a personage without repeating the jests or *ana* which have already reappeared *ad nauseam* in the jest-books and the literary manuals. He tells us that Sydney Smith said of Whewell that "omniloquence was his forte and omniscience was his foible," and of Macaulay that "he had many brilliant flashes of silence;" that when Samuel Rogers remarked of Queen Caroline that she could speak only a single word of English, Lady Charlotte Lindsay said she hoped it was No, "because, though Yes often meant No, a lady's No never meant Yes."

Nevertheless, after making all deductions, there is a large residuum of entertaining matter in the book.

It begins with a *bonne-bouche*. One of the most hateful characters in literary history was John Wilson Croker, the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, and, in that capacity, the bitter, brutal, and ignorant enemy of genius. We know that he never got his deserts,—that he was never immersed in boiling oil; we regretfully recognize that to the savage of the present the savage punishments of the past (*similia similibus*) cannot be meted out. Except metaphorically, we cannot even spit upon him. It is consequently with a devout feeling of gratitude to Providence that we witness the spectacle of Mr. Croker being spat upon metaphorically.

This was shortly before the death of King George IV., whose funeral the gossip tells us he witnessed. Croker, then Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, after a dinner with royalty, got into a war of wits with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

"When I'm king," said the duke, "I'll be my own First Lord, and, depend on it, John Wilson Croker won't be my Secretary."

"Does your Royal Highness remember," replied Croker, "what English king was his own First Lord?"

"No, I can't say I do," answered the duke.

"Well, it was James II.," said Croker, and, not unnaturally, the reply caused a general laugh among those near enough to catch it.

The king, who was pacing up and down the room, hearing this expression of mirth, called out,—

"What's the joke? One of your good things, Croker, no doubt?"

"No, indeed, your Majesty; but your royal brother is telling us what he means to do in the navy when he comes to the throne," replied Croker, forgetting himself in most uncourtier-like manner.

The king withdrew without a word. Next morning he sent Croker a summons to his bedroom. His Majesty was very serious.

"I was annoyed," he said, severely, "at your exposing my brother's nonsense under my roof last night, and, in the next place, your repeating what he said he should do when I am no longer king: let me request there may be no recurrence of similar utterances."

Not a very terrible rebuke, after all, you may say. Well, of course, one would rather it had been some Oriental potentate who with one wave of his

hand might have caused the offender's head to be severed from his body. But, though the rebuke may not seem very terrible to us good Americans, let us take comfort in the reflection that to a Briton, and especially a Tory Briton, a rebuke from his king is far more crushing than a rebuke from his God. Furthermore, let us gleefully remember that, in the highly-organized individual of to-day, a *gaucherie*, a social misstep, a breach of etiquette, may be the cause of the most exquisite torture. Even an observer so calm and philosophic as Mr. Darwin has taken note of this fact, and calls attention to the further fact that years after the thing occurred it will be remembered with a twitch of agony out of all proportion to the offence. There is reason to hope that Mr. John Wilson Croker (who had a good memory) suffered a great deal from this *contre-temps*.

Of Charles Dickens the gossip speaks with outspoken vituperation. "None can respect Dickens as a man," he says, "however much they may admire him as a writer. The members of his family held their own views as to his heartlessness; for, even allowing for the lowliness of his antecedents and origin, his deficient education, and his recognized lack of the instincts of a gentleman, no one can afford to overlook his immoral life, his unchastened vanity and selfishness, and the presumption with which he blazoned forth his indifference to the feelings of those he injured, to the opinions of the world, and to the sacredness of his own vows." He tells us that Dickens was once his fellow-traveller on the Boulogne packet. Travelling with him was a lady not his wife nor his sister-in-law. Yet he strutted about the deck with the air of a man bristling with self-importance; every line of his face and every gesture of his limbs seemed haughtily to say, "Look at me. Make the most of your chance. I am the great, the *only* Charles Dickens; whatever I may choose to do is justified by that fact."

On landing, the luggage (after the clumsy fashion of the day) was tumbled into a long rough shed and placed on a counter to be searched. "I happened to be near the spot where the great man's boxes had been deposited, and as he walked up to surrender his keys,—

"'Owner?' inquired the custom-house officer, briefly and bluffly.

"'I am,' answered the only Dickens, in a consequential tone.

"'Name?' said the official, as bluntly as before.

"'Name!' repeated the indignant proprietor of the same. 'What NAME?—did you say?' reiterated he, in a voice which meant, 'Why don't you look at me, instead of asking such an absurd question?' But the man stood there stolidly, with his lump of chalk in his hand, waiting for the answer which *had* to come *volens volens*: 'Why, CHARLES DICKENS, to be sure!'

"To Master Dickens's mortification, the name and the tone alike failed to produce any impression on the preoccupied official, who continued unmoved the dull routine of his duty: had the *douanier* been one of the other sex, the result might have been different."

With George Eliot and George Henry Lewes the gossip was on terms of familiarity, if not intimacy. He gives a few letters which evidence this, but are not otherwise interesting. Nevertheless he adds little or nothing to our knowledge of this unique couple. Of George Eliot he records that she was by no means sparkling in conversation, her social attributes being rather of the heavier Johnsonian order, "and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though perhaps an almost imperceptible evidence of self-consciousness. The

impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humor, scarcely of cheerfulness; she spoke in a measured thoughtful tone, her speech was marked rather by reticence than by volubility: now and then she would give out an epigrammatic phrase which seemed almost offered as a theme for discussion, or as a trait of originality to be perhaps recorded by her chroniclers."

Of Robert Browning he merely repeats a story the poet had told him concerning a visit he had paid when at Florence to an old philosopher named Kirkup. This was in the days when John Home and spiritualism were occupying the minds of the public. Kirkup was found engaged with a female medium apparently in a state of trance, on whom he was practising experiments.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, "how glad I am you are come! for I can now practically demonstrate to you those supernatural facts which I believe you still doubt. Now see, I will desire this woman to raise her arm,—an order *you* would give her in vain,—and I can make her maintain it rigidly in that position during as many hours as I please."

Suiting the action to the word, after Browning had made the attempt unsuccessfully, he gave the command, which was immediately obeyed. Browning exerted his strength to move or bend the limb, but it continued as stiff as when Kirkup had fixed it.

Then the good old man went out for a book. His back was hardly turned, when Browning, who was examining some manuscripts on the table, felt a touch on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw the woman wink at him and immediately resume her attitude as Kirkup's returning steps were heard.

W. S. Walsh.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It is one of the fashions of the day to speak of the American novel as a hitherto unknown quantity, a distinct event in the future of our literature, ignoring the fact that, like the poor, the American romance is always with us, and that it is we who are unappreciative of our blessings in the one case as in the other.

What are all the stories of American life that have come to birth in the last decade, from Canada to Mexico and from the Golden Gate to the Atlantic seaboard, if they are not American novels?—whether reaching back into the historic past, picturing the present, or drawing, with fine touches, phases of life and character rapidly vanishing, if not already vanished, from the world of to-day? Will such pictures of old Virginia and Creole life as those of Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, George Cable, and Grace King be again drawn, as have been given to us by these men and women living near the traditions of the past and on the border-lines of a new dispensation?

If not American novels, what are most of Mr. Howells's stories, notably "A Modern Instance," which recalls similar instances in so many minds that Bartley Hubbard has been elevated to the dignity of a type of a certain sort of financial corruption? Surely under no other head than that of the American novel is it permissible to classify Miss Murfree's dramatic and picturesque tales of the Tennessee mountains and their distinctive people, Miss McClelland's

romances of reconstructed Virginia, and many another clever tale of North, South, East, or West.

Such fine vignettes of life as those of Bret Harte and Hamlin Garland, racy of the soil, of Miss Wilkins and Miss Pool, which are almost photographic in their accuracy, and of Richard Harding Davis, with their condensed dramatic power, cannot be called novels, on account of their brevity; but may it not be that the short story, with its concrete force and epigrammatic brilliancy, is destined to represent the genius of American fiction in the future? Even now, there be few who clamor for the three-volumed novel of the past.

Those who are still looking for the truly American romance, savoring of the soil, character, and institutions of the country, should discover signs of promise in two recent novels,—“John Gray,” by James Lane Allen, and “The Dooms-woman,” by Gertrude Atherton. Widely different in setting, motive, and treatment, these two stories are alike in some respects. They both portray a phase of American life that has entirely passed away, and both are instinct with a subtle and pervading atmosphere of time and place without which no romance of the past can approach the reader of to-day with the force of reality. Mr. Allen's tale of old Kentucky comes to us full of the border warfare and the struggle for existence of that pioneer life, with its rude surroundings and vigorous character-making, while in the movement of the story there is the promise and forecast of a brighter future, secured by the endurance and efforts of the early settlers whose individualities stand out upon its pages.

Mrs. Atherton's romance “The Dooms-woman,” which we feel suffers somewhat from its unattractive title, is full of tropical warmth and color, and of the movement and life of Southern California under Spanish rule, a flower heavy with the rich bloom that precedes decay. Here are scenes, events, and characters described with a certain vitality of impression, as if the writer had drawn breath among the people and amid the surroundings that she portrays. The wedding, the baptism, the festivals and games of the Spanish American are all entered into with the languid intensity and pleasure-loving nature of the children of the South. The long and bitter feud between the rival houses of Estenega and Iturbi y Moncada supplies the tragic element without which the story would have no reason for being. Against this background the characters of the drama stand out in strong relief. Doña Eustaquia, who tells the story, is admirably drawn, with her shrewd insight into character and her sophistical reasoning, as when she excuses Estenega for kissing Valencia, when a fitting opportunity offers, while protesting the deepest love for Chonita. “It is the man of great strength and great weakness,” she contends, who alone understands human nature and is worthy to inspire the passionate love of a woman. In the handsome and shallow Reinaldo we find the man of “great weakness” without the accompanying strength, yet so brave a caballero is he, on his wedding morn, in his white velvet and diamonds, that we, like Doña Eustaquia, are willing, for the moment, to overlook his failings and vote him “a picture to be thankful for.” Don Guillermo, of the old school, presents a strong contrast to the more progressive Alvarado and Estenega, being picturesque, chivalrous, and so “given to hospitality” that he was ready to share the luxuries of Casa Grande with the sworn enemy of his house, even to Doña Trinidad's most famous dulces. Chonita, entering the lists reluctantly at the bidding of Estenega, and then dancing *El Son* with mind and soul as well as with her lithe and swaying form, until the caballeros threw gold at her feet in their enthu-

siastic admiration of the beautiful wild creature, forms a brilliant and vivid picture.

Full of the traditions of her religion and her race, educated and thoughtful beyond the men as well as the women of her people, yet, like them, delighting in the cruel excitement of a bull-fight, and unable to resist the seductions of the vender of silks, laces, and jewels, such is the heroine who flashes across these pages and before the fascinated gaze of Estenega. To him, who has regarded women simply as types, with no distinct individuality, Chonita seems a new creation. He says to Doña Eustaquia that she typifies California, the intelligence of the New World stirring in the veins of the Old. Her power over the wayward and imperious nature of Estenega is an intellectual and spiritual force, heightened, as all such power of woman over man must ever be, by the beauty and grace in which it is incarnate.

Upon the social life of Monterey, where the gorgeously-apparelled caballeros and the beautiful señoritas while away the rosy hours in the excitements of the bull-fight and the gaming-table or amid the blandishments of the ball-room and the *fête*, Estenega, with his nineteenth-century ideas and costume, and his dreams for the future of California, expressed in the language of to-day, strikes a jarring note,—the jar of the new dispensation trenching on the domain of the old. With his background of sin, most of which is happily left to the imagination of the reader, and his fierce, resolute, almost cruel strength of will, Estenega is a less agreeable character to contemplate than the pure-minded, impulsive Chonita, yet none the less is it true to life and to love that he should have been able to thrill every chord in the complex nature of the California girl and against all the instincts of her race compel her unwilling devotion. The bitter, passionate struggle between Chonita's love for Estenega and her loyalty to the traditions of her religion and people recalls a similar struggle in "The Spanish Gypsy," in which another passionate daughter of the South strives to put aside love and happiness for the sake of her duty to her race and inheritance. In both these instances the woman proves herself superior to the man. Chonita and Fedalma, in their higher spirituality and more earnest devotion to their own ideals of right, are nobler creations than Estenega or Don Silva, and in both cases the man's uncontrolled passion of anger and revenge slays all hope of happy love, even when the woman's instincts and traditions were about to yield to its dominant power. That "The Dooms woman" should end as sadly as its name forebodes may seem a fault to some readers; but from the nature, structure, and tendencies of the story, no other ending would seem to us fitting. This is not a novel, it is a drama in which the blood of old Spain and Mexico, amid the wild and picturesque surroundings of Southern California, works out its own destiny to an inevitable, if tragic, conclusion.

Whatever Mrs. Atherton has done in the past,—and she has published a number of novels, none of which seem to us equal to "The Dooms woman,"—whatever she may write in the future, she has given to the world a powerful dramatic representation of old California life, which in its detail, movement, and characteristics shows that she has not only carefully studied the history and institutions of the country, but has entered into the life and spirit of its people, far more Spanish than American in type, yet inherently tending toward absorption by the dominant Anglo-Saxon race.

Anne H. Wharton.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

I Married a Soldier;
or, **Old Days in the**
Old Army. By Lydia
Spencer Lane.

"The relics of our old army days are few now; but occasionally in unpacking our chests and trunks, stowed away in a garret, I find something that brings by-gone years vividly before me; it may be a tarnished shoulder-strap, a spur, or a big knife in its leather sheath; each has its history,"—and it is this history, but of men, as well as of their apparel and weapons, that Mrs. Lydia Spencer Lane has told in her simple, direct narrative of soldier-life on the frontier before and during the war. She was an enduring and faithful wife to a brave husband, and lived through the period previous to railroads, when journeys to the Far West were menaced with dangers on all sides. The naïve manner in which Mrs. Lane recounts the ups and downs of this life, the laughable or tender episodes which intersperse her story,—as of the young wife dying by the roadside, and the grave there, from which, many years afterwards, the authoress took back some blades of grass to friends of the dead girl,—all these, with many martial anecdotes, go to make up a book as fascinating as fiction, but as true, one feels in reading it, as life. The Lippincott press has just put forth *I Married a Soldier* in a typical uniform of blue and gray, though the preference of the authoress for the former is indicated in her ringing words, "When was the flag ever more needed than in those anxious days before war was declared, to cheer the weak-hearted and bid defiance to its enemies?"

Six Volumes. By
John Darby (Dr. J.
E. Garretson). New
and Uniform Edi-
tion.

When the thoughts of even the greatest thinkers come to us through the medium of a sympathetic mind they very often take on not only a larger significance, but become humanized by contact with the heart of the reporter. Any one who has ever read John Darby knows this without being told. Those who have not will find Plato less intangible, Epicurus and Spinoza, or Comte and his disciple Lewes, more within human ken, for being rendered through so fine an understanding and so warm a heart. Dr. Garretson's books are the harvests of a cultivated intellect which has tilled many and wide fields of learning and come off with a well-stored garner. This yield is never dull, never pedantic, never obscure. He says things in his own person which make us pause, and he shows that his power to do this has come from acquaintance with all that is best in human annals, by quoting with infinite skill and taste from the words of the masters. No similar books that we know are at once so learned and so readable, and the announcement that the Messrs. Lippincott are about to bring forth a uniform set of Dr. Garretson's six volumes will be a pleasure to old, and a source of many new, readers. The titles of the six volumes are *Thinkers and Thinking*, *Hours with John Darby*, *Brushland*, *Odd Hours of a Physician*, *Nineteenth Century Sense*, and *Man and his World*.

Lord Tennyson. A
Biographical Sketch.
By Henry J. Jen-
nings. A New Edi-
tion.

Of Jane Austen and Shakespeare Tennyson once said that he thanked God he knew nothing, and that there were none of their letters preserved. This is the controlling impulse which led to Tennyson's retirement from the world and which has caused the scarcity of information about the details of his life. Indeed, we to-day know almost as little about the inner movements of that long and illustrious life as we do about Shakespeare or Jane

Austen. It is, therefore, a wise and a most acceptable service which Mr. Henry J. Jennings has done us, in this year of the Laureate's death, to gather into a single volume all the scattered *Tennysonian* which has lain ungarnered up and down the periodicals and in private letters. Mr. Jennings has greatly improved, in this volume just issued by the Lippincotts, on the now scarce *Tennysonian*, and on his own earlier edition. He informs us that his manuscript passed through the hands of a near member of Tennyson's family before its publication, and his book is thus purged of the ban which the Laureate is known to have placed on all biographical intrusion. As a piece of painstaking compilation and as a picture of the greatest poet of his age, it is a volume indispensable to every one who owns a set of Tennyson's works.

The Japs at Home.
By Douglas Sladen.

If ever you go to Japan, go with a companion like Douglas Sladen. Nothing escapes his eye, nothing eludes his keen mind, and everything sparkles with the reflection of his humor. Since the *Girl in the Karpathians*, no book of travel has so vividly described the scenes and people of its chosen pilgrimage; but Mr. Sladen has wit and light-heartedness, while Miss Dowie had neither. Mr. Sladen saw all that was characteristic in Japan under the most favorable conditions. He was the guest of the exclusive clubs, and was entertained by Sir Edwin Arnold, of whom, in his Jap household, he gives a lively and interesting sketch. The pictures which ornament almost every one of the handsome pages, the full-page photographs, and the *japonais* cover are a fitting complement to a charming text, and render the book a notable addition to the Lippincott list.

Book by Book. Popular Studies in the Canon of Scripture.

The *New Illustrated Bible* carried with it a series of introductions which prefaced each book and which were the product of the ablest ecclesiastical scholars in England. These essays have now been gathered separately into the noble volume just issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, entitled *Book by Book*; and they afford the devout, but lay, student of the Scriptures a means of learning the latest views of religious thinkers on subjects of the most vital interest to modern life. *Book by Book* contains essays by the Bishop of Ripon, Archdeacon Farrar, the late Prof. W. G. Elmslie, Prof. Marcus Dods, Rev. George Salmon, Prof. William Sanday, the Bishop of Worcester, Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, Prof. A. B. Davidson, Prof. Stanley Leathes, Rev. Canon Maclear, Prof. James Robertson, and Prof. William Milligan.

Applied Mechanics (An Elementary Manual on). By Andrew Jamieson, M. Inst. C.E. With Numerous Illustrated Experiments.

Prof. Andrew Jamieson, Professor of Engineering in the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, and fellow of a number of learned societies, comes to the making of a book like this with a ripe experience in teaching, united to the widest knowledge of his subject. He has produced some of the most valuable text-books known to his branch of mechanics, and they have received the recognition due to their worth in this country and in his own. This last contribution to a subject which is beginning to be somewhat obscured through teaching which misapprehends the needs of the student, strives to take the direct course of practice first and theory last. Prof. Jamieson takes wise exception to those who would teach the laws of motion before those laws have been illustrated by simple machines and hydraulics, and his text-book is a test of his wisdom. It is brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company in an appropriate dress.

CURRENT NOTES.

**Continuous and
increased use
attest the
great
merit
of
the
Royal
Baking
Powder.**

The sales of
Royal Baking Powder
during the month
of October, 1892,
were greater
than during any
other October in
the history of
the Company.

This increase
alone exceeds in amount
the total sales per month of
any other baking powder.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1892.

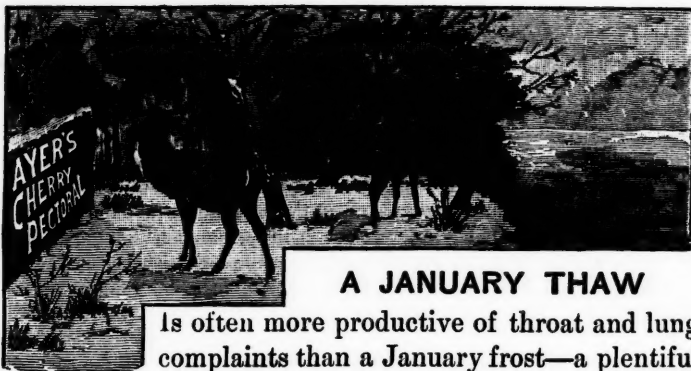
"FRANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," by Elizabeth Wormley Latimer, is a handsome octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, published in Chicago by A. C. McClurg & Co. After an introductory chapter upon Charles X., the thread of the narrative is taken up with the accession of Louis Philippe, and carried on for sixty years to 1890. Without pretence to the dignity of first-hand research or the dry utility of text-book histories, there is a mingling of solid information and agreeable gossip about events and personages, the revolutions, the last king, the second empire, the siege, the commune, and the republic, besides the lamentable Mexican episode of poor Maximilian—well-meant usurpation of a good man who fell in a bad cause. And on French soil this period afforded plenty of excellent material, here so handled as to command popular interest. There are twenty-two portraits of emperors, kings, queens, presidents, and pretenders, with such notable public men as Lamartine, the Duc de Morny, Jules Simon, Jules Favre, Archbishop Darboy (victim of the communards), Gambetta, and Boulanger.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.—It was the late Henry Ward Beecher, I think, who related and vouched for the following. A large and a small dog happened to start from opposite sides of a stream at the same time to cross it over a narrow board which spanned it. They met in the middle. Both came to a stop, for they could not pass each other on the narrow board. The little dog sat down on the board, held up his head, and began to whine. The big dog stood a moment, apparently cogitating what to do, when suddenly a thought struck him. He spread his fore legs apart to the outer edges of the board, also his hind legs, and then looked at the little dog, as much as to say, "Now is your time!" whereupon the little fellow shot through between the big dog's legs and safely reached the other side, wagging his tail with delight and approval of so clever a trick; while the big fellow walked philosophically over to his side, no doubt well satisfied with himself, as he certainly had good reason to be.—ALLEN PRINGLE, in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

CALIFORNIA.—California is the most attractive and delightful section of the United States, if not of the world, and its many beautiful resorts will be crowded with the best families of the East during the entire winter. It offers to the investor the best open opportunity for safe and large returns from its fruitlands. It offers the kindest climate in the world to the feeble and debilitated; and it is reached in the most comfortable manner over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. Pullman Vestibule Sleeping-Cars leave Chicago by this line every day in the year, and go, without change or transfer, through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. This is a feature not offered by any other line.

Write to John J. Byrne, 621 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill., if you desire any further information as to the country and the accommodations for reaching it.

LORD TENNYSON married at the age of forty-one,—which is one reason, perhaps, why it is thought that he was disappointed in love while young. His wife was a niece of Sir John Franklin. Her father, Mr. Sellwood, a lawyer by profession, is reported to have been somewhat unfavorably impressed with the alliance at first; but afterwards he was entirely reconciled to it. Before the marriage, Tennyson had, of course, achieved fame.



A JANUARY THAW

Is often more productive of throat and lung complaints than a January frost—a plentiful crop of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pneumonia being sure to follow. To meet such an emergency, you should be provided with **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**, the prompt use of which is always attended with the most satisfactory results. It soothes irritation of the mucous membrane, removes phlegm, and induces repose. The best-known cough-cure in the world, it is recommended by eminent physicians, and is the favorite preparation with preachers, teachers, actors, and singers. In cases of croup, whooping cough, and La Grippe, **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** is invaluable, and no household should be without it.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to Act, Sure to Cure

AYER'S PILLS

Are recommended by all the leading physicians and druggists, as the most prompt and effective remedy for biliousness, nausea, costiveness, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, jaundice, drowsiness, pain in the side, and sick headache; also, to relieve colds, fevers, neuralgia, and rheumatism. They are taken with great benefit in chills and the diseases peculiar to the South.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

"MANHATTAN, HISTORIC AND ARTISTIC," is a new and superior guide to New York City, which allows for "a six-days' tour" of the metropolis, and contains sufficient descriptions and illustrations of the most notable objects therein. The compilers are C. F. Ober and Cynthia M. Westover, and the publishers Lovell, Coryell & Co.

BENT ON VENGEANCE.—A most remarkable case of bovine intelligence which recently came to my knowledge, and for the truth of which I can vouch, has prompted the writing of this paper. A cow and steer—the latter two to three years old—were the only occupants of the barn-yard where the occurrence took place. A baiting of hay was put out to them, the cow taking possession. The steer wished to share it; but the cow, like some higher animals, was selfish and was bent on taking the whole of it, and as often as he would manœuvre around from side to side to get a bite she would drive him off at the point of her horn. The steer was so persistent that at last the old cow's patience gave way, and, making a determined and vicious charge on him, she punished him severely, though he was her own offspring. The steer felt badly hurt, not only in body but evidently in mind as well, and immediately started out of the yard and off down the lane toward the pasture where were the rest of the stock, bellowing vengeance at every step in a language which was unmistakable to the by-stander, and which the mother well understood, as she ceased eating and listened intently to the threatenings of what was to come. When these died away in the distance she resumed her ration, but with evident apprehension. In due time the steer was seen returning, bringing with him a companion larger and stronger than himself. As they approached, the rumblings of rage and revenge could be again heard, which grew louder as they came nearer. The cow took in the situation at once, and was now terror-stricken. As her assailants rushed into the yard, she dodged them and rushed out at life-and-death speed, and away toward the rest of the stock in the field, with her pursuers close in her track.—ALLEN PRINGLE, in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked a teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied, "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."—*Puck*.

THE banana is the most productive of the fruits of the earth, being forty-four times more productive than the potato and one hundred and thirty-one times more productive than wheat.

"BILL, there's a deal of poetry about the moon, after all!"

"Tom, there ain't no poetry in nothink when it gits down to its last quarter."—*Life*.

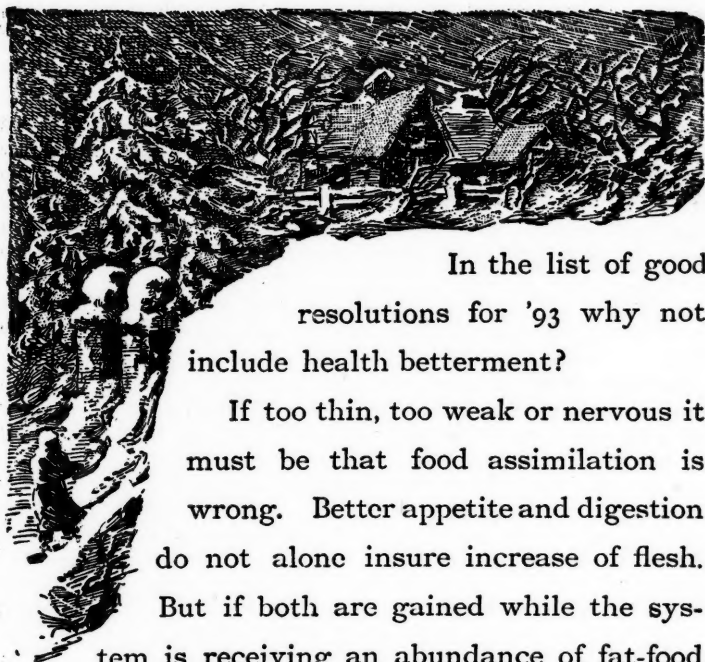
SAW IT FROM THE START.—Mr. and Mrs. O'Halligan came to blows in the open street. Their friend Mike, who has witnessed this and other sharp engagements between them, is called upon to testify.

"Were you present from the very commencement of this difficulty?"

"Indade I was, yer honor; two years ago."

"Two years ago!"

"I attinded the weddin'."—*The Wasp*.



In the list of good resolutions for '93 why not include health betterment?

If too thin, too weak or nervous it must be that food assimilation is wrong. Better appetite and digestion do not alone insure increase of flesh. But if both are gained while the system is receiving an abundance of fat-food then results—flesh and strength—are quickly noted. A powerful example of how the first two conditions contribute to a realization of the third is furnished in

SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Its effect in Consumption, Scrofula, and other diseases causing rapid loss of healthy tissue, has given Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda marked pre-eminence over all other forms of nourishment employed in medical practice. Almost as palatable as milk, most persons—even little ones—take it with perfect ease.

Shall we send you a book on Development of Strength and Form?—Free.

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Sold by all Druggists—\$1.

THE thermometer was at ninety-five, and a shower was commencing. Willie was mopping his brow with his little handkerchief, as the first big drops began to fall. He watched them for a while, then exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma! Even that cloud is perspiring!"

THE HUMAN INSTINCT IN THEM.—Mr. Spence, the entomologist, told the story of a humble-bee having been seen to deliberately drown a wasp, after there had been a fierce struggle between them. The bee did not mutilate the wasp, as if it had been the property of a "land-grabber," but he held him under the surface of the water till he was dead. This quarrel resulted doubtless from some private pique, and was not a judicial sentence carried out by the will of the community, as in the incident I am about to relate.

My informant, who stated he was an eye-witness of the occurrence, was a Danish gentleman, Baron Durchinck Holmfeld, whose acquaintance I made through our common friend, Miss Frederica Rowan.

He told me that, some years since, the nest belonging to a pair of storks, located near his house, was observed to be the scene of a domestic scandal: the lady stork had a lover. The husband bird was not one who "lets the wife whom he knows false abide and rule the house," and he sought the remedy of the law. The baron one day when walking over his fields was surprised to see a large assemblage of storks standing round in a semicircle, while facing them, in the centre, like a prisoner at the bar, stood the guilty Guinevere. Greatly astonished, and very curious to see the issue of this strange proceeding, Baron Durchinck stood aside in concealment. There was much confabulation among the storks, after which, apparently in obedience to orders, some half-dozen birds, the lictors of the community, came out from the throng, and immediately set upon the unhappy female, savagely and literally plucking her to death!—Mrs. ANDREW CROSSE, in *Temple Bar*.

SUCH INTERRUPTIONS DID NOT INTERRUPT.—The late Lord Strathnairn owed his peerage to the great services which, as Sir Hugh Rose, he rendered to the crown at a critical time in the history of India. During a crisis in the Sepoy mutiny he was one day entertaining a company at dinner, and was in the midst of one of his best stories, when his orderly entered, and, after saluting him, reported, "We have captured two hundred rebels, sir." The general calmly turned, and with his wonted elegant courtesy serenely replied, "Thank you, sergeant." After a silence the soldier again spoke: "But what are we to do with them, sir?" "Hang them, of course," calmly replied his superior, resuming his story. A short time afterward, Sir Hugh was again interrupted by the sergeant, and said, "Please, sir, we have hung the lot, sir." The general turned, bowed silently, and in the sweetest manner lisped, "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote.—*The Argonaut*.

RARE LUCK.—Mrs. Bloomer.—"It's shameful! Mr. Silentt, who is deaf and dumb, is going to marry Miss Quiett, and she's deaf and dumb."

Mr. B.—"What of it?"

"Why, just think. Their children may be deaf and dumb too."

"That's all right. We'll watch where they settle, and move in next door to 'em."—*New York Weekly*.

"We are advertised by our loving friends."

A Mellin's Food Boy.



NELSON B. MOULTON, DORCHESTER, MASS.

Give the Baby Mellin's Food
if you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright
and active, and to grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

"The Care and Feeding of Infants,"

will be mailed free to any address on request.

THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

WAR'S CRUELTY.—An incident related in the recent biography of Sir Provo Wallis, Admiral of the British Fleet, brings home to the reader the cruel nature of war. It occurred during the war of 1812. An American captain had taken a fine ship to Lisbon, where he had sold her cargo for the use of the British army under Wellington, and received several thousands of dollars in return, which were on board.

Meantime, war had been declared, and on her homeward voyage she fell a victim to the British squadron. One of the principal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American captain was sent on board the Shannon, —which afterward captured the famous Chesapeake,—but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a prisoner.

He answered unreservedly all the questions put to him, and Captain Broke, who greatly disliked the deception he had been obliged to practise, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forced himself to say,—

"Captain, I must burn your ship."

The American, overcome by surprise, faltered, "Burn her?"

"Indeed I must."

"Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own,—and all the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?"

"Yes," said Broke.

Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each; but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed.

HE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT NEED IT.—Man of house.—"It strikes me that I've seen your face before."

Stranger.—"Yes, you have. I sold you a cook-book a year ago."

"What are you selling now?"

"A sure cure for dyspepsia. Only fifty cents."—*The Review*.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—The lady made a great outcry, and the intruder was promptly caught and bound. It proved to be the gas-man come to measure the metre.

"Why didn't you say who you were when I screamed?" demanded the mistress of the house.

The man looked sad.

"You yelled thieves, didn't you?" he asked, with a far-away look in his eyes.

The lady admitted having so expressed herself.

"Well," declared the man, desperately, "I couldn't take any exception to your remarks. I knew my business and the nature thereof."

Everybody felt obliged to concede that he was logical, if not discreet.—*The General Manager*.

THE ANSWER.—"Papa," asked Willie, "are the gallery gods idols?"

"No, my son."

"But why ain't they, papa?" persisted the hopeful.

"Willie," replied his astute parent, "did you ever see them idle?"—R. L. HENDRICK, in *Kate Field's Washington*.

An Efficient Health Officer

ALWAYS READY FOR DUTY

IS

POND'S EXTRACT

Wherever inflammation exists
POND'S EXTRACT will find
and will allay it. It is in-
valuable for CATARRH,
PILES, COLDS, SORE
EYES, SORE THROAT,
HOARSENESS, RHEU-
MATISM, WOUNDS,
BRUISES, SPRAINS,
all HEMORRHAGES and
INFLAMMATIONS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Genuine goods manufactured only by
Pond's Extract Co., 76 Fifth Avenue, New
York.

Why a Woman's Life Insurance Company?

A NUMBER of the more thoughtful and intelligent women of the country recently met in Chicago to consider the advisability of organizing a Woman's Life Insurance Company. The reason was stated to be that women were unjustly discriminated against by existing companies. Is this true? We say, No. Several years ago "The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company" struck out every restriction and discrimination which existed against women, and placed them upon a perfect equality with men: same plans; same cost; same benefits; everything exactly the same. What more may women desire? There are a million women who need life insurance, and who would have it, did they not in error believe the old restrictions and discriminations stand against them. There is no obstacle in their way to insure their lives in "The Penn Mutual." It is one of the oldest, the safest, and the best companies in the world. It has twenty millions of assets, two and a half millions of surplus. Every policy it issues is incontestable and non-forfeitable. It has had nearly fifty years of successful experience. To know all about it, write to or call at the home office of the company, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, or address any agent. Ably represented in all cities and large towns throughout the United States.

WHEN THEY HAVE TOO MUCH WATER.—Mexico rejoices in a very fine climate; it is neither too hot nor too cold, like a perpetual June, except on the few rare occasions when a gale of wind sweeps down from the north, and the sudden lowering of the temperature is felt the more through the fact that the houses have no chimneys, the use of stoves being quite unknown in this all but uninterrupted spring.

The wet season lasts three months, and it then rains every day, almost at the same time, but never for more than three or six hours at a stretch. Before and after the storm the sun shines brightly, and the sky is clear and blue.

If, however, by any chance there is more rain than usual, and the wet season is prolonged, the capital becomes nearly uninhabitable, and resembles the Aztec Venice destroyed by Cortés. The levels of the lakes in the valley rise, the low-lying districts are flooded, and the town once more looks as if it were in a lagoon, so entirely is it surrounded by ditches, or *acequias*, full to overflowing of water.

The streets are converted into rivers of mud, through which splash commissionnaires, their trousers rolled up to their thighs, carrying on their backs the unfortunate people who are obliged to go and attend to their business, whilst melancholy horsemen pass hidden beneath their huge white mackintosh cloaks, and coachmen with loud cries urge on the horses of their vehicles—I very nearly said, of their gondolas!—AUGUSTE GÉNIN, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE.—Mr. Lightweight.—“Do you believe that women can endure more than men?”

Mrs. Heavyweight.—“Indeed I do; there are but few men could stand most of the husbands.”—*Fetter's Southern Magazine*.

Playwright.—“In this scene the starving baby is rescued from the hands of the blood-thirsty villain.”

Manager (doubtfully).—“But where can we get a baby to impersonate the part?”

Playwright (eagerly).—“You can have mine.”—*Life*.

BACK to our childhood's halcyon time

Regretful memory strays:

Though spanked for many a trivial crime,

They were our palmy days.—*Puck*.

SLIGHT AMENDS.—In her “Anecdotes,” Mrs. Thrale tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, what he thought of his country. “That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir,” returned for answer Dr. Johnson. “Well, sir,” replied the other, somewhat mortified, “God made it.” “Certainly he did,” answered Johnson, again; “but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious, but God made hell.”

A STAMPED CANE.—A Detroit man has a novel walking-cane that is made of old postage-stamps of various denominations and six nationalities,—United States, Canadian, English, French, German, and Italian. It took five thousand and fourteen stamps to make the cane. The surface of the cane, when the stamps were all on, was filed smooth and finished until it glazed.

DRINK

THE CLEAREST!

THE PUREST!

THE BEST!

TIVOLI
EXPORT
BEER!

The purest unadulterated Beer made. Send postal for sample case to your bottler, or

F. A. POTH BREWING CO.,

Thirty-first and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia.

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DOBBINS SOAP MANUFACTURING CO.,
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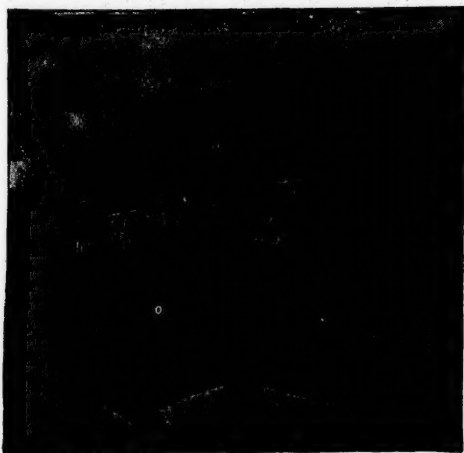
—MADAME MODJESKA is the daughter of a Polish mountaineer who was better educated than his companions, and loved music. At sixteen she was married to the man whose name, though she has since been widowed and married again, she still bears before the public. The early maturing of her talent is indicated by the fact that when only fourteen she wrote a drama and acted the leading part in it. Such was the beginning of her remarkable career; but more remarkable even than her stage success is her faculty for keeping young in looks as well as spirit. The secret of it all, Madame Modjeska says, is that she takes a hot bath before going to bed every night, secures plenty of sleep, and does not eat too much. But her additional confession, that she drinks a great deal of tea and smokes cigarettes occasionally, makes the secret as mystifying as before it was revealed.—*Harper's Weekly*.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.—Miss Black.—“Look a-heah, Mister Elderberry Johnsing, how you cum to git dat name ‘Elderberry’? Dat’s sich a cu’ious name.”

Mr. Johnsing.—“Law, Miss Lily, ain’t you never heahed about dat? My brudder and me’s twins. Dey done called him Berry, and dey called me Elderberry ’caze I was borned fust. Yah! Yah!”—*Fetter's Southern Magazine*.

ON THE TRAMP.—“One fine summer evening of 1824 the inhabitants of a primitive northern village saw two travellers, apparently man and wife, come into the village dressed like tinkers or gypsies. The man was tall, broad-shouldered, and of stalwart build; his fair hair floated redundant over neck and shoulders, his red whiskers were of portentous size. He bore himself with the air of a strong man rejoicing in his strength. On his back was a capacious knapsack, and his slouched hat, garnished with fishing-hooks and tackle, showed he was as much addicted to fishing as to making spoons. The appearance of his companion contrasted strikingly with that of her spouse. She was of slim and fragile form, and more like a lady in her walk and bearing than any tinker’s wife that had ever been seen in those parts. The natives were somewhat surprised to see this great fellow making for the best inn, the Gordon Arms, where the singular pair actually took up their quarters for several days. They were in the habit of sallying forth, each armed with a fishing-rod, a circumstance the novelty of which as regards the tinker’s wife excited no small curiosity, and many conjectures were hazarded as to the real character of the mysterious couple.” So wrote one who saw burly Christopher North and his wife on the vagabondage which Mary Howitt described as “a species of bee and butterfly flight, sipping pungent juice and alighting upon bloom, for whenever they found a particularly romantic spot or an attractive cottage there they stopped for days, while the husband fished, the wife rested, and both explored the region round about.”—M. B. W., in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

HOW IT IS GAINED.—A New York lawyer, explaining his rapid increase in wealth as in reputation, said it was due to the tomfoolery of people. “For example, a client of mine had a race-horse that he swapped for an island in the Sound. The race-horse went wrong, and the other man brought suit to recover damages. This made my client angry, and he brought suit for misrepresentation of property. The opposing lawyer was a friend of mine. Each had two suits, and we fought them tooth and nail. Now he owns the race-horse and I own the island in the Sound.”—*New York Sun*.



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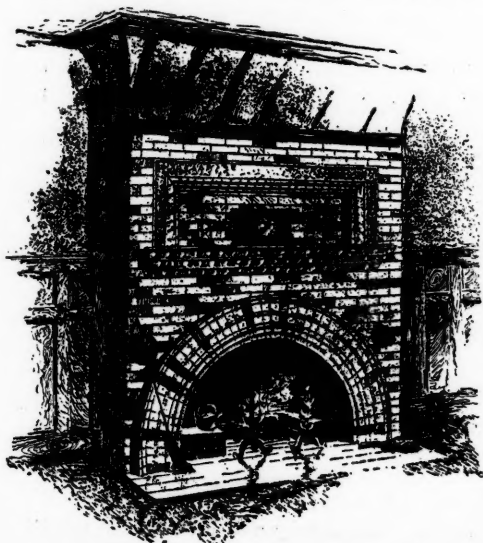
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and a niche above it, showing what beauty may be wrought in moulded brick.

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MODERATION.—M. de Garnerau was a French magistrate of great integrity and learning and many fine qualities. No one appreciated better than he the beauty and value of patience, but his naturally quick temper and irritable disposition sometimes betrayed him into droll inconsistencies.

M. de Flesselles, president of the superior council at Lyons at a time when the chancellor Maupeou was making great changes in the government, was instructed to suppress the parliament of Trévoux, of which M. de Garnerau was president.

M. de Flesselles visited Trévoux, assembled the magistrates, and gave his orders. De Garnerau replied with dignity that it was his duty to obey his sovereign, left his place, and, followed by his associates, prepared to march out of the court-room. But unfortunately his valet opened the doors. Instantly M. de Garnerau, in a passion, threw his cap and robe on the floor, and cried, "Here, Antoine, take those things; they are only for the use of valets now!"

At a public meeting of the Lyons Academy, of which he was a member, he read a paper on "Moderation." The discourse was fine, but the effect was somewhat marred by an incident at its commencement.

The speaker began, "Gentlemen, moderation—Please shut that door.

"Gentlemen, moderation is a—Will you be so kind as to shut that door?"

"Gentlemen, moderation is a virtue—Confound you, shut that door, or I leave this hall!"—*Youth's Companion*.

INTELLIGENT MONKEYS.—In a recent volume on "Beast and Man in India," by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., the author relates interesting bits about monkeys. He was present on an occasion when some itinerant showmen brought some tame monkeys and a goat into the presence of some wild ones. "The wild monkeys drew off at first suspiciously, but when the man sat down to his performance and made their tame brethren dance, put on strange raiment and mount the goat, they crept closer, with horrified curiosity and evident disgust. The tame monkeys off duty regarded their free kinsmen with listless indifference, and the artiste at work never seemed to glance at them, though they watched him with jealous, angry eyes, much, I imagine, as laborers on strike watch blacklegs."

The family life of the Bengal monkeys is extremely human. "Monkey mothers are tender to their little ones, with a care that endears them to the child-loving Oriental. The babies are quaint little mites, with the brown hair, that afterwards stands up crest-wise, parted in the middle of their brows; their wistful faces are full of wrinkles, and their mild hazel eyes have a quick glancing timidity that well suits their pathetic lost-kitten-like cry. Yet even in the forest there are frisky matrons. I have seen a mother monkey, disturbed in her gambols on the ground by the whining of a tiny baby left half-way up an adjacent tree, suddenly break off, and, hastily shinning up the tree, snatch up the baby, hurry to the very topmost branch, when she plumped it down, as who should say, 'Tiresome little wretch!' and then come down to resume her play. Thus is a mischievous midshipman mast-headed, and thus is the British baby sent up to the nursery while mamma amuses herself."

FRIEND.—"Doctor, did you ever fight a duel?"

Doctor.—"A duel? No, indeed. What novelty would it be for me to kill a man?"—*The Wasp*.



You Needn't Look

immediately for the damage that dangerous washing compounds do. It's there, and it's going on all the time, but you won't see its effects, probably, for several months. It wouldn't do, you know, to have them too dangerous.

The best way is to take no risk. You needn't worry about damage to your clothes, if you keep to the original washing compound—**Pearline**; first made and fully proved. What can you gain by using the imitations of it? Prize packages, cheaper prices, or whatever may be urged for them, wouldn't pay you for one ruined garment.

Beware

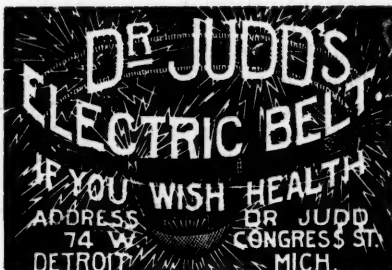
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 346 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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Testimony.—Within the last eighteen months we have taken in something over one thousand dollars for Judd's Electric Belts and Trusses, and thus far have never had a complaint from a customer, but have had many compliments passed upon them.

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BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16, 1892.

VOL. LI.—10

CERVANTES.—The history of "Don Quixote" did not wait for the tardy fame of future ages; it was universally read and admired as soon as it was published. The most eminent painters, engravers, and sculptors vied with one another in representing the story of the knight of La Mancha.

The author, however, had not interest enough to obtain even the smallest pension from the court. But, friendless and indigent as Cervantes was, he retained his incomparable humor to the end of his days. Many anecdotes are told which illustrate the power of his wonderful book to amuse people of all classes.

M. de Boulay, who attended the French ambassador to Spain, during Cervantes' life, said that the ambassador complimented the author one day on the reputation he had acquired by his "Don Quixote."

"Ah," whispered Cervantes in reply, coming close to the ambassador's ear, "had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining!"

Cervantes once gave a proof that his generosity was fully equal to his genius. In the early part of his life he was for some time a slave in Algiers, and there he devised a plan to free himself and thirteen of his fellow-sufferers.

One of them traitorously revealed the design; and they were all brought before the Dey of Algiers, who promised them their lives on condition that they revealed the contriver of the plot.

"I was that person," at once cried Cervantes; "save my companions, and let me perish alone."

The Dey, struck by his intrepidity, spared his life, allowed him to be ransomed, and permitted him to go home.

NATURAL HISTORY AS A TRANQUILLIZER.—"A patient of Sir William Gull's told me," says a writer in *Temple Bar*, "that his physician had recommended him to take up natural history as a tranquillizing study. The question arises, are the men who pursue these studies more free from strife, jealousies, and all uncharitableness, than those who are struggling for supremacy in art and literature? Judging from the naturalists I have known, I am inclined to think that, as a rule, they are more tranquil-minded. Kingsley felt the truth of this when he said, 'Ere I grow too old, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save natural history, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies.'"

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS made a very happy response to the praises of friends at a dinner given at the Tavern Club of Boston, some years since, upon his birthday. Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and President Norton had all said their say, and said it well, when Mr. Curtis was called upon to respond. By way of illustrating his own case, he told the story of an Oriental prince and his mentor. Prince and mentor walked abroad one day, the latter carrying in his hand a jar, which he presently uncorked. From the open mouth of the vessel rose a gas, and this the mentor lighted. Thick fumes curled up from the burning gas, and gradually took such shape that the prince could not help recognizing traces of his own features, though glorified and ennobled. "Can it be that this pictures me?" asked the flattered prince. "Yes," smiled the mentor, "not, however, as you are, but as you ought to be."—*Inter-Ocean*.



Merry Thought.
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potpie
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Cleveland's Baking Powder.

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Pure Catalan Wine.

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This invigorating tonic is powerful in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principle of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.



Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, and used with entire success for the cure of

MALARIA,

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THE ancestors of the Zuni were wont to roast seeds, crickets, and bits of meat in wicker trays coated inside with gritty clay. Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, visited in 1881, among other Pueblo tribes, the Coconino, of Cataract Cañon, Arizona, and found that isolated people still using that ancient mode of dressing their food. He thus describes this archaic frying-pan and the mode of using it. "A round basket tray, either loosely or closely woven, is evenly coated inside with clay, into which has been kneaded a very large proportion of sand, to prevent contraction and consequent cracking from drying. This lining of clay is pressed, while still soft, into the basket as closely as possible with the hands, and then allowed to dry. The tray is thus made ready for use. The seeds or other substances to be parched are placed inside of it, together with a quantity of glowing wood-coals. The operator, quickly squatting, grasps the tray at opposite edges, and, by a rapid spiral motion up and down, succeeds in keeping the coals and seeds constantly shifting places, and turning over as they dance after one another around and around the tray, meanwhile blowing or puffing the embers with every breath to keep them free from ashes and glowing at their hottest."—*The Californian*.

UNSELFISHNESS.

Pluck the flowers that bloom at thy door,
 Cherish the love that the day may send;
 Cometh an hour when all thy store
 Vainly were offered for flower or friend.
 Gratefully take what life offereth;
 Look to heaven, nor seek a reward.
 So shalt thou find, come life, come death,
 Earth and sky are in sweet accord.

LOUISE M. HODGKINS, in *Figaro*.

THE THEATRE.—One of the strongest proofs of the relatively small importance of the theatre in the United States is the lack of buildings built solely for the drama. In Europe, theatres bear the character of public buildings, and are situated in a square with plenty of space around them. Here nearly all of them are crowded between the shops in business streets. They present externally very slight indication of their exceptional character, except by means of a sign-board and a frame with photographs of actors and actresses exposed in the open lobby. In some large cities the manager of to-day attempts, by adorning the front entrances of his building, to give it something of an artistic air; but in the majority of towns the lack of respect for the appearance of the theatre is appalling. Very often one has to pass through a drug-store to the stage, and both of those establishments are frequently under the same management. The arrangements behind the scenes are still worse, and, though I have learned not to expect too much, I cannot be reconciled to the appearance of the stage entrances and to the condition of the dressing-rooms. There is an unpardonable negligence in this regard on the part of the local managers, who seem to consider nothing but the box-office. The actor, during the intervals of his work, has not even the chance of resting or breathing in his dingy dressing-room, which is without air, or rather is filled with bad air, and in its equipment is both shabby and unclean."—MADAME MODJESKA, in *The Forum*.

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Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



ECONOMY WITH A VENGEANCE.—What a wonderful change has been produced in all our habits by the ready means of obtaining light out of the material formerly extracted from human effete matter, and now from old bones! Before its application to matches it is calculated that every man, woman, and child spent ninety hours yearly in getting light and fire, or rather that they would have done so if they had used such means as freely as we do now. At present the consumption of phosphorus matches per head of the population amounts to eight daily, and, as each match consumes fifteen seconds in its use, two minutes are spent for the whole day, or twelve hours for the year. If we calculate the economy of time to the population of the United States by this simple invention, each person saves seventy-eight hours yearly, or, say, ten working days, which, represented in labor, cost at half a dollar per day for the sixty-two millions of the population in the United States, gives an aggregate economy of three hundred and ten million dollars yearly.—LYON PLAYFAIR, in *The North American Review*.

ABOUT MARS.—The diameter of Mars in miles is about forty-two hundred, so that its surface is about three-tenths that of our earth, and its volume about one-seventh. Its mass is about one-ninth of the earth's mass, and its density is some seven-tenths. Its gravity is thirty-eight one-hundredths; that is, a body weighing one hundred pounds on the earth would weigh but thirty-eight on Mars. It rotates on its axis in twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-three seconds,—that is, in about the same time as the earth; it is flattened at the poles like the earth, and its equator is inclined to its orbit just as the earth's is, and by something like the same amount. It receives about three-sevenths as much of the sun's light and heat as falls upon the earth. It seems to be certain, moreover, that the atmosphere of Mars contains a considerable amount of watery vapor. The researches of M. Gerigny show that the tides on Mars have little to do with the changes observed on its surface. These figures show, on the whole, a family likeness between Mars and the earth. Mars is considerably smaller than our planet, but it apparently presents many analogies to it.—PROFESSOR EDWARD S. HOLDEN, in *The Forum*.

AN EMINENT FRENCH SCHOLAR.—"I was," writes Renan, "brought up by women and priests, and therein lies the whole explanation of my good qualities and of my defects." In most that he wrote is the tenderness of woman, only now and then a little touch of the priest showing itself, mostly in a reluctance to spoil the ivy by tearing down some prison built by superstition.

He was one of the gentlest of men,—one of the fairest in discussion, dissenting from the views of others with modesty, presenting his own with clearness and candor. His mental manners were excellent. He was not positive as to the "unknowable." He said, "perhaps." He knew that knowledge is good if it increases the happiness of man; and he felt that superstition is the assassin of liberty and civilization. He lived a life of cheerfulness, of industry, devoted to the welfare of mankind. He was a seeker of happiness by the highway of the natural, a destroyer of the dogmas of mental deformity, a worshipper of Liberty and the Ideal. As he lived, he died,—hopeful and serene; and now, standing in imagination by his grave, we ask, Will the night be eternal? The brain says, Perhaps; while the heart hopes for the Dawn.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, in *The North American Review*.



LYDIA PINKHAM:—"My son, I was just thinking how our little group of three generations so strongly demonstrates and illustrates my theory of the *transmission of health* from mother to child; and what can be more striking than the fact that my vigorous health is reproduced in your darling children?"

The normal life, well-being, and happiness of mankind depend upon the physical health and perfection of *Woman*.

Thousands of women in all parts of the civilized world cherish grateful remembrance of the Vegetable Compound, and daily bless its discoverer.

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All Druggists sell it as a *standard article*.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A SHORT CHAPTER IN GUYOT HISTORY.—A large outfitter, wishing to create a little stir in business, advertised Genuine (?) Guyot Suspenders at Twenty-five (25) Cents per pair!

He placed in a large box a few of the Genuine and a large number of the imitation. Many buyers who bought their supply of suspenders were deceived, as they imagined they were buying all Genuine Guyots.

One man, when making his purchase, asked the salesman, "Are these the

Genuine Guyots?" "Yes, sir, they are," was the reply. "All of them?" "Yes, sir," was the reply again.

A few days after this occurrence the large outfitter received word that he would be at once prosecuted for selling goods under false pretences, and it was only through the efforts of a mutual friend that the proceedings were stopped, with a positive promise from the outfitter that it would never occur again.

This is liable to happen to any dealer who attempts to palm off on his customers, under the name of Guyots, anything but the Genuine article, made by Ch. Guyot, at Paris, France.

A CURIOUS incident came to my notice some years ago in connection with a horse that had for many years borne an unsullied record, but which suddenly developed an apparent viciousness impossible to account for. The horse was driven in a tally-ho coach. He was beautiful, and, though high-spirited, gentle; but upon several occasions he surprised his master by fretting and plunging in harness and demoralizing the other horses, and finally he disgraced himself by running away.

The first offence was overlooked, and the animal was retained and driven alone; after a long period of docility he again ran away, when it was decided that he could no longer be trusted with the lives of the family. His fate was sealed, and he was sold at a great sacrifice.

The new owner found his purchase satisfactory in every way, and concluded that the past misdoings of the horse were attributable to careless grooms. One night, when being driven in a sleigh, the horse began rearing and plunging; he finally became unmanageable and started off in a mad run, which resulted in a demolished sleigh. It was again decided that the horse should be sold, and arrangements were made accordingly. During the examination of the mouth of the horse, a bright spot was observed between his teeth, which was presumed to be a filling, as the horse was of value; but upon closer scrutiny it proved to be a galvanized tack which had probably been taken with his food, and had been wedged between his teeth, and by pressing upon them had, at times, occasioned excessive agony. This it was that had repeatedly rendered the poor animal frantic with pain, so that he had lost all control of himself. The tack was removed, and the horse proved himself kind, gentle, and trustworthy under all circumstances.—C. M. PENNINGTON, in *Our Animal Friends*.

WHAT curiosities there are in our use of language! We speak of going away to spend the summer, when in reality we go away and spend our money; or, as Jerome wrote in the guests' book at Bermuda, "I came to Bermuda for a change and for rest. The waiters got the change, and the landlords got the rest."
—*Outing*.

REPORTED VERBATIM.—Belle.—"Isn't it horrible how the Chinese women squeeze their feet?"

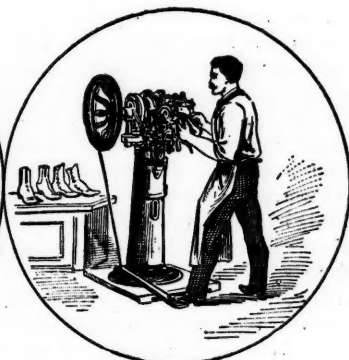
Blanche.—"Yes, and that isn't their worst suffering. In China one's age is counted two years back from the first birthday."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

"How are you feeling this morning?" said Culpepper to a stranger who walked into his office yesterday.

The stranger produced a pencil and scrap of paper and wrote, "I can't complain."—*Fetter's Southern Magazine*.



THE OLD WAY.



THE NEW WAY.

A REVOLUTION IN THE SHOE-TRADE.

WHEN the census was taken in the year 1880 the East had a complete monopoly in the manufacture of shoes, and not only did the New England shoe district manufacture nearly all the boots and shoes sold in the country, but Boston had entire control of the trade, shipping hundreds of thousands of cases to the different States and cities. At that time very few shoes were manufactured in the West; custom-made shoes were of course made in all the cities, but there was scarcely any manufacturing on what may be called a wholesale scale. In St. Louis, for instance, the annual output was valued at something like half a million dollars, and the trade was supplied almost exclusively from the New England houses.

Since that time a distinct revolution has taken place in the shoe-trade of this country, the result of which is that St. Louis, instead of being an unimportant factor as it was ten or twelve years ago, is now the greatest manufacturing city on the continent, and, with the single exception of Boston, the largest boot- and shoe-distributing centre in America, if not in the world. It now manufactures over one hundred thousand pairs of shoes every week in the year, and its annual product, instead of being worth about half a million dollars, is now valued at about ten millions. When it is remembered that the price of boots and shoes has fallen heavily during the period named, it will be seen how enormous has been the increase in the manufacturing output of the great Western metropolis which is forging its way so rapidly to the front in every branch of manufacture and commerce. The actual figures, as shown by the census returns of 1890, indicate an increase in the number of boot and shoe establishments during the ten years from one hundred and eighty-four to five hundred and one, with an increase in capital from seven hundred thousand to nearly four million dollars. The ratio of increase is well maintained in the number of employees, in spite of the rapid increase in the use of labor-saving machinery, for con-

siderably upwards of three thousand five hundred persons are reported as finding regular employment in the boot- and shoe-manufactories of St. Louis. The annual payment in wages increased from half a million dollars to more than a million and a half, and the value of the product increased from about a million and a half to about five millions.

These are big figures, and they represent very fairly the extraordinary increase in this manufacture in St. Louis during the eighties. But they do not indicate to any appreciable extent the enormous growth of the shoe-trade of St. Louis, which is now one of the most remarkable shoe-distributing centres in the world. Possessing within a five-hundred-mile radius a larger population than any other American city, it is evidently supplying boots and shoes to an enormous percentage of the population of the United States; so much so, indeed, that the actual value of foot-wear distributed from St. Louis yearly is in excess of thirty millions. Of the shoe-factories in the city, thirty-three may be classed in the front rank, and one of them is said to be the largest shoe-manufactory under one roof in the world. The industry being a comparatively new one in St. Louis, the buildings are all modern in design and construction, and admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are intended. They have been equipped with the most modern machinery, and their output, as indicated by the returns, as well as by the reports of commercial and other agencies, is enormous, and increasing daily. So heavy, indeed, is the demand that much inconvenience was caused by closing down on Thanksgiving Day, and the time thus lost was made up, in some factories, during the same week.

But great as is the output, and popular as are the St.-Louis-made boots and shoes in the Western, Southwestern, and Southern States, the shipments into St. Louis from Boston have increased almost as remarkably as the local manufactures. In the year 1890 St. Louis received from Boston, for local-trade purposes and for distribution in the territory tributary to it, 244,000 cases of shoes, as compared with about 300,000 shipped to Chicago, and a similar quantity to New York. In 1891 St. Louis took 310,000 cases, and in 1892 the total up to November 1 was 322,300 cases; and as the receipts since that date have been very heavy, the total for the year will approximate, if it does not exceed, 400,000 cases. Chicago's total for 1892 will be about 300,000, New York's 250,000, Baltimore's 180,000, and Philadelphia's and Cincinnati's about 140,000, each, with no other city in the race.

These figures indicate as clearly as possible that St. Louis has effected a revolution in the shoe-trade, and that before the end of the century it will be by far the largest boot- and shoe-manufacturing and distributing point on the continent. Its facilities for manufacturing are so great, coal is so cheap, and its railroad facilities are so remarkable, that there seems no limit to its future in any line of manufacture, and more particularly in a branch in which it has already attained such phenomenal success and universal popularity as in boots and shoes.